

**DELHI UNIVERSITY**  
**LIBRARY**

DELHI UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

CP No. 02:6:12-565

Ac No. 156715

Date of release for loan

This book should be returned on or before the date last stamped below. An overdue charge of 5 Paise will be collected for each day the book is kept overtime.

---



## PREFACE.

THE title of this volume may at first strike readers as peculiar, to say the least of it. That it gives the very keynote to the book, however, we are convinced will soon appear. But why should Africa be called the Prodigal Continent rather than the Dark Continent, or anything else? some will probably at once ask us. For the explanation we can only refer such to our special chapters on Africa, which we think few will read without being convinced that *Prodigal* is the word to describe it, and that it is in fact the very key to the great moral problem which the condition of its people presents.

One great purpose of this book is to hold up that dark, down trodden, bleeding continent, before the eyes and hearts of our fellow Christians, in order to awaken their interest and arouse them to a sense of their duty and individual responsibility in regard to it, in the face of the recent unveiling of its vast interior, and the disclosure of its millions of human beings sitting in the darkness of death, sunk in the grossest superstition, and practising the most diabolical and cruel barbarities, although inhabiting "a land of sunshine, and beauty, and redundant life."

In no better way could we awaken such interest on behalf of the *Continent* than by narrating the life story of one of her dark sons, between whose prodigal career and that of Ethiopia there is a striking analogy.

The stirring narrative of the life of wild and daring adventure of this prodigal son will, we are sure, excite no ordinary interest. The story of his conversion, of the subsequent consecration of his life to the cause of his mother continent, and of his labours among its hapless race, will serve its own special purpose in accomplishing the end in view. That the interest thus awakened may not terminate merely in the person, and that the impressions made may not cease with his story, we have given great prominence to "the Prodigal Continent," thereby the more effectually to plead its cause.

For Mr Newby's more personal object in the publication of his life we refer readers to the conclusion.

One word as to the form in which it appears. We have thought it best to present his story in autobiographic form in order to make it more living and attractive. In doing this we have taken the greatest pains to make ourselves fully conversant with all the facts of his life and the circumstances connected with these. We have the greater confidence in adopting this form in that we have not only had abundant opportunities of hearing them from his own lips, but have also taken other means of fully acquainting ourselves with the facts narrated. Occasionally we have adopted his own words, and this will account for some peculiar expressions occurring.

With the hope and prayer that the Divine Spirit may bless and use it to further His own gracious purposes, and to accomplish its special object, we now lay the book before our readers.

# CONTENTS.



## CHAPTER I.

### EARLY LIFE.

	PAGE
My father a slave—How he became free—An ardent Abolitionist	
—The first Seventy—Becomes a preacher—My home training	
—A hyper-Calvinist—The “dog” incident—Early impressions—School life and incidents—A “go-mandise”—Burial honours to our Euclids—Fire-raising—Sent off to the navy.	1-12

## CHAPTER II.

### SLAVE LIBERATION ADVENTURES.

A naval apprentice—The man without a country—Slave-rescue stories—Jerry the cooper—A bold rescue—My first liberation adventure—“The underground railway”—Running the gauntlet—“Catch the nigger”—Two thousand dollars on my head—A ride for life—Just in time to save my head—Gambling life—An awful judgment—A gambler struck blind—The Mazeppa Club—At a revival meeting—A dreadful warning . . . . .	13-28
---	-------

## CHAPTER III.

### ROUND THE WORLD.

Sea adventures—Almost a murderer—A flogging—First visit to Africa—Narrow escapes—In a whaling expedition—Finding the “Resolute”—In the Franklin Search Expedition—Our great discovery—The famous Anthony Burns rescue—A daring deed—Fired at—Round the world in the smallest ship—Wild-horse hunting—Over the Rocky Mountains—The Mormons—Gold-digging—Shipwrecked—Four days floating on a spar—On the stage—The champion dancer—The Indian Mutiny—Laying the first Atlantic cable—Japan—Rum or the Gospel—The John Brown insurrection—Capturing a slaver . . . . .	29-54
---	-------

## CHAPTER IV.

## IN THE WAR.

	PAGE
The American war—Desperate sea-fight—Taken prisoner—Cruel treatment—The first coloured regiment—Trial of the blacks—Storming of Fort Wagner—A terrible spectacle—"The Baby Eighth"—Awful carnage—Our encounter with "the Bloody Tigeis"—"Tell these niggers we give no quarter"—On a great tidal wave—A tour of Europe—The Olympic games—Gambling . . . . .	55-66

## CHAPTER V.

## SCOTLAND—MY CONVERSION.

Come to Edinburgh—Haid up—In the bottle house—A debauchee—Discussing with the Revivalists—"Because I am not one of the elect"—Satan's snare—The piercing question—Brought to bay—Deep convictions—Behold, he prayeth—"The great transaction's done"—First victory—"Mates, I'm done with drink"—"I've turned right round"—"Oh, happy condition"—The chief of sinners—Confessing my new Master . . . . .	67-84
--	-------

## CHAPTER VI.

## WORK FOR CHRIST.

"Here's Jim the darkie preaching"—First efforts—The Cowgate—Tent-work in Leith—Midnight-work among the fallen—A summer campaign—Interesting cases—The infidel—The Universalists—"Burn your bible"—Home for destitute boys—Preparation for Africa—Mr. Guinness' Institute—Ordained as a missionary—Sail for Africa . . . . .	85 112
---	--------

## CHAPTER VII.

## AFRICA—ITS HISTORY AND CONDITION.

The special purpose of the chapter—The "Unexplored"—The New World unveiled—"Did not meet one single Christian"—The land of mystery—A physical and moral problem—Early expeditions of discovery—Extraordinary attempts at exploration—Gradual solution of the physical problem—Mungo Park—Stanley's great achievement—The greater moral problem—Africa, the seat of the gods—The cradle of idolatry—Cush—The great apostasy—The slave traffic—Slave-hunts—African despotism—Human sacrifices—The mysterious religious despotism—The Fulaah—The magical rites—Appalling condition . . . . .	113-139
---	---------

## CHAPTER VIII.

## MISSIONARY LIFE.

	PAGE
Arrival at the West Coast—Missionary apprenticeship—A great procession—Human sacrifice—Strange proceedings—Fever attack—Life among the Eboes—Munga-worship—In a dangerous position—Witness their dread rites—Itinerant expeditions—The methods of Mission operations—Join Mr. Fuller . . . . .	140-157

## CHAPTER IX.

## WORK IN THE CAMEROONS.

My charge—Work among the boys—Curious questions—The old priestess—Remarkable case—Her conversion—Jingai-m—Kukusm—Their cruel practice—Green Josh—Extraordinary facts—"Munga catch you"—Then power to kill—To fill a person with live scorpions and torture to death—Social and moral hindrances—Modes of judicial trial—Pioneering difficulties—Fever attack—Return to England—Marriage—Missionary devotion—America . . . . .	158-180
---	---------

## CHAPTER X.

## MY NEW SETTLEMENT.

Return to Africa—Ibena—Its colonisation—My new settlement—Our inauguration services—Great gathering—Six different dialects—Securing the interest—The hymn singing—The attempt to follow—The great feast—Meetings with the chiefs—Meetings for the people—"God's prayer here to-night"—Chief Pepper—Interesting case—His conversion—African charms—His crusade against the gods—Burning the idols—His influence and devotedness—Becomes my right hand man—His attempts at preaching—The crime incident—My wife's work among the girls—Carried off to the Grace house—Polygamy—Marriage customs—Our boys—My wife seized by fever—Her illness and death—Her silent appeal—A violent sunstroke—Obliged to leave—Return home . . . . .	181-201
---	---------

## CHAPTER XI.

## SOLUTION OF THE MORAL PROBLEM.

## CONCLUSION, AND APPEAL.

Gathering up the impressions—His purpose in the book—The difficult questions—The appeal to Scripture and history for the solution of the moral problem—Predictions regarding Cush—"Under vanity"—"In chains shall they come over unto Thee"—Become supplicants to man—Ethiopia stretching out her hands to God—Touching appeals from her sons and missionaries . . . . .	202-222
--	---------



# THE PRODIGAL CONTINENT

AND HER

## PRODIGAL SON AND MISSIONARY.

---

### CHAPTER I.

#### *EARLY LIFE.*

My father a slave—How he became free—An ardent Abolitionist—The First Seventy—Becomes a preacher—My home training—A hyper-Calvinist—The "dog" incident—Early impressions—School life and incidents—A "go-mandise"—Burial honours to our Euclids—Fire-raising—Sent off to the navy.

**T**HANK God, I'SE FREE!" was the jubilant exclamation of an old negro woman when brought to unders'and the bearing of the Lincoln Emancipation Act of 1863 upon her condition. Born out of a bitterness and depth of woe known only to those who have practically realised what slavery is, hers was a joy with which no stranger could intermeddle. Only such as like her had passed through all the horrors of an un-Christian, inhuman, and degrading bondage could ever know just how much her words implied.

Into her joy of deliverance from slavery I cannot enter, as I was born free. But while I thus escaped a personal



acquaintance with the horrors of this terrible system, my father was born a slave. He, however, by means of what appeared a very trifling circumstance, obtained his freedom while yet a young man. It happened in this way. Being a shrewd, handy lad, he was retained about the house in his mistress's special service; and in this capacity of personal attendant he accompanied her on a visit to some friends in the state of Pennsylvania. While there, it so happened that the Act of Emancipation for the Middle States was passed, and as he was thus in one of them, he shared in their benefit, and so experienced the joy of deliverance from the condition of a bond-slave to that of a free man. And no sooner did he gain his freedom, than, impelled by his knowledge of what slavery was, he set himself with heart and soul to aid in breaking the bonds of those who still remained victims of the terrible system. He had not indeed had a personal experience of the cruel treatment which was the common lot of the slave, but he had seen enough of the social degradations, of the sufferings and struggles of his oppressed race, to inspire him with the determination to aid in delivering them from their degraded condition.

His zeal in their behalf led him to adopt a very energetic course of action. He associated himself with others like-minded—such as Frederick Douglass (his half-brother, whose life is now so well known), Gerrit Smith, John Brown (afterwards so famous as “a martyr”), and a number of others, who formed the nucleus of the influential body of men who afterwards came to be known as “the First Seventy.” In conjunction with these early Abolitionists, he agitated as a speaker and writer, and, without expectation of any such result, this course proved highly beneficial to himself personally. His efforts in behalf of his oppressed brethren were not only put forth with great energy, but characterised by considerable wisdom. In connection with these efforts, he was brought into close acquaintance

with the Society of Friends, and so great was the interest taken in him by some of them, that they sent him to England to receive an education, of which they bore the expense.

Before leaving England, having received the necessary training, he was ordained as a minister of the gospel by the Baptist body of Christians, after which he returned to America, and began to preach among his coloured brethren. His zeal in seeking the restoration of their rights was in no wise abated, and in addition to all the other efforts put forth in conjunction with the associates already named, his house, as soon as he married, became one of the "depots" of the UNDERGROUND RAILWAY,\* as he had long previously been one of its agents.

When the gold fever set in at California he went there, and was the first man, coloured or white, who preached in San Francisco. There he gathered a church of some three hundred members, and afterwards did the same at Portland. But while he was thus busy about the interests of others, in both a spiritual and temporal sense, those of his own family were to a great extent neglected. His duties as head of a growing household were delegated to my mother, who, being a good woman and an intelligent Christian, did her best to supply his lack of service. Still this neglect of his own family was a great mistake; for while doing thus his best "to undo," in the most literal sense, "the heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free" among those outside his own little circle, by neglecting the intellectual, moral, and spiritual culture of those who were within it, he was affording opportunity for the adversary of God and man to draw them into bondage—into a state of spiritual slavery far more terrible, more ruinous, and from which it was far more difficult to escape, than that under which the hapless race of Ham have so long been groaning.

\* A name given by the Southerners to the mysterious way in which slaves were passed over from the South to the North, the word *depot* being equivalent to that of "station" in this country.

No evil, however, is wholly unmixed in this our present state of existence. This was no exception. If we as a family had not so much of the direct influence which, as a father, he ought to have brought to bear upon us, the effects produced by that which flowed out upon us indirectly have since made manifest that it was well we did not have more of at least one part of it. For instance, he was a hyper-Calvinist. And so fully was this stern creed brought out in his preaching, and such was the prominence given to it, that my child memory got more impressed with the name of Calvin and the doctrine of election than with the name which is above every name, and the precious truth that 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

These views I imbibed very fully, and how much more might I have done so had his teaching on these points been more direct, and brought to bear upon us with all the force of his energetic nature. As it was, however, I took a great delight in storing up all his strong sayings on these doctrines, and sometimes these would be raked up and applied in a rather peculiar fashion. On one occasion he, being a Close Communion Baptist, preached a sermon on that subject from the words, "Without are dogs" (Rev. xxii. 15). His strong statements, which were, as usual, treasured up in my memory, had their first practical outcome in the following manner—One Sunday after I had been sent to the Wilberforce school, I was sick, or feigned to be so. All being at church, I went out to amuse myself. There was a large Newfoundland dog on the premises, and I resolved to have some fun with him. Taking my cue from the sermon above mentioned, I considered that it would be a little variety to have "a dog" *inside* the church, and so resolved to set in Bruno. But the mere setting of him in did not seem quite enough. So I went to the dormitory, next to the paint house, and getting a blanket and a brush

painted on it in large letters, A DOG. Then tying the blanket with its inscription round the animal, I opened the church-door, and sent him walking up the aisle, to the serious discomfiture of the gravity of a considerable part of the assembled worshippers and of the good temper of the rest.

This act was soon traced to its perpetrator, and being considered a very heinous offence, was visited with condign punishment. The whole affair may be considered a mere ebullition of boyish folly. Yes; but it was also something more, for even at that early age I had recognised the analogy existing between the dog's position and my own. Even then it was the settled conviction of my soul that I was not one of the elect. My observation ever alive and awake to what was passing around me, my mind also treasuring up and reasoning upon what I heard, and being, besides, conscious that the feelings which stirred within me were by no means saintly, I had come to this conclusion, which, once reached, influenced my life for many years. Nor did it give me very much pain, but acted instead as a sort of soporific; if it was so it was so, and couldn't be helped. It was best to be jolly therefore. Besides, there was the chance—the merest chance—that some day or other I would be brought in. But on the whole it seemed to me more pleasing than otherwise that meantime I should have my life pretty much in my own hands and do with it just as I pleased.

During this process of soul-hardening there was one little interlude. A young man named Thomas Boss opened a Sunday school in our quarter of New London, to which I went with two of my sisters and a brother. His teaching had such an effect upon me that for the first time in my life I felt really concerned about my spiritual condition. I began to feel somewhat of the true nature of sin, and resolved to have done with it; but so little did I know the strength of the cords by which it holds in thrall the human spirit, that I expected at once to set myself free from its

bondage. I began by giving up playing at marbles. I was not much in the habit of swearing, but I left off the little bit that I did do of that, telling lies also, and in several other ways I further endeavoured to make myself a good boy. I even went the length of asking Mr. Boss to pray not only for me but with me; and well do I remember feeling, as I thought, quite "refreshed" as I stood by listening to him doing so.

Buoyed up with this imaginary feeling, I went straight to my mother and told her that I had become a Christian; that Tom Boss had converted me. Her ideas of this conversion were evidently not very high, as, instead of the rejoicing which I expected, her reply was—"Go along, child; it doesn't amount to anything; there's nothing in it; it won't last!"

Notwithstanding this parental rebuff, my serious impressions did last as long at least as my intercourse with Mr. Boss continued. But when he removed from New London in order to follow out a course of preparation for the ministry, they gradually wore off until at length I reached a very hardened condition indeed. This, of course, was not attained at a bound, but was the result of a process which had merely been checked for a time by the above little episode—the one solitary instance of softening which I ever experienced until, when I had run the full career of the prodigal, God met me indeed, and treated me not as a dog or a slave, but brought me *inside* His enclosure of grace as a son through faith in Jesus Christ.

Not long after the Sunday school was broken up I was sent to a boarding-school at Oblin. There the deteriorating process, already so fully begun, was greatly accelerated. As I entered on school-life without the least ambition to excel in learning, my progress was far from being rapid. As usual in the American schools and colleges, there was in this one at Oblin some five grades, or rather what I may call classifications of character, in one or other of which, whatever might be his acquirements in other respects, each boy

came to be classed. These classifications were No. 5 or "excellent," No. 4 or "good," No. 3 or "fair," No. 2 or "poor," No. 1 or "miserable."

Each new-comer on entering school was classed as No. 5, and remained there if events showed that to be his true status. I remained in No. 5 class some two days, and then kept descending and descending until I reached No. 1, the lowest grade both of character and acquirements. Here I was quite at home, the No. 1 boys being all of my own stamp, excepting only that they had more experience in carrying out their pranks. I of course had to be initiated. This was easily accomplished, and I was soon as dexterous as any of them in every kind of mischief. At last my soul was fired with the desire to excel, but not in the acquisition of useful knowledge. My ambition was to out-do all the others in feats of daring, for, as it then appeared to me, the veriest charm of heroism lay in passing beyond the limits of restraint and safety. And from this point on, as readers will come to see, my life was filled up with adventure after adventure, the more perilous their character the greater the zest with which I engaged in them, and the greater the gratification which they afforded to my morally deformed nature.

I did not, however, while in this school fully attain the object of my ambition, which was to become leader of the No. 1 boys. I never got further than being one of the "first three." A lad called Amos Newton occupied the coveted position of first or head, another, named Fisher, being his second, while I came in third. To show the proficiency which we had attained in a certain line, I may relate the following incident:—

In passing through the kitchen one day, a nice bit of roast caught Newton's attention. Watching his opportunity, he succeeded in stowing it away under his blouse. As soon as possible it was conveyed to the dormitory, and hid away under his bed. Having informed the others of the

prize, we all set to work in the way of collecting whatever else was necessary for a grand midnight feast. Throughout the day each boy put forth his utmost skill in pilfering from the kitchen bread, butter, potatoes, onions, salt, pepper, &c.—everything, in short, upon which we could lay our hands.

The cooking and feast were to take place in Newton's room, which I shared. The former was easily managed, as once a week the boys were allowed the use of a pot to boil chestnuts or make molasses candy, better known to the children of this country as "toffy." This pot we secured, also a small gas apparatus manufactured by ourselves for the purpose. Then, when prayers were over, and all was quiet, the whole company of No. 1 boys assembled, and preparations for the feast began. The first thing done was to stop up every crevice, so that no tell-tale ray might reveal that something unusual was going on within. Then a real division of labour took place; some prepared the potatoes, others attended to the meat, every one finding something to do. In a wonderfully short time everything was ready. But scarcely had we begun our "gormandise" when a whistle was heard. What it meant we well knew. The watchman had discovered that the boys were out of their various dormitories, which he was now searching one by one; therefore of necessity he would soon be at ours. The light was put out, and every one made ready to escape whenever the door was opened. To do this with impunity, it was necessary to knock the lantern out of the watchman's hand, and so prevent him seeing who the boys were who passed him in the dark. Meantime my companion and I got to bed, and of course were at once sound asleep. When the other boys had successfully dodged the watchman, he came to our bed, but so profound were our slumbers that it required no ordinary amount of shaking to disturb them. Newton, at length perceiving that the sleepy muse would not do longer, wakened up, and with the utmost

naïveté asked what was to do. "Is the house on fire?" With such perfection did he act his part that I could hardly refrain from bursting into laughter, notwithstanding the critical circumstances.

The rest of the boys having escaped observation, we two were examined next morning very closely; but having been asleep, we, of course, knew nothing. Then, as we could not be brought to tell, the very severe punishment was awarded to us of standing in the corners of our various class-rooms during the play-hours for three whole weeks with our faces covered. Worse than that, we were to be deprived of our pocket-money, the sum of which, though not great in itself, was an immense loss to us in these days.

I shall give only one other school incident, which will show us in quite a different aspect.

Shortly before I left the Wilberforce Institution the study of geometry was introduced into our class, but it became so greatly disliked that after a little we unanimously resolved to get rid, in some way or other, of the obnoxious study. A general consultation was held on the subject, and I suggested—"Let's bury them," *i.e.* our geometry books. This proposal was considered the very thing. I got my cue from having seen the funeral of Commodore Rogers, who was committed to his grave with all military honours but a short time previously. So now we not only resolved to bury our Euclids, but to do it in some such grand fashion.

We then went to work in carrying out our idea with a will. First we collected all our pocket-money, with which we bought a quantity of crape and a large supply of confections, &c. It so happened that geometry was the last lesson of the day, and we laid our plans accordingly. In the morning we dug a grave in the corner of our large playground (some four acres in extent). Then in the play-hour each boy covered his Euclid with one part of the crape and stowed away the reserve piece in his pocket. We then went to one of the class-rooms which was not used in the



afternoon and made some very special preparations. Getting the sheets from off our beds, we first spread part of them over a large table, on which we next set our confections &c., and then, with the rest of them, we draped the room so as to resemble a funeral chamber as much as possible.

When all had been thus arranged we went into the class. The unusual condition of our books attracted the notice of our teacher, and called forth the remark that he was much pleased to see us taking such care of our books by covering them so nicely. On the class being dismissed we adjourned to the recitation-room, gave the finishing-touch to our former preparations, and then tied our reserve pieces of crape round our arms, after which the bier (a mason's barrow which lay in the yard) was brought to the door. Each boy walked up to it, and with an air of great solemnity laid his Euclid upon it. Then the band, who had their drums muffled, struck up the Dead March, each boy fell into line, and then with solemn steps and slow we moved on to the place of sepulture, in which each lad deposited his book with a face as grave as though he had been burying his mother. This done, a lad called Smith began to repeat a bit of the burial service, and when he came to the words "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," Newton seized a shovel, and in due form sprinkled with earth the defunct Euclids. The pit was quickly filled up, and the band struck up "The Girl I left behind me," and to its lively strains we marched back to our quarters.

Our next move was to invite the principal and teachers to our feast. Thinking it merely to be some bit of innocent mirth, they all came; and it was only when one of the boys had pronounced his funeral oration over the defunct geometry, "which no one liked," and another and another followed, that the principal began to perceive how matters really stood. He then rose up and said—"Well, lads, I cannot say that I am in favour of this novel proceeding, it savours too much of Yale College, but in consideration of

the manner in which this interment has been carried out I shall not insist upon a resurrection." And strangely enough geometry has never since been taught in that school, nor to this day has the attempt been made to introduce it.

So matters went on at school until I turned sick, and had to be sent home. I soon recovered somewhat, but being forbidden to return by the doctor, or even to attend any other school for some time, I had a good spell of liberty, during which my good mother was often driven to her wits' end with my mischievous pranks. Indeed such was the condition of things, exploit following exploit in such quick succession, and so varied in character, that no one could guess what might happen next, only they might be sure that something would happen to break up the usual order of things, and keep my poor mother in a ferment.

At length a climax was reached in the following manner :—About the time of which I write, small hand-engines for putting out fires were greatly in vogue in our part of the country, one of which was purchased by a kind old wealthy gentleman, and presented to the boys in the north-west district of New London. On several occasions we were allowed to accompany the firemen with their large engine when fire had broken out in the city. We greatly enjoyed this, indeed so much that we thought we would make a little fire on our own account, in order to have the pleasure of putting it out with our own engine. Whereupon we took upon us to set certain old houses ablaze, which might have been passed over ; but when hay-stacks, barns, &c., followed, matters were becoming somewhat serious, and after one of these occasions we were arrested for fire-raising. I, as one of the leaders, was to be lodged in jail. My mother, on hearing of this, was very angry, and refused to go bail for me ; she said I might go to jail, as she would thereby be saved further trouble with me for a while at least. Her heart softened, however, and I was released. At first the whole affair looked very serious. Fortunately for

me, however, the sons of some of the richest men in the city were in the hand of fire-raisers, and before the trial came off the whole thing was settled up; for on it becoming known that these were implicated, the matter was speedily hushed up, the mere payment of expenses being the only punishment awarded.

Thus the engine company was broken up, the boys being all sent away to schools at a distance; while I, not being yet permitted to go to school by the doctor, was sent on board the navy for my good conduct! There I remained for the next three years, and was the first coloured naval apprentice ever admitted into the navy of the United States. I was only eleven when my school career was thus summarily closed and myself thrust out upon the world. As at this point, therefore, a new stage of my life begins, a few reminiscences of that period will form the subject-matter of part of the next chapter.





## CHAPTER II.

### *SLAVE LIBERATION ADVENTURES.*

A naval apprentice—The man without a country—Slave-rescue stories—  
Jeiry the cooper—A bold rescue—My first liberation adventure—  
“The underground railway”—Running the gauntlet—“Catch the  
nigger”—Two thousand dollars on my head—A ride for life—  
Just in time to save my head—Gambling life—An awful judgment  
—A gambler struck blind—The Mazeppa Club—At a revival  
meeting—A dreadful warning.



HE ship to which I was apprenticed was the “St. Mary,” a United States sloop of war. On her was “the man without a country.”

As some readers may not have heard of the anomaly, I may explain that he was an officer of the United States army undergoing a very peculiar form of punishment. For some misdemeanour he had been tried by court-martial. On being asked if he had anything to say for himself, with imprecations against the United States Government, he expressed the wish that he might never again either see, hear, or have anything more to do with them or their country. The gratification of this wish was the punishment to which he was sentenced. He was never again to be allowed to set foot on American soil, being put on board a ship of war; and when one vessel had finished her cruise, and was about to return home, he was transferred to another, while effectual means were also

taken to prevent him even hearing the word America or seeing it in print. Thus completely cut off from his own and allowed no opportunity of attaching himself to any other, he might really be called "the man without a country."

During the three years I remained on board the "St. Mary," my ways did not improve, but the opposite, for in addition to all my former bad habits I now learned to drink. I should have remained ten years as an apprentice, *i.e.*, until I was twenty-one, but having obtained a furlough at the end of the voyage, I returned home. The sea had not been my choice, and I was glad of this opportunity of breaking my connection with it.

Notwithstanding my former misdemeanours, my dear mother was extremely glad to see me. I am not sure that my father's welcome would have been so cordial, but he was still away in California, and so there was no opportunity of seeing how he would have received the prodigal. Not long after my return an event occurred, however, which gave me the chance of doing a bit of work which would have procured for me his warmest benediction. Before relating this adventure, it may be well to state the way in which I was prepared to act the hero in it so successfully.

First of all I may say, regarding my father, that however he may have failed in some respects in attending to the interests of his family, in one thing his success was complete, *viz.* in infusing his anti-slavery principles into their minds, at least such was the case with mine. If I could not, with the hero of Bingen-on-the-Rhine, say, "My father was a soldier," I could substitute the words "practical Abolitionist," and then truly go on to say—

" And even when a child  
My heart would leap to hear him tell  
Of struggles fierce and wild ; "

for I would sit listening to his tales with mouth, ears, and eyes all open, wondering to myself when my turn would come to take part in such exploits, and resolving also that when I be-

came a man I would not only aid in the escape of twos and threes merely, but that I would endeavour to get hundreds of my down-trodden race over the Canadian border.

The impressions made upon my mind by these stories were frequently driven home by the living illustrations of them which I was occasionally permitted to witness. Of these I may give the following sample. One day, when I was about seven years of age, a company of the chief Abolitionists, most of whom have now become famous, viz., Wendell Phillips, Gerrit Smith, Horace Greeley, John Brown, W. Lloyd Garrison, Josias Smith, and others, met at our house, and with my father were holding a consultation over some anti-slavery movement. While they sat deliberating the great bell of New London began to toll out "one, two, three." After a considerable pause the same was repeated. And then when for the third time it began to toll out "one, two, three," the painful fact was made known that some poor fugitive slave had been taken in New London, the Abolitionists having agreed to make it known to each other in this manner, so that all who might wish to help in preventing them being taken out of the city should know to run to the rescue.

These enthusiastic Abolitionists well knew the signal, and starting to their feet with the cry, "There's a slave taken!" they rushed out and made straight for the scene of action. The captured one turned out to be "Jerry the cooper," a well-known character, who, having escaped from one of the Southern States, had for several years lived amongst us and wrought at his trade undiscovered and unmolested. The patrollers, however, had at last scented him out, and had got his old master down in disguise to identify him. Hence the capture. When they had thus made sure of their victim, they rushed into Jerry's workshop, threw him down, and put irons on his hands and feet. Jerry, who had so long tasted the sweets of liberty, stoutly resisted, and in his desperation got rid of the irons on his hands, then, notwith-

standing those on his feet, broke off from his assailants, the crowds which had quickly gathered doing their best to aid his flight by coming between his pursuers and him. With such help he succeeded in making his way with broken ribs and many other bruises to a sloping ground at the back of the court-house. There, and in such plight, the above-named free-soilers found him and at once undertook his cause. On his pursuers being asked what was wanted with Jerry, they stated that he was a runaway slave, that his master was here to identify him, and that if he could prove his point Jerry would have to go back south with him. Meantime it was their intention to put him in the "Tombs" (*i.e.* the prison) until his case should be tried in the morning.

Jerry's defenders demanded that he should not go to the "Tombs," but have a hearing that night, there being plenty of time, as it was then only 4 P.M. After much wrangling, it was arranged that his case should be tried that night in the court-house at 8 o'clock, these Abolitionists engaging to be there to see justice done on both sides. This point settled, the next thing was to devise some plan for Jerry's escape. I know not who devised this plan, but my father, having taken no part in the previous negotiations, felt free to put it in execution. He began to do so by writing notes to all the livery stables in the city, the purport of which was to have a covered conveyance of some kind placed at the corner of every street near the court-house, exactly at 8 o'clock that evening. The next part of the programme was to have several hundred men to be in readiness, with their faces blackened, and otherwise so disguised that every one would take them for black men. At 8 o'clock these marched up to the court-house. Some rushed in and put out the gas; others seized Jerry; then at a given signal all made for the carriages, two or more going into each: the object in this being to bewilder the pursuers, and prevent them knowing which vehicle Jerry had entered. The ruse was perfectly

successful ; Jerry escaped, no one knowing which way he went. Some hours later my father came home, and getting a dress of my mother's, also a bonnet and shawl, went off again. It was not very long ere he returned, bringing with him what appeared to be my mother. This was Jerry, who remained for several weeks in our house, for the most of the time prisoner in a large wardrobe which had a false back in it.

When a considerable time had passed, it so happened that my father had occasion to be in the blacksmith's shop one day. There being several others there, the escape of Jerry formed the theme of conversation. Each one gave what he considered to be the likeliest version of it, except my father. His silence being observed, some of them said that they believed he knew more about it than any of them, and could tell them the real way if he liked. As he still kept his lips shut, the blacksmith spoke up and said, "You all know that I am a pro-slavery man, but though I am not in favour of the Abolitionists' cause, yet from the way that Jerry was treated, if I knew where he was, I would go *and file off his shackles with my own hands.*" My father remained until the others had left, then asked the blacksmith if he was in earnest, and really meant what he had said. "Yes," said he, "I am in earnest." "Then," said my father, "I'll give you the chance of proving it, if you will come to my house this evening, and bring your files with you." He came ; Jerry was produced, and soon, so far as the shackles were concerned, was set at liberty. This was a great boon ; for we had no key to unlock them, and could not get one without raising suspicion. Then, soon after this minor deliverance, Jerry was removed by the aid of a butcher's cart one evening, and not very long after arrived safely in Canada.

But the time soon came when I began to acquire for myself a little practical experience in the work of aiding the escape of the slaves. While I was yet under ten year



of age, a party of six fugitives found their way to our house. The plan devised for getting them safely on to Canada required that a mere youth—one little more than a child—should accompany them, and be in fact their leader. To my great joy I was fixed upon instead of my brother, who was older. My part of the work was done so successfully, that when I returned my father gave me a gold dollar. From other four gentlemen I got the same, making in all five gold pieces. Never before had I had so much money in my possession. I felt a very Croesus, and so able, in consequence, to buy up everything, as I supposed. And henceforth after this, my first successful exploit, there was no undertaking too risky or dangerous for me if the liberation of a slave was in question. At whatever cost, as in several other cases I had the opportunity of showing, I was always prepared to take a part in effecting their deliverance. And so it happened that soon after my return home from sea I had an opportunity of showing that my zeal in behalf of the fugitive slave had not in any degree abated.

One Saturday evening a father, mother, and six children arrived in New London, and found their way to our house, which, as already stated, was a depot of the "underground railway." Their arrival filled me with dismay, not for fear of the consequences to myself, but from the fact that 5000 dollars were offered as a reward for their capture. How to effect their liberation under such circumstances was the difficulty. There was no time to be spared for deliberation, however; and as in my father's absence the onus of both devising a plan for their escape and also of carrying it out lay entirely on me, I at once went out to reconnoitre. I found the town full of United States detectives, patrollers, and nigger-catchers. It was well known that I had previously succeeded in conveying slaves into Canada, and it being suspected that I knew something of the ones of which they were now in

quest, I was seized by the city constables and taken to the court-house, where I was put under a penalty of 2000 dollars if I did not make my appearance there in New London twenty days from that date—a time considered too short by at least eight days to see them over the British frontier and return.

This made prompt action imperative. And what increased the difficulty of taking it was, that our house was known to be one of the depots of the "underground railway," and so was narrowly watched. As they had besides the liberty of searching it either by night or day, the danger of keeping these poor fugitives was equally great with that of sending them away, so I resolved to make one desperate effort to secure their liberty.

One of our agents was a butcher in the city, who, though utterly unsuspected, had previously rendered good service by means of his cart in the liberation of the slaves. By way of explanation, I may state that owing to the heat the meat required for Monday's use in the city was not slaughtered until just after twelve o'clock on Sunday night. In these circumstances the butcher's cart—a sort of covered waggon—was by no means a rare thing to see moving about at such a time.

As the road to the slaughter-house ran close past our dwelling, he and I succeeded on this occasion in safely stowing away our live stock under the friendly shelter of his canvas covering. I followed at a considerable distance, standing now and again talking carelessly with any one I happened to meet. Thus we had no difficulty in passing the first picket of the enemy—detectives, patrollers, and nigger-catchers.

After three days we reached Vermont in safety. But our difficulties were not over; to my horror I found the shores of the lake lined with fresh bands of the enemy. As they were not, however, on the outlook for me or the band that was with me in particular, we escaped their vigilance

in the following way :—All slaves, and indeed almost all the inhabitants of the Southern States, say “dat” for *that*. So the Vermont patrollers were specially on the watch as to how that word was pronounced by all the coloured people passing through that State. Knowing this, I took care to do all the talking, and being fully alive to the importance of this word, paid special attention to its pronunciation, and so this fresh danger was avoided.

Not daring to cross the lake under such circumstances, we made a detour through New York State on to Canada, and reached in safety the great suspension-bridge which divides the two countries. How to get across was the next difficulty. Readers will of course know that Niagara being the march, as it were, which divides Canada from the United States, a heavy duty is levied on everything which passes from the one country to the other. Afraid to proceed in a group, we had to devise some plan to get over safely. The one we fell upon was to put the three youngest children into sacks, and stuff these up with hay so as to make them look as nearly as possible like sacks of corn. The bridge had a keeper at each end for levying the dues, and our plan was all the more workable because the keeper on the American side was a good free-soiler or anti-slavery man. Of course he had to challenge us for the dues on our bundles, but he did not seek to inspect them closely, although he could not but have seen that there was something not quite straight about them. And when I whispered “There’s nothing in the sacks to pay duty for,” he seemed quite to comprehend the position, and allowed us to go on, well knowing that, as he had given us no “pass,” our bundles would be seized on the opposite side, which when done, however, the deliverance of the captives would be effected.

Having no pass to show on reaching the Canadian side, the keepers seized the bags, and on opening them, the discovery of our live-stock was followed by hearty peals of

good-natured laughter. Now the difficulties of the fugitives were over, mine were only about to commence.

I had now only some eight days left me to traverse a distance of at least 2000 miles in time to save my life, for had I failed to appear within the stipulated time, I would have been sent to South Carolina, there to be tried on the capital charge of aiding slaves to escape, and then to be hanged would have been my inevitable doom. I was therefore in this return journey actually *RUNNING THE GAUNTLET FOR LIFE OR DEATH*. What increased the difficulty was, that a considerable distance had to be traversed on foot, as the railways were not then so connected, nor did trains run so frequently as at the present day; and, besides, in order to prevent all suspicion, a new route had to be taken, which increased the distance a hundred and odd miles.

After travelling two days and two nights, I reached Buffalo station just in time to see the train begin to move slowly out. Of course I ran in order to catch it. This drew attention to me, and the cry arose—"Catch the nigger! catch the nigger!" What was to be done? To remain in Buffalo was death, seeing that telegrams had gone to all the stations along the way to Canada that I was out of New London. The train had therefore to be overtaken at the risk of life. When I had almost reached it, three villanous-looking patrollers made a dash at me. "Stand back!" I cried, drawing out my revolver, "or I'll shoot the first man who lays hands on me." Then with one desperate effort I jumped on the last "car" (as they are called in America) as it swept past, and so escaped my would-be captors.

On getting "aboard" the train I saw a new danger confronting me. The first station was some fifty miles ahead, and as the telegraph would be set in motion, my arrest on reaching it would be certain. And if it could have been proved that I was at Canada (and parties might easily have been got to give information about having seen me passing

with the slaves I had been able to escort safely into the land of liberty) my doom was sealed. My only chance, therefore, lay in getting the conductor to set me down at some intermediate point. 2000 dollars, I knew, were already on my head, and how much more by this time I had no idea. For such a reward what man in the train would not do his best to secure my capture? As my only hope lay in getting the conductor to stop at some intermediate point or slacken speed, so that I could jump off, I walked up to him \* and told him my difficulty.

He laughed, and said that he did not know an easier way of making 2000 dollars or more than by taking me on. Notwithstanding his banter, I knew that I was saved. He could not stop at any station, but the kindly man slackened speed at a small side one, as if to throw out something, just enough to enable me to jump off with impunity. Here I got a train leaving New York State, which took me on to Worcester, in the State of Massachusetts. Fearing to go on the main line, I then had to take a roundabout route so as to put the patrollers off my scent. But notwithstanding that, when I reached Willimantic by a cross line, I found, to my horror, that my dangers were not yet over. The Worcester patrollers had telegraphed on to that junction that I was a fugitive slave and to delay me. This mistake was my salvation, I not being a fugitive, but a freeman, and carrying with me papers demonstrating this.

On reaching the station the cry was raised—"Here is the fugitive!" It was this cry that led me to understand the mistake which had been made, and of which I was not slow to take advantage. I did not at first deny that I was a slave, but fought desperately with the people, who crowded round me to prevent them laying hold on me, my object being to delay until the next train came up, which would take me beyond Willimantic and out of the reach of all my

\* This could easily be done, as in America we can walk from the one end of the train to the other.

pursuers. I wrestled, therefore, with my would-be captors until I heard the whistle of the approaching train—welcome sound to me, and also to my opponents, as they expected to see me hailed by some pursuing patrollers.

Nor were they mistaken. But imagine their surprise when I coolly drew out my papers, which they could not gainsay, and then quietly stepped on board the train. Not even yet, however, were my difficulties all over. The train on which I had got was a branch-line one, which took me quite in an opposite direction from that in which I wanted to go; and further, it had no connection with the line which would take me to my destination. So I came out at the first station, and being now free from my pursuers, the only remaining difficulty was a ride of seventy miles, for which I had just fourteen hours left; for if I did not present myself within that time at the court-house of New London, my destiny would be South Carolina.

In these circumstances I went straight to a livery-stable, and asked for a good saddle-horse, which was at once supplied. Little did they know the purpose to which it was to be applied. Once on his back I was ready to say, like Dick Turpin—"Accomplish this ride I must, or kill the horse." I had not ridden half an hour when I came upon cross-roads, and, knowing not which to choose, unfortunately took the wrong one, and had galloped along it some twenty-five miles ere I met any one whom I might ask. I had then to correct my mistake by returning to the same point, and beginning my journey of sixty odd miles in the diminished space of eleven and a half hours.

By this time the horse had begun to fag and show such symptoms of exhaustion that I could not but conclude that he had been out that day before. I made up my mind, however, that he must accomplish the remaining sixty miles or die. It was a case of life for life, mine against his; and mine being of more value, I determined to save it if possible. Instead of breaking down utterly, as I feared, he took a fresh

spurt, and enabled me to reach New London at least half an hour before the time was up, and so all danger was over. And no ordinary sense of relief and joy did I then experience after this exciting adventure in thus having saved both the poor slaves and myself.

Many slave-rescue adventures I had after this, and many poor slaves did I convey over the borders to the land of liberty, but in none of them was I molested or interfered with so much as I was in this.

I suppose the *finale* of this adventure had whetted my taste for riding, of which I was always very fond, for soon after that exciting adventure, there being nothing else of the same kind to occupy me, I went to the West and entered upon a new career by becoming a race-rider or jockey. In this I was so very successful, being well paid in wages besides having money-prizes given me, that I determined to adopt horse-racing as a profession. Along with that I took to gambling, in which I was also very successful, so much so that at one time I stood with 4600 dollars or about £900 in my hat, which I had won at one sitting in a club-house at Detroit in Michigan.

After this gambling became my all. I devoted myself entirely to it. Week-day and Sunday it was all alike to me, except that I went to the Presbyterian Church one half-day. In explanation of this, I may state that most gamblers in our country made a point of going to church once a day, not to worship God, but from the mistaken idea that it made them lucky to appear once a day among the good people. And here I may relate an incident which will well illustrate the terribly hardening process which goes on in the moral and spiritual natures of those who are addicted to this vice.

As a rule, we did not play on Saturday afternoon. About eight o'clock in the evening the game commenced. It was supposed to end about half-past eleven, but, as a matter of fact, it generally extended far into Sunday morning. On

one occasion it was prolonged to about 4 A.M. on the Lord's day. A young man who had lost heavily, connecting his losses with this fact, suddenly exclaimed, "Well, if I play any more on Sunday morning, may I be struck blind!"

On the following Saturday evening he was again in his place at the card-table. On this occasion he was the winner, my companions and I being the losers. A little before midnight he said, "This is my last game, I am done playing," referring to what he had said the week before. We, however, did not wish him to stop playing just then, as he had all our money in his hands, so we coaxed him into commencing again. It was his deal, to use a gambling phrase, and I think I see him yet, when, after having dealt round the cards, he took out his handkerchief and, wiping his eyes, said, "What is the matter with me?" Just as he spoke the clock on the mantel-shelf commenced to chime the hour of twelve. Then suddenly, as the last stroke sounded, throwing up his hands, he exclaimed, "O God, I am blind!"

"What's the matter with you?" we asked.

"*I'm blind! I'm blind!*" he replied.

As there could be no doubt but that he really was so, it was suggested that he should be taken home as fast as possible.

(Readers may be curious to know what became of Pelet; whether he continued blind, or if so, whether this judgment was the means of working any change in him. He continues blind to this day, his eyes being covered over with white scales. As to any change, there is none, as I can testify, for some few years ago I met him. When I told him of the gracious change I had experienced, he only laughed, and asked me if I made more money by it than by gambling. When questioned about his eyes, he said he did not miss them much; he could get on without them; he was in a club-house, and got good pay for dealing, the players in it preferring a blind man to deal for them, as there could be little chance of his cheating them).



So fearfully hardened were we, that the only feeling which this terrible judgment awoke in our minds was that of fear lest our game should be broken up. But it was not; for no sooner was he removed than we took another man into his place, and went on as if nothing had happened. The remarks made after his departure were something like the following :—

“Well, Pelet had no right to say such a thing; he might have known that God would take him at his word some time,” said one player. “Yes,” responded another, named Charlie Blue, “he must not think that he can fool with *the old man* in such a way,” that being the irreverent manner in which he dared to speak of the mighty Being who had just given us such a startling exhibition of His power.

Still further to show the character of the men with whom I now associated, and who were my chosen companions in those days of folly and sin, I may state that such phrases as, “Hurrah for hell! Whose afraid of fire? I ain’t!” &c., were not only used as occasional expletives, but as forms of salutation on entering the card-room. Also, when heavy betting was going on, the antagonistic players were cheered on by these and similar expressions. Charlie Blue, in particular, was notorious for using them, and when in a particularly fiendish mood he would shout, “Come, let’s make a hell of our own, and see who’ll stand it longest!” And at these times he generally succeeded in so stirring up the evil passions of those around him as to make the place for a time a hell in miniature.

After I had spent nearly three years in this manner, in one State after another, a long run of non-success followed, and tiring of this, I left Boston and returned to New London. Here I gave fresh proof that I belonged to those who, “like a troubled sea, cannot rest;” for I now joined the Mazeppa Club, notorious throughout all the New England States for the vice and wickedness of its members. The ten men connected with it, and who were the very

worst to be found in the quiet little city, may be exactly described in the words of Jude (13), "Raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame." Of these I may state that only one besides myself remains alive to-day. One was hanged for murder; another was stabbed in a fight; two were shot in a bar-room brawl; five died while undergoing long terms of imprisonment for the crimes of manslaughter, theft, counterfeiting, &c.

This unholy association having been broken up, and there being nothing else in that locality sufficiently *fast* for my advanced ideas as to what constituted life, I turned my thoughts again toward the sea; and as at this period I entered on a new course of adventures, some account of them will form the subject-matter of the next chapter. I may, however, in concluding it, relate an incident which took place before I left home at this time. A great revival having broken out in New London, another young man and myself took it into our heads to attend one of the meetings one evening. As our characters were well known, an old gentleman came up to us, and asked if we would go forward to be prayed with. This we both refused to do. He then asked if we would stand up while he prayed for us. To this request I responded, but my companion would not rise from his sitting position. The prayer made by the old gentleman impressed me very little, except that I thought it very long. The prayer was indeed long and very earnest, for the old man seemed as if determined to pluck us like brands from the burning. But the only part of it that stuck to me was the following remarkable petition, which seemed the outflow of a presentiment that judgment impended, viz.:—"O Lord, if it is Thy will to take any of us to-night, I beseech Thee, let it be me!" When he had finished we came out. My companion laughed and said, "Old Cogdon meant well." "Oh yes," I laughingly responded; "he's a pretty good old fellow." And as we went on joking in this strain, he

began to lean heavily on my arm, so heavily that I said, "Lean off; what's the matter with you?" He only leaned heavier, however, and said he was giddy. I then hailed a man who was passing, and asked him to help in getting him to his home. But ere we could get him there, he was quite unconscious, and the next day he was dead. Surely this was a striking illustration of Prov. xxix. 1, "He that being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." A solemn warning indeed, and yet it passed almost unheeded. How strange such hardness and blindness now appear!






### CHAPTER III.

#### *ROUND THE WORLD.*

Sea adventures—Almost a murderer—A flogging—First visit to Africa—Narrow escapes—In a whaling expedition—Finding the "Resolute"—In the Franklin Search Expedition—Our great discovery—The famous Anthony Burns rescue—A daring deed—Fired at—Round the world in the smallest ship—Wild-horse hunting—Over the Rocky Mountains—The Mormons—Gold digging—Shipwrecked—Four days floating on a spar—On the stage—The champion dancer—The Indian Mutiny—Laying the first Atlantic cable—Japan—Rum or the gospel—The John Brown insurrection—Capturing a slaver.

 N my going to sea this second time I did not ship myself as a naval apprentice, but as a seaman in the "Conso'ation," a United States sloop-of-war. I did not care to serve out my apprenticeship, because I got much better wages, and had much more freedom as a seaman than as an apprentice.

I joined this vessel for a cruise of three years, although it did not extend nearly over that time. Long before it was up I had got into serious trouble. It arose in this way. We were up on the yard in a gale furling the top-sail. Some of the gear in the top being fast, I sung out to a midshipman below to let it go. Again and again I did the same, but he would not do it, and I had to get off the yard, come down, and let it go myself. "Why didn't you let go the gear?" I asked. "Do you know who you are talking to?" was his reply. "Yes," replied I, with an oath, "and I don't

care." He then ordered me to go and report myself to the master for bad conduct. "Go along!" said I; "get out of my way." And at the same time gave him such a push that if he had not been caught in the rigging he would have fallen on the deck, and in all probability been killed, when to all my other sins I would have then added that of murder.

For this really serious offence I was to be tried by court-martial, whereupon I made myself known as a naval apprentice. My reason for so doing was that they could not at that time try a naval apprentice by court-martial, but merely give him a flogging. I received *three dozen*, but as that was no new experience to me, I did not care one bit.

When discharged from the "Consolation" I joined the "Dolphin," a brig-of-war which was going out for a cruise off the coasts of Africa. While on the south-west coast we captured a slaver and burnt her. Soon after this event I went ashore with a boat's crew. As we endeavoured to land the boat was upset, and we remained in the water for about half an hour ere we were picked up. This deliverance, from what seemed inevitable death, made no impression upon me, or rather, I may say, that if the Good Spirit endeavoured to make an impression on my hardened heart by means of this event, it was successfully resisted. But His patience and love were stronger than my stubbornness, and as the following little incident, which occurred shortly after this providential escape, shows, He not only was waiting to be gracious, but also endeavouring, in aggressive love, to knock at the door of my heedless heart, and cause my soul, so long sunk in the depths of moral and spiritual death, to hear His voice and live. I had gone ashore with some of my companions, and as we roved about we saw a missionary preaching under a tree to a company of natives gathered round him. It was a fine picture seen from the distance, and it so deeply affected me that I turned to my companions and said: "WELL, IF EVER I AM CONVERTED, I'LL COME TO AFRICA AND PREACH THE GOSPEL TO THE NATIVES

LIKE THAT MAN" But the enemy, as if afraid of losing his willing captive, quenched the rising feeling at once by dashing the usual opiate over it, and so I almost immediately and laughingly added, "But there is little chance of that—I don't expect to be converted—I am not one of the elect." But though the strong man, by throwing this cordon round his goods, again secured them in safe keeping, the Stronger than he at last dispossessed him, and when He had obtained the victory, used that very incident, as readers will come to see, as the golden link which connected the guilty past of my prodigal life with the gracious present of my privileged condition of being an accredited servant of Jesus Christ, and bearer of the glad tidings of His salvation to the natives of Africa.

On the homeward voyage in the "Dolphin" I had a fresh instance of the loving care exercised toward me by the Gracious Being who had now, though I knew it not, undertaken my cause and risen up to effect my deliverance from a bondage far worse than that which prevailed in its most literal sense in the Southern States of my native country. One night in a gale a man fell from the fore yard and was drowned. I was sent to fill his place, but so far was I from being moved by the solemn circumstance that I did nothing but censure the unfortunate fellow for having been too lazy to hold on sufficiently to secure his safety. I soon had a corrective lesson, however, for, while pulling out the rope called the earing, I fell, but fortunately caught the foot rope and hung there, unable to do anything, for some six minutes before I could be got in. I am sorry to say that I profited little by this very emphatic teaching, for as yet my eyes were closed, and so, as I was "not wise, and did not observe these things, I did not understand the loving kindness of the Lord" (Ps. ciii. 43).

After arriving in Boston I went home to New London, and knocked about for some time, indeed until my money was all done, and there being no other exciting thing going on, I had just to try the next best thing again, *i.e.* going to sea. And

here I may remark, that on no occasion did I ever go to sea because I liked it, but because my money was exhausted, or no other thing was open to me. So having come into this condition, I next shipped myself to a whaling vessel going to the North. My experiences during this voyage were none of the most pleasant. The winter turned out a very severe one. We were frozen up for six months, nineteen of the crew were frost-bitten, and one or two died. When the warm weather had set in, we saw to our great surprise a ship come out of the ice one day. She was under her mainsail, and her running and standing gear were in such a careless condition that we concluded she must be an abandoned vessel. On boarding her it was found that our surmises were correct. She turned out to be the "Resolute," an English ship which had been sent out on a Franklin discovery expedition.

Buddington, our captain, having put the chief mate in command of his own ship, then took possession of the foundling; and when he called for a voluntary crew, I, in the hope that this would afford the chance for fresh adventures, at once responded to his call. We had only one compass between the two vessels—every sextant, quadrant, and glass having been stripped from the "Resolute." Captain Buddington, however, was equal to the occasion, and with the aid of a chronometer watch and a sheet of paper, made a compass by which he steered our course to the Sandwich Islands, where, having supplied ourselves with all necessities, we then started for New London, which was reached by winter. There the "Resolute" remained until spring, and was then sent to Brooklyn to be fitted up in order that she might be returned to England.

The Queen of that country having expressed her wish that the crew who had picked up the "Resolute" should bring her over, I was invited to go with the others, but declined, to my no little regret when I heard that Her Majesty had given to each of the crew £25, which I afterwards received,

however, as well as the others, notwithstanding my surly refusal to accede to the Queen's wish. And by this means I received another corrective lesson ; for her bounty on this occasion completely did away with an unwarrantable prejudice which I had hitherto entertained against both the Queen of Great Britain and the people over whom she ruled.

This affair of the "Resolute" had given me quite a taste for exploration, and I determined to join the expedition under the command of Dr. Kane, which was just about to set out from Philadelphia IN SEARCH OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

This was a very remarkable expedition, and gratified my love of adventure to the full. For one thing, we penetrated farther to the North than any other vessel had previously done, which was something to be proud of in those days. The experiences connected with this were not, however, always of the most pleasant nature. For instance, while we were sailing up the Sea of Okhotsk it was so filled with ice and wash-pieces that we could advance only by towing our vessel through them in an artificial channel made by staving off these pieces with long poles. What we in nautical phraseology called "wash-pieces," are simply pieces of ice which, on the part above the surface of the water, are generally from three to four feet in diameter, but slope out below to some fifty feet or more in diameter—forming, in short, a complete iceberg, but melted at the top by the little increase of heat which takes place when the sun begins to rise above the horizon in the morning of his long *day* of six months.

We, of course, kept to our ordinary day of twenty-four hours, divided in the usual manner by work and sleep. The working part of our time was spent in towing along our ship and in shoving off these wash-pieces with our long poles. And then when what should have been night came, in order to get the necessary rest, we had to cut out what is known to explorers as a "dock," *i.e.* a place cut out in



the solid ice at the side of the channel, into which the ship was warped, and there remains uninjured by the loose pieces floating along the channel until the morning arrives.

This process of cutting our way North was continued all the summer, *i.e.* the light six months. During this time Dr. Kane and the captain observed that all the birds (of which vast numbers appeared) always flew in one direction, and from this circumstance they inferred that there must be an opening of some kind in the direction in which they were flying. At length Dr. Kane proposed that we should take a boat, and go as far as possible, in order to find out this lake, or whatever it might be, to which the birds went. So a boat was fitted up, in which we were to sail when possible, and which, when sailing was not practicable, could be drawn over the ice by means of dog-sledges. We were plentifully supplied with provisions, which we could at any time supplement from the abundance of ducks, &c. in our immediate vicinity.

We had travelled for two weeks, sailing when we could, and drawing our boat over the ice when we could not, when one Monday evening we came in sight of the open sea, which caused great jubilation to the whole of us. We launched our boat and sailed up and down in search of either outlet or inlet to it, but our attempt to do this did not succeed. Still we were very joyful that we had found the sea itself, and proud as well to have been **THE FIRST TO DISCOVER IT**, for no one previous to ourselves had penetrated so far north as to reach it.

As our resources did not at that time permit of further research, Dr. Kane gave the order to return home, resolving, however, to return as early as possible, and explore this sea more fully, and find an outlet, if such existed. My purpose was to accompany him on this new expedition; but his health having failed, he was never able to accomplish it. This put an end to my adventures in this direction; for though Dr. Kane's plan was carried out under a new leader I did not

care to join the fresh expedition, but returned to New London. I remained there some two months, but was all the time almost half frozen-up as it were; so much did this appear, that the people were not a little surprised at my being so quiet and orderly. And often, when, during future visits, I would be making disturbance, my poor mother would say, "I do wish you would go another voyage up North, for that seems the only thing that can settle you."

In a little while after this I sailed for Japan in the "Supply," a ship-of-war, which was carrying out stores to the United States fleet, which was then engaged in an expedition against Japan, under Commodore Perry, the result of which was that the country was then opened up to American trade. There is not much to record of this first voyage to Japan, and so I pass on to say that I just arrived at home in time to take part in a new adventure, viz. *THE RESCUE OF THE FAMOUS ANTHONY BURNS*, a fugitive slave, who was recaptured in Boston, and taken back to the South, but whose brilliant after-career has since compensated for his early disappointments.

What gave peculiar interest to the contest regarding the capture of this particular slave was this:—The Fugitive Slave Act, passed in 1834 by the instrumentality of Daniel Webster, gave power to the Southern States to take runaway slaves out of any of the Northern or Middle States in which they had taken refuge, and this notwithstanding any opposition which might be made, and although slavery had been abolished in them. Moreover, if resistance was made, they further had the power to call for the aid of the Government to put it down and enforce their claims. Successful conflict with soldiers was out of the question, and besides, to openly aid and abet in the escape of a slave was a capital offence punishable with hanging, just as sheep-stealing was once so punished in Britain.

But there were still other circumstances which gave great interest to the contest in this case. Anthony Burns had made

his escape from South Carolina, the most rabid of all the pro-slavery States. He had further taken up his abode in Boston, the capital of Massachusetts, the State at the opposite end of the scale, it being the most pronounced of all the anti-slavery States. In this case, therefore, extremes not only met, but came into direct and fierce collision, South Carolina being determined to show her power by taking her man out of Boston despite all that could be done to retain him, while Massachusetts was equally determined to prevent his capture if that were possible.

As a matter of course, this affair made a great noise, and being of such a nature as to excite me to the utmost, and draw out all the sympathy there was in me for the slaves, though belonging to another State, I hurried away to Boston to help in fighting out this great anti-slavery question. I was not alone, however, in this chivalrous display of devotion to the cause of the slave. I have already stated that there was a body of influential men who fought the anti-slavery question, and who came, in consequence of that fact, to be known as *the first seventy*, in which class, as already stated, Frederick Douglass and my father had a place. After them arose another class of men who were known as *the second seventy*. Now another and similar class was upon the carpet and just coming into notice as *the third seventy*, which was composed of the sons of the first seventy, and of course among these were the sons of Douglass and myself. We of the third seventy resolved to go to the aid of the Massachusetts people, and rescue Anthony Burns at whatever personal risk.

"The Tombs" or prison in which he was kept was under the court-house, which had an iron railing some six feet high surrounding it. There the great court square surrounding it was filled and guarded by ex-policemen, teamsters, truckmen, in addition to all the other characters usually engaged about the capture of a slave. Some three hundred men at least were keeping watch over this solitary prisoner to prevent any of his friends carrying him off.

To get him out of his prison under these circumstances was impossible. Our only hope lay in attempting a rescue when he was being marched in the morning from the tombs to the custom-house, whence he was to be despatched in a cutter to South Carolina.

In order that he might be on the look-out and so ready to aid or co-operate with us as far as possible, we needed to communicate with him, and I was selected for the very difficult duty of passing the note containing this information through his dungeon window. That this was indeed a difficult undertaking the others knew as well as myself; but they also knew my ambitious and venturesome nature, which made me desire to out-do all others in feats of daring, and so they praised up my past exploits until I was ready to undertake anything rather than lose my laurels.

The first thing to be done was to get through the three hundred or more men who kept watch in the square of the court-house. This I managed to do with comparative ease. A more difficult thing was to scale the iron railing and reach the window of his cell and slip the note into it. After reconnoitring a little, I saw that by getting on to the steps of the court-house I would be raised up as high as the railing and so could easily get over. Then, as there was no time to lose, I made for the steps and slipped over. My motions were certainly accelerated by a REVOLVER SHOT FIRED just as I was in the act of jumping down, and which showed very emphatically that I was discovered. It was now a matter of life or death, and as the window at which I aimed was only some four or six yards from the steps, I made for it, being determined to execute my commission if possible. Though two other shots followed in quick succession, they fell short of the mark, and so I succeeded in reaching the window and in dropping in the note on which so much depended.

Very singularly, but very fortunately for me, these shots proved the signal for a general fight. By the great excite-

ment which prevailed the whole community had become like tinder, needing only the spark to ignite it. This the revolver-shots afforded, and the fight in the square became so fierce and general that I had no further trouble, and got over the railing again perfectly unmolested. This battle was principally between the coloured citizens and the whites, one of whom, named Preston, was killed. I did not, however, wait to see the end, but hurried off the scene of action as quickly as possible.

This unexpected *mêlée* put an end to the anticipated rescue. The death of Preston made such a stir that soldiers were at once brought into the town from all quarters—marines from the navy yard, soldiers from the forts; dragoons and lancers also from all parts of the State were run in by trains during the night, and when the time came for removing Burns from the court to the custom-house, the whole road was one solid mass of steel. Rescue in such circumstances was simply an impossibility. He had to go back to South Carolina, to the no small chagrin of the liberty-loving people of Massachusetts, and, I need scarcely add, of "The Third Seventy," who would so fairly have aided in his deliverance.

My next exploit was that of SAILING ROUND THE WORLD IN THE SMALLEST SHIP that had ever accomplished such a voyage. The instigator of this mad freak was a young man named Marret, whose father had recently died and left him a great deal of money, and who conceived the idea of getting himself a name in this odd manner. The one chosen as leader was a Captain Hammonds; and as if reason and this band of rovers had completely parted company, not only was the smallest vessel chosen to accomplish this voyage in, but also the very worst season of the year in which to start from the east coast of America. This voyage lasted fully a year, during which time we had many narrow escapes of losing our ship and our lives, and also had many adventures, which I need not relate here. But a merciful Providence

bore with us, and notwithstanding all our foolhardy provocations brought us home in safety, when, instead of any feeling of thankfulness, we laid aside the memory of the voyage as a good joke. And besides, such of us as formed the crew had nothing to complain of, for Mr. Marret paid us very good wages, which, as I had now had enough of the sea for a time, enabled me to commence a new series of adventures on land, a sample of which will be given in the remaining part of this chapter.

What remained of the winter after returning home I spent in deer and moose-hunting. Then in the spring I joined a party of wild-horse hunters, and was myself almost wild with delight at the prospect of a daily ride of sixty or seventy miles across the country.

We struck the prairies, then travelled into Mexico, where we hired Mexican lasso-men, and then continued our journey westward for our long summer's work. We came across many Indian tribes, and on one occasion a young Indian squaw carried me a considerable distance on her back for the small reward of a flask of rum. As we were wearying to get to business, we made inquiries of her chief about the herd, but he could give us no information, nor had he even observed any of the usual signs of their approach. We were very much disappointed at this, and still more disappointed did we become when days of wandering lengthened into weeks without seeing even the print of a horse's hoof on that great prairie desert.

At length one evening we saw a dense cloud of dust rising along the horizon, and at once the cry arose, "The herd! the herd!" The lasso-men swung out their lassoes. The horses were brought down to their finest stand, and as each man stood erect in his stirrups waiting for the supreme moment, suddenly one of the oldest lasso-men called out, "There are no reconnoitre horses ahead!"

"Ah then, we are mistaken as to the herd!" was the rejoinder of our disappointed company. But we had no time

to vent our complaints, for if the great dust-cloud was not raised by wild-horses, it must be raised by something else, and to our horror and surprise it turned out to be the largest herd of buffaloes which had been seen for many a year on the prairies. And as they came on snorting and raising a perfect whirlwind of dust, we would have been blind indeed if we had not recognised our danger.

How to escape from it was now the question. Our head-man, however, from previous experience, was equal to the occasion. And his order to bring two kegs of powder from the baggage-waggon was promptly obeyed. The heads of these were quickly knocked in. Then the whole company of us, taking to our horses, began at a point to spill the powder. We then separated into two parts and rode on, forming, as we went, the two sides of an angle, something in the shape of a great V. We rode on thus as long as the powder lasted. Then a sudden halt was called, and a match applied to the ends of this great V (within which the herd of buffaloes was now enclosed), and in a moment the whole was one great flame.

At this terrible sight the huge creatures seemed to lose all self-control. Not only did they break their ranks, but, in their terror, hurled themselves at one another. The cows were trampled down by the males, and the calves by their mothers. Their bellowing was something inconceivably awful, and could have been heard for many miles, the sight itself being perfectly heart-rending. Then, strange to say, all of them that remained alive reorganised, turned about, and fled in the direction whence they came. We had saved ourselves, but at what a sacrifice of animal life !

We then camped on the ground which had been the scene of this adventure. Next morning we were up and away with the daylight, and soon came upon some cattle-hunters who told us that the herd of horses, of which we were in search, had been seen south of the river Arr. This

meant business, and a gallop of seventy miles brought us into the locality of the herd just about nightfall, too weary to do anything until we had a night's rest.

Next day we mounted and went after the herd, which had moved on some ten miles grazing. All were now in high glee, and hard betting commenced as to who would take the first horse. In less than an hour we were within good lassoing distance, and then the sport began in good earnest. The Mexicans, in wild delight, rushing about in all directions with lassoes flying overhead; wild horses snorting and brought to their knees, our own horses to their haunches; and every one, man and animal, in a state of intense excitement,—such was to me the most enrapturing scene upon which I had ever gazed, and seemed to fit in exactly to my daring, devil-may-care nature.

But these feelings only lasted for a little while, until the novelty of this new experience wore off; and at the end of the season I returned home, with a good bit of money in my pocket to be sure, but with a nature as restless as ever, as unsatisfied as before, and as hungry after new adventures.

About the time of my return home from the prairies, the people were beginning to bestir themselves in view of the approaching ELECTION OF A NEW PRESIDENT, and then for the first time in my life I began to take an interest in political matters. It was something new; there was also something so stirring about it, that I entered heart and soul into the arena of political strife. I went about and gave out free-soil tickets, and was the first coloured man who dared to do so in New London. Before this there had been only the Whig and Democratic tickets. The Whig ticket wanted slavery to remain just as it was, and not to extend further either north or south, nor have any more slaves imported from Africa. The Democrats believed in slavery out-and-out, and in having as much of it as they pleased. This new or free-soil ticket was for the abolition of slavery; but of course I could do no more than merely



agitate the question, as this new movement was not at all popular yet

I was now quite eager for fresh adventures, and so I joined Colonel John C Fremont, the *PAINTBRINGER OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS*, and travelled with him and his company through all his long march over the mountains into California. He was employed by the government to find out the shortest and best path over these, and to make it into a permanent road. During this very long journey I lived almost as one of the soldiers, and enjoyed all the adventures and sights that were going.

During the march we passed through the *MORMON* territory, and came in contact with its inhabitants. The impression made by them on my mind was by no means favourable. I thought them the hardest-looking set of people I had ever seen, the women in particular were most wretched-looking.

Salt Lake City I also considered a very queer looking place, with its great temple in the centre, and its numerous store houses, every man having one to himself, whence he supplied all the wants of his wives. At that time the houses were all built in the form of a great square, made up of small squares or little houses, each of which was inhabited by a wife and her family, so that from the number of such squares one might readily tell the number of wives that the owner of them possessed. Altogether the impression made on my mind was so unfavourable that, reckless and hardened as I was, I thought the last thing I should ever become was a Mormon.

Having at length reached the place where gold could be got for the seeking, I with several others went to try my luck at the diggings. We were far from being successful, and besides, we ran some risk of being shot, little wonder, as we were continually encroaching upon other people's rights, and using other people's sluice boxes, for we had none of our own. Such was the wild and reckless life

which I led. One fact will show how much I felt it to be so : although my father was still a preacher in California, I came and went without ever showing myself to him.

This was not the kind of life to suit me long. The search for gold required too hard labour and too continuous application for my unsettled nature, and so nothing else presenting itself, I had recourse again to the sea. This time I shipped in the sailing vessel well known in my own country as the "David Crocket." From this point my experiences present a lively illustration of the saying of the wise man, "A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps" (Prov. xvi. 9).

One night when we had been about two weeks out to sea, and were sailing along with a light breeze, the cabin-boy, coming on deck, said to the captain, "We are going to have a heavy blow." "Who made you weather-clerk?" was the captain's surly reply. But almost immediately the wind began to freshen, on which the captain gave orders to take in light sails. Then the wind, hauling "dead ahead," began to blow a "living gale." He then gave the order, "All hands to the braces," but the main-topsail brace parted, and the only thing then left to save the ship was to get in all the sail as quickly as possible. Before this could be done, the ship was "knocked back," and in a moment all that could be seen of her was the yard on which we were, and to which five human beings were clinging. One of them was the captain's wife, though how she got there we never could tell, neither could she herself. For four days we remained on the solitary spar without meat or drink. We were so sorely pressed with hunger, that one day, when a dead body floated past us, we tried hard to grab it, and had we done so, would certainly have eaten it.

This seems a remarkable instance of a special providence, as she was a good Christian woman, and kept encouraging us, throughout all this dread emergency, by

saying that the Lord's eye was upon us. "It does not look like it," said one of the men on the fourth day; "we have got so far out to sea that I think the Lord has lost sight of us." "No," she replied with great emphasis, "He has *not* lost sight of us." I did not speak out, but I fully concurred in the opinion of my fellow-sufferer, or at least, if I knew better than to suppose that God had really lost sight of us, I considered that He was treating us very coolly by not sending a ship to pick us up. But on the very day that this good woman so strongly expressed her confidence in God, rescue came. We were sighted by a Liverpool steamer called the "London," and taken to that port, whence I was sent home by the American consul.

Connected with this storm there was another very remarkable thing, viz. that no sooner did the ship founder, than the sea immediately grew as calm as a mill pond, to which circumstance we owed our lives. It looked to us as if the storm had burst out for the very purpose of destroying our ill-fated vessel. Yet even in these solemn circumstances my mind was wholly unimpressed, and only occupied at first with queries as to when we would be picked up, and latterly with thoughts such as I have related, angry at God for His delay in sending help to us, instead of submissively asking Him for it. When the danger was over, I just shook myself, as it were, and went out to seek fresh adventures and new scenes of dissipation.

I had again had enough of sea-life for a while, and not wishing to work very hard, I sought a new occupation. The one I chose was quite in accord with my previous antecedents, viz. "JIG-DANCING," better known in England as "sand-dancing." This I considered would secure me not only emolument; but everything else which my restless and unsatisfied nature considered a desideratum.

I succeeded to my heart's content in my new profession. In a few months I had gained for myself great notoriety

and even fame in this line. I had beaten some of the old champions; won silver cups (Warner's, Morison's, Johnston's, Bryant's, and Diamond's); and was having my praises sung in all the large and populous cities of New York, under the name of "THE CHAMPION," "THE UNKNOWN," &c. This latter name was given me because I had not been brought on the stage in the regular manner, *i.e.* trained under some particular dancer, and then brought out as his protégé; the former name was given me because I had beaten all the others.

While in the zenith of my fame, and carrying the dancing world before me, I joined the far-famed, original Christy Minstrels (now Moore and Burgess', of St. James' Hall, London), and was in their company when they made their first appearance in London. I was also going to appear before Her Majesty as THE CHAMPION SAND-DANCER OF THE WORLD, but drew out before the time came, because the manager refused me what I thought a fair share of the profits.

This was the turning-point in my career as a dancer. I soon left England, and returned home, and arrived at New York just in time to be present at the great sand-dance contest for the championship of America. I made application to be admitted to the competition, but was refused, as before, on account of my colour. Ultimately a well-known (white) sporting character from Boston, named Meads, secured my entrance to the lists, and also backed me up. On the night of the dance I won the prize, and secured the champion's belt, which at this time was held by Dick Slighter. But though I had fairly won the belt, through bribery of the adjudicators it was awarded again to Slighter (a white).

This brought on a dispute in which hard words were used. I had won the belt, and therefore wanted it; and when Slighter refused to give it up I drew my revolver and fired at him. He returned my fire; then Meads, who

had heavy money staked on my success, joined in the affray, as did the others, and a terrible uproar ensued. I was so disgusted with the injustice of this affair, and so angry at the loss of laurels which I had fairly won, that I gave up the stage altogether, and very soon after this I was in the midst of sterner scenes than jig-dancing. I had soon the opportunity of seeing at least the struggles and results of the terrible INDIAN MUTINY. I shipped on board a vessel called the "Peruvian," going to Calcutta. Just about the time that we arrived there, the Mutiny broke out. Hearing of the excitement, and anxious to see, if we did not take part in, what was going on, I and six others ran from the ship as soon as we could get the opportunity, and started for Delhi. We had a very rough journey through jungles, &c., and also some very narrow escapes from falling into the hands of the Sepoys. But we kept as near the British soldiers as possible, and reached Delhi in safety, after seeing some strange sights, visiting some of the heathen temples, and seeing the idol-worship, &c.

We arrived just in time to see great batches of the captured mutineers marched up to the great plain, and blown from the mouth of the cannon—a dreadfully sickening sight indeed. But so hardened was I, that it appeared to me nothing more than a nice little game, and in regard to the men themselves I thought it served them right.

As my financial condition necessitated my taking again to the sea, I entered the navy once more at Calcutta, in the "Jamestown," and sailed home.

Very soon a new source of interesting enterprise opened up to me. Some time before this there had been formed the Atlantic Telegraph Company, for the purpose of laying a cable across the Atlantic from America to Britain. One of the ships engaged in this enterprise was the "Niagara," and her I joined, and so had a hand in LAYING THE FIRST ATLANTIC CABLE that ever was sunk. The cable (which

weighed about a ton per mile, and in the construction of which 332,500 miles of iron and copper wire were employed) was deposited in the holds of the "Agamemnon," a line-of-battle ship supplied by the British Government, and the "Niagara," a splendid frigate, furnished by the United States, and the two vessels started on their grand mission. It was united and lowered on the 29th of July 1858. When the "Agamemnon" arrived at Valencia, and our "Niagara" at Newfoundland, science had for the first time annihilated space between the Old World and the New. On the 17th of August the extremities of the cable having been put in connection with the recording instruments, the following message was flashed through the ocean in 35 minutes:—"Europe and America are united by telegraph. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

After this I again returned home, but as adventure was a necessity to my restless nature, I returned to the "Niagara," which was then about to set out for JAPAN with the Japanese ambassadors, *the ports of whose country were just about to be opened for commerce by the new treaty of 1858.* We had on board the famous Prince Tommy, the general favourite of the American ladies, who used to come in great numbers to visit him, the large hoops which they wore both amusing and puzzling him.


As the ports were not formally opened until the return of the ambassadors, we were present at the arrival of the first two cargoes which arrived after the official opening of the principal port of Japan, viz. Yokohama. One of these cargoes was rum, the other consisted of Bibles, or rather a missionary stock—a mixture of Bibles and other good books. The rum was cordially accepted, but the Bibles were refused; and consequently all were returned, excepting a few that were got ashore through the frigate. The state of my mind at this period will perhaps be best understood by stating what I then thought regarding the action of the Japanese

in regard to this matter, viz. that they had done wisely in taking AS MUCH RUM AS THEY COULD AND AS LITTLE GOSPEL.

I was drafted from the "Niagara" to the "Warbash," which returned to America. I was then discharged, and went home to New London. After a short stay at home I went to Boston; and as here there comes in a great event in my life and in the slavery agitation, I shall give a short account of it, viz. MY CONNECTION WITH THE FAMOUS CAPTAIN JOHN BROWN, the great anti-slavery agitator, and THE INSURRECTION AT HARPER'S FERRY. As some readers may know little of John Brown except through the popular song regarding him, I may state that he was a white man, a respectable merchant in a populous and thriving city in the States, a great enthusiast in regard to the emancipation of the slave, and famous for his success in conveying parties of slaves over to Canada. In 1854 he became famous in connection with THE GREAT KANSAS STRUGGLE. The pro-slavery governing party had decided to form the extensive territory of Kansas into a State, and to fill it with a people friendly to slavery, and so make it a slave state. It was to prevent this, and to make it a free state that such a fierce struggle arose. "One of the leaders in this holy crusade for freedom," says Frederick Douglass (from whose life part of this sketch is taken), "was John Brown. This brave old man and his sons were amongst the first to hear and heed the trumpet of freedom calling them to battle." When it became evident that the war for and against slavery in Kansas was not to be decided by the peaceful means of words and ballots, but that swords and bullets were to be employed on both sides, he felt that now his hour had come, and he was ready for the fight. He did not believe that moral suasion would ever liberate the slave, or that political action would abolish the system, and so he was not now averse to the shedding of blood in fighting out the great question. "It would be a grateful

task to tell of his exploits in the border struggle, how he met persecution with persecution, war with war, strategy with strategy, assassination and house-burning with signal and terrible retaliation, till even the blood-thirsty propagandists of slavery were compelled to cry for quarter. The question was not merely which class should prevail in Kansas, but whether free-state men should live there at all. The border ruffians from Missouri had openly declared their purpose not only to make Kansas a slave State, but that they should make it impossible for free-state men to live there. They burned their towns, burned their farm-houses, and by assassination spread terror among them until many of the free-state settlers were compelled to escape for their lives. John Brown was therefore the logical result of slave-holding persecutions. In dealing with these ferocious enemies he not only showed boundless courage, but eminent military skill. With men so few, and odds against him so great, few captains ever surpassed him in achievements, some of which seem too disproportionate for belief. With just thirty men on one memorable occasion he met and vanquished 400 Missourians under General Read."

After he had gained the day in the Kansas struggle, he now began to travel through the Northern and Eastern States, declaiming against slavery, "denouncing it in look and language fierce and bitter, declaring that slaveholders had forfeited their right to live, and that the slaves had the right to gain their liberty in any way they could." It was during this tour of agitation that he came to Boston, where I was brought into such close relationship with him. I was in the great gathering in that city that had assembled to hear him on the anti-slavery question. His speech was of no ordinary kind. His great enthusiasm and his earnest appeals could not fail to move. How earnestly did he strive to rouse up every soul to his personal duty, and to fire all with zeal in regard to it! So dissatisfied was





he with the slow progress the work was making, that he was already beginning to hint at more stern measures, and even to incite to the use of armed force. There were also on the platform representatives of "The First Seventy" and "The Second Seventy," who were giving in reports regarding the progress of the work of individual emancipation, and detailing their adventures and risks, and indicating also how little comparatively was being done even when they were running such risks. "There is not a man among us," said one of them, "that has a sound head," meaning that every one had a price set on him for his capture. John Brown then began to remark about the numbers of "The First Seventy" that were now falling out of the ranks through age and death, and the need for others taking their places. But by this time "The Third Seventy" band had been formed, of which I was a member. Seeing no representative of them on the platform, he called on all in the hall who belonged to it to stand up. He then came down and shook hands with each of us, and asked us our names. When I told him mine he at once remembered me, for, as I have said in a previous chapter, he used often to call at our house and consult with my father about his plans, and so I got a special reception from him, because he knew also of my previous adventures in connection with "the underground railway" work. He then asked all in the meeting who were willing to go with him to the Southern States and liberate the slaves on a large scale to hold up their hands. These he asked to meet him in the Plymouth Hall next day, in order to tell them of a plan he had specially to lay before them. He put before us a map of the United States, and pointed out to us the Alleghany Mountains, which stretch away from the borders of New York into the Southern States. He told us that these mountains were full of natural forts, where one man in defence would be equal to a hundred for attack. They were full also of good hiding-places, where large numbers of brave men could be

concealed, and baffle and elude pursuit. He said that he knew these mountains well, and could easily keep a body of men there in spite of all efforts to dislodge them. He told us distinctly that if we meant to venture on such a plan that we would need to be prepared for any sort of hardships in the way of sleeping out on the damp ground, of being without food, and of fighting, as of course it would be a great and daring enterprise. The plan was to take a body of picked men, supply them with arms and ammunition, post them in small squads in different places; some of whom would go down to the slave plantations by night, and as opportunity offered, induce the slaves to join them. He pointed to HARPER'S FERRY ARSENAL as the best place to begin operations, because by seizing it sufficient arms and ammunition could be obtained in order to arm the slaves.

Regarding all this he was very cautious in his statements, not even letting us know that it was his decided plan to lead this expedition himself, and do all that was done. He asked each of us individually to meet him next day; but it turned out that he had asked each one to meet him at a different place and time from any of the others. He thus met us personally, and saw who were the most suitable for the daring work. Having gathered in this way a select company, he asked us to meet him at a certain house. He then informed us that he was going to lead us himself, and gave us some more details of his plan, and asked us to be ready by a certain time. We were then formed into small squads under leaders, as we could not all go together. I was under his principal assistant, a man named Cook. All the parties made their way South by careful marches, and each then got its place assigned. Our squad was stationed in a pine wood at some distance from Harper's Ferry, for the purpose of aiding in the general flight of the slaves when they rose. Captain Brown's party and another were stationed quite near where the attack was to be made. The special part of the plan which was entrusted to Cook, was to see

to the slaves, to have them in thorough readiness to rise on a certain day. Never was any scheme better or more carefully planned than was this raid on Harper's Ferry and the insurrection of the slaves. Brown had been thorough in regard to every detail, and when the moment for the execution of his plan came, certainly no courage was wanting on his part. And yet it ended in failure, and that because of the blunder of one man, viz., Cook. He went and told Brown that the slaves were quite ready for the insurrection, and acting on this belief, Brown at once made his FAMOUS ATTACK ON THE TOWN, and captured the arsenal, and so secured all the Government arms and stores. These he put into the hands of all who were willing to fight for their liberty, and then proclaimed a general emancipation. He held the ground for more than 30 hours, all this time waiting for the rising and coming of the slaves. But whether from fear, or from actual disinclination, no rising took place. And by this time he was surrounded by a body of United States troops under Colonel Robert Lee. Of course his little band could not hold out against such a great body of troops, and so he was captured, with one or two of his men, after desperate fighting, during which he was severely wounded. Before he was executed, he charged Cook with having deceived and misled him respecting the support he was to receive from the slaves, because he had led him to believe that they were ripe for insurrection when they were not.

We were all this time in the wood waiting for the rising. When we heard the firing in the distance we at once knew that the attack had been made, and so were full of excitement and expectation. We would fain have gone down and aided in the fighting, but our orders were to remain there and be ready for what was to follow the attack. So we kept waiting for Cook coming at the head of the slaves, whom we were at once to "run into" the Northern States. None came, however, and so one of our

company went down to see what was doing, and brought back the news that Brown was captured and that the slaves had not risen. This threw us into great consternation, but the only possible thing we could do was to make our way as quickly and stealthily as possible back to the Northern States. This we had to do as much as possible by night and journeying separately. Hearing that Brown's carpet-bag, in which was all his papers with his plans, &c. was captured, we were in the greatest terror all the way, and even when we got home, not knowing whether our names were in his papers or not. Happily for us no names were given. "Captain Brown implicated nobody. Upon his own head he invited all the bolts of slaveholding vengeance." We soon got all the details of the capture. We watched with eagerness his hasty trial, and with great sorrow heard of his being hurried to the scaffold in such panic-stricken haste. But yet we rejoiced because "the old hero in the trial hour behaved so grandly"—so grandly indeed that men soon came to regard him not as a murderer but as a martyr. All over the North men began to sing of him as *A HERO AND MARTYR*, "that his body was in the dust, but his soul was marching on."

The Government were still, however, trying every possible means to find out all those concerned in the insurrection. I was still, therefore, in great dread lest I should be found out. I was afraid to leave the country lest I should thereby excite suspicion, so I went and joined the navy again, and was put into the "*Mohegan*," which was then sent out to Africa to watch for slavers. While cruising about we sighted a vessel which, when we bore down upon her, proved to be a slaver, and which we therefore captured. Her captain and crew we took home to America and gave them up to be tried, where they were condemned and hanged, at least the captain and officers. Here I may explain that the law had long existed which forbade American ships engaging in the slave traffic, and which also enacted that the

infringement of this order should be punished by death. Not only was this law in force, but ships had also been sent out to capture all vessels so engaged. Many of the officers on board these ships, however, were themselves slaveholders, and so the slavers were frequently allowed to pass with impunity. The captain of the "Mohegan," however, was a Free-soiler or Abolitionist, and therefore faithfully did his duty. The vessel now caught was therefore THE FIRST BROUGHT INTO AMERICAN WATERS, and as a result the captain and officers were hanged. Previous to this slavers had indeed been taken and the ships destroyed, but the crews were permitted to escape, and so were free to begin their nefarious traffic again as soon as they could procure another vessel.

By the time I came home in the "Mohegan," the war between the Northern and Southern States had commenced, and all the ships were ordered home from foreign stations and sent on the blockade. I was drafted into one of these for immediate service. As my war experiences form an important part of my life adventures, I shall now give some account of them in the following chapter.





## CHAPTER IV.

### *IN THE WAR.*

The American war—Desperate sea-fight—Taken prisoner—Cruel treatment—The first coloured regiment—Trial of the blacks—Storming of Fort Wagner—A terrible spectacle—"The Baby Eighth"—Awful carnage—Our encounter with the "Bloody Tigers"—"Tell these niggers we give no quarter"—On a great tidal wave—A tour of Europe—The Olympic games—Gambling.



**F** I had already seen terrible scenes and deeds of blood in my previous career on the continent of Asia and elsewhere, it was now my lot to see still more awful ones on my own side of the world, in the AMERICAN WAR, when in the six sea-fights and in the seventeen land engagements in which I took an active part, brother fought against brother with a fury which could scarcely have been exceeded by demons.

To enter into anything like a full account of these various naval and land engagements would neither be desirable in itself, nor could I afford space for it. But I may by way of specimen give the details of the LAST SEA-FIGHT in which I was engaged, as it ended in the far from pleasant experience of eight months' imprisonment. I was at this time on the "John Adams," which formed one of the vessels of the blockading squadron off Charleston. Besides the main channel by which vessels came out from Charleston, there

was also a creek by means of which smaller vessels could come out and run the blockade with greater chance of escape. To prevent this, there was a picket post up the creek, where about seven of the squadron's boats had to go and do picket. I, being coxswain of the "John Adams" launch, often had to go on this duty. One night we started about 4 P.M. On reaching the mouth of the creek, my boat being in advance of the others, I learned from a slave who was making his escape in a canoe, that there was a ram at the head of it. I informed the officer in command of the whole picket party, but he refused to believe this, and merely replied, "There's no ram up there; drop into your position," which I did. That night my position happened to be in the rear. We then pulled up, keeping a good distance apart from one another. Scarcely had we gone three hundred yards when the ram opened fire. All the boats except mine had just turned round a point in the creek, and were all at once in front of the fire from the ram. Of course, to attempt to face such a fire was madness, and so I at once turned down, but to my surprise only to see THREE REBEL BOATS pushing out from the side of the creek, where they had been concealed. At once I gave the order for every man to draw his cutlass, hold it between his teeth, and be ready for the next order. I saw that our only chance of escape lay in being able to separate the boats, and so directed my course straight for the starboard oars of the largest boat of the rebels, my object being to unship them. Each man pulled as *for life or death*. But just when we had succeeded in accomplishing our object—viz., unshipping the starboard oars of the largest one—two other rebel boats appeared on the scene, and were at once alongside of us. Seeing ourselves thus out-numbered, two to one, I cried out, "EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!" and immediately a hand-to-hand fight commenced, in which we had hard work to hold our own in consequence of this disparity of numbers. We would have done so, however; but another

rebel boat, heavily armed and manned, coming up, forced us to surrender. We were then taken to Charleston as PRISONERS OF WAR. From that we were removed to Richmond, where I remained for eight months in Libby prison. Here I, in common with the other prisoners of war, endured very hard treatment. We were miserably fed, only getting a very scant supply of "mush" (made of the coarsest Indian meal) and water. I have seen the prisoners fight, even to death sometimes, over a bone or some miserable scrap, which in ordinary circumstances would have been almost an object of loathing. On one occasion we were actually *left for several days without food* of any kind, or even water. The sufferings of the battle-field were, in a sense, fairly outdone by those of the prison-house.

About the end of eight months, however, an exchange of prisoners took place. On being set free I was so exhausted that the utmost caution had to be observed in giving me food. A little weak beef-tea was all that my poor skeleton frame could receive with impunity. But with care and attention I soon recovered my strength. No sooner had I done so than it might have been said of me what the prophet said of his degenerate countrymen, "I hearkened and heard, but they spake not aright: no man repented of his wickedness, saying, What have I done? every one turneth to his course, as the horse rusheth to the battle" (Jer. viii. 6), for I literally *rushed to the battle*. I did not join the navy again, however. As they were now enlisting coloured troops for the war, and as I now wished to fight on land, I went and joined the 54th Massachusetts—THE FIRST COLOURED REGIMENT ever raised in America and enrolled as such, and which left Boston eleven hundred strong.

It is not my intention to give anything like a connected account of the different land engagements in which I took part, but a slight sketch of one or two may be of use in showing what, under certain conditions, human nature can both do and become.



Our first engagement was on James' Island—a sort of skirmish it was, in which we had about thirty men killed and wounded. The second one, at Morris Island, was a very different affair. This *bloody battle* was fought in June 1863. Our regiment went into it 1070 strong, and came out with only 238 men. Every line officer was either killed or wounded. Col. Shaw also being killed, the remnant of the regiment was brought out by a second lieutenant after having thus fully proved its valour.

Though the battle was lost, a very important point had been gained. The odds were far too great to expect victory. It was intended only to be *a trial of the fighting capabilities of the blacks*—whether they could or would fight; and had we failed on this occasion another coloured regiment would never have been permitted to enter the field. Nor were we left in ignorance of this fact. When General Strong came up and told us that we were to charge FORT WAGNER, he also told us that THE FATE OF THE WHOLE COLOURED RACE DEPENDED UPON OUR CONDUCT THAT NIGHT.

When we went up the beach about half-past 4 P.M. we did not know that it was to be a fight until we saw the officers shake hands with each other, and heard them say, "Good-bye, if I don't see you any more." And just then General Strong rode up and told us that we were to charge the Fort, and under the conditions already related. He also told us that we should have two barrels of whisky at the close of the engagement.

We had been lying on the sand. Now the order was given to rise and fix bayonets. The regiment then formed into two divisions, the Colonel taking the right wing, and the Lieutenant-Colonel the left. Then, just as the next order "to double-quick" was given, a change took place in THE APPEARANCE OF THE HEAVENS, the most extraordinary I ever witnessed. In a moment they became one mass of blackness, and all that could be seen was

the shells flitting through the darkness like shooting-stars. This was not a darkness arising from the smoke of the shells, but from an entirely different cause, viz., dense clouds which burst in a thunder-storm of terrific fierceness.

Amid such circumstances came the final order, "Charge!" After a hasty good-bye to each comrade we obeyed the order, shouting as we went along. A wide ditch surrounded the fort. It was but the work of a moment to clear it; then, when we reached the works, a terrible conflict ensued. About 13,000 riflemen were awaiting us, besides another great body of men with spears, to which hooks were attached, so that if they failed to spear their man, they might by means of the hooks pull him towards them; and when a man was thus hooked his fate was sealed. Besides these terrible weapons, every missile of destruction—hand-grenades, grape, and canister-shot, &c.—were all brought into requisition. Not one of those who got inside the fort in that terrible onset ever returned. The charge lasted about three hours, and in that short space of time some 15,000 men were killed. At last the retreat was sounded, and the fragments of each regiment returned from the charge. Ours was brought out by a mere boy, a second lieutenant, as we had not a single line officer left. We fell back to a place known at that time as "the old house," in a most miserable condition.

Next morning, when we went to bury the dead, *a terrible spectacle* met our gaze—men riddled with bullets; heads and arms lying in all directions; one could scarcely tell a black man from a white, so terribly were they disfigured. We had been sent to the rebels with a flag of truce, asking permission to bury our dead. This they granted; but when we came up, they made us stack our arms and sit down before the fort without any shelter from the burning sun. Our gunboats and ironclads had been shelling the forts, but of course stopped when the flag of truce was sent out. So long as we were set down there, operations could not be

recommenced or we would have suffered. The rebels then set to work and repaired all the damages which our attack had made on their works. In the immunity thus secured they not only repaired their damages, but also strengthened their position, and not until they had done this to their hearts' content would they allow us to go on with our *melancholy task*.

Our first search was for our colonel. We found him in a pit with his ears cut off. After the battle his father sent to inquire if he might have his body. To this request the rebels replied, "He is buried in a ditch with twenty of his nigger-followers." "It is more honourable to have a burial like that," replied the father, "than to have the greatest monument which the rebels could raise to his memory."

Thus we stood the test, and from that time not only was the 54th considered one of the very best fighting regiments, but the number of coloured soldiers was increased from this time until, at the end of the war, upwards of 80,000 were in the army.

"The assault of the 54th upon Fort Wagner," says Frederick Douglass, "in which it was so fearfully cut to pieces, at once gave it a name and a fame throughout the country. In that terrible battle under the wing of night, more cavils in respect of the quality of negro manhood were set at rest than could have been during a century of ordinary life and observation."

Our next engagement was fought at Baldwin, Florida, the object of which was to take Tallahassee, the capital of that State. After several days' skirmishing we reached the point at which this great battle was to be fought. I shall never forget the morning of that day on which it came off. As regiment after regiment passed us to the field on which so many were to find a "gory bed," they were greeted with shouts of "Good-bye, boys!" "Take care of yourselves!" "Give them jessie!" (*i.e.* a thrashing). There was in particular one regiment known by the name of "The Baby

Eighth." Its proper name was "The 8th Pennsylvania coloured," but it had the sobriquet "Baby Eighth" bestowed on it, not because of any pusillanimity of spirit, but because it was the smallest and most recently-formed regiment in the corps, and because it was also composed for the most part of men of small stature, their colonel being also small.

When it was known that "the Babies" were coming along they received quite an ovation; every one, officers and privates, all hastened to the front to cheer the 8th, who came up singing—

"We've promised father Abraham  
Three hundred thousand more."

Their song was soon drowned with such cries as, "Now, Babies, fight like men to day!" "Remember Fort Pillow!" This was a Union fort in Louisiana, garrisoned with coloured men, which the rebels had taken, and where they did not leave one man alive, but massacred every one with the greatest cruelty, cutting off their hands, &c., and giving them to the blood-hounds before their death; this being done to show how all coloured troops would be served. No cry, therefore, could have been better suited to rouse men to terrible deeds of revenge.

While regiment after regiment was thus marched past, we began to have proof that the skirmishers ahead were hard at work in the long lines of stretchers that began to appear, and in regiment after regiment that had gone to the front coming back defiled or cut up, and when the cry went up, "How goes the battle?" the answer came back, "Johnny is too strong!"\*

By 11 A.M. the whole army was in motion. At 1 P.M. Colonel Hamilton's battery was ordered on the field, and the 7th New Hampshire called up to support it. The rebels charged and took the guns, the 7th broke and fled

\* Johnny being the name given to the rebels.

in confusion, but the 4th Massachusetts came up in time to save the remaining part of the battery. At this point the 1st U.S. Light Battery was ordered on the field, with the little 8th to support it. And as the 8th marched to this post of danger and honour, they were hailed with shouts of "Now hold your ground, Babies!" To which they replied, "We'll try."

The rebels seeing a coloured regiment coming on the field, and taking it to be the 54th, to which they had a special antipathy, hurled a heavy force against the little 8th, and mowed them down like hay, for a serious blunder had been committed by their inexperienced colonel, who had neglected to give the command to load. While they were doing so, the brave little men were levelled by the score. This was too much for their first time under fire. But they fought well. Every officer was killed but one captain. At length they broke, and came out in disorder only 100 strong, and having lost three pieces of artillery.

At this time our regiment (the 54th) was lying along the road making coffee, and growling out all the time, "Aren't we to have a hand in the fight?" &c. At length our turn came. When we saw an officer ride down and speak to our colonel, we knew that meant business, and when the cry was heard, "Fall in battalion!" coffee and everything else was thrown to the side. A moment more, and we were all in line. Another second or two, and we were all double-quicking along the road, met at every point by broken squads of cavalry, artillery, baggage-waggons, ammunition-trains, &c., all showing that things were in a sad state at the front.

These unpromising appearances did not damp our spirits, however. On we went hurrahing, and soon reached the field. WHAT A SCENE OF DISORDER! Every man seemed to be fighting "on his own hook," and General Seymour was trying in vain to gather together his scattered forces. The rebels on seeing us enter the field, sent a flag of

truce with the inquiry, "What nigger regiment is that? Is it the 54th Massachusetts?" On being informed that it was, they sent back the reply, "We have the 54th Louisiana Tigers to meet them." This was a regiment raised in the Southern States known as "THE BLOODY TIGERS." They fought under a black flag with a skull and cross-bones, signifying that they gave no quarter; and they were NEVER KNOWN TO TAKE A PRISONER. When they came out on the field with their black flag, they sent a courier to us with the message, "Tell these niggers that we give no quarter and we take none." Our reply was "Remember Fort Pillow;" and as this was the regiment which had done the bloody deeds already noticed, they well understood its import. A heavy musketry-fire now commenced on both sides. At last the charge was given. The Tigers stood their ground for a moment, but seeing that we were determined to press them, gave way, and fled to a thicket on the other side of the field, and we, of course, after them, cutting down as many of them as we could. But scarcely had they reached it, when, to our surprise, they re-formed in a moment, and we in turn took to flight, pursued as hard by the Tigers as they had been by us. When we had reached the other side, imitating their tactics, we quickly re-formed, and thus taking them by surprise as they had done us, we drove them again before us. Seven times was this driving and re-driving across the field repeated. The last time, the Tigers being unable to re-form, we held the field, gave three cheers for Massachusetts, and ironically called for the Tigers to come out. Thus the battle ended in both sides being whipped, the rebels being too much done up to follow us, and we in like manner being unable to follow after them.

Such will be a sufficient sample of the bloody work in which for three years I was engaged, and such were the conditions under which "men like fiends each other tore," and hurled each other into the arms of destruction with a

pertinacity of purpose and a fury which fully justifies the pathetic lamentation of the poet, that

"Man is to man the surest, deadliest foe."

When the war was over and the slaves were set at liberty, nothing else remained to excite my enthusiasm. So I again joined the navy, and was in the ship of war "Watteree" at the time of the GREAT EARTHQUAKE which took place at Peru in 1867—THE GREAT TIDAL WAVE which accompanied it carrying our ship inland some two miles. We were lying at anchor in the harbour of Callao, and during the afternoon of that day heavy swells arose, accompanied by a strong smell of sulphur. The captain of an English mail-steamer who had just come in reported a tidal wave approaching, and advised us to get off from the shore as fast as possible. Our captain at once slipped his anchor and began to steam out, but the ships near us began to spin round and round like so many tops, while we also, after a few whirls, were carried right up on the crest of the wave TWO MILES INLAND, and left high and dry on what had been the streets of Peru, but which was now one mass of rubbish through the action of the earthquake. The sensation which we thus experienced was a very curious one. The "Watteree" had paddle-wheels, which the force of the water made go with frightful rapidity. The order was given to secure the battery, &c., but we felt perfectly powerless, and in the grasp of a force over which we could exercise no control.

We fared well, however, in comparison with others. The store ship "Freedonia," after two or three rounds, turned bottom up, and all hands were drowned, while here and there other vessels disappeared. At a distance of two or three miles we saw the hills around Callao shaking like great pieces of jelly, while the town itself, at least part of it, sank down, and much damage was done, and many lives lost. Yet these scenes and experiences, awful as they were,

made no impression on us, for no sooner was the danger over than we commenced to make what we had passed through the subject of our ribald jokes.

After my three years were out I was discharged, and returned home, but soon after set out with a companion to make A TOUR OF EUROPE. In the course of about eight months we visited all the places of interest, supporting ourselves chiefly by gambling.

During this time we went to see THE OLYMPIC GAMES, held outside the city of Athens. Immense crowds gather to witness them from all parts of Greece, quite a national interest being excited, as every town sends out its man for each particular contest. These games opened with a chariot race, then all sorts of pedestrian and athletic contests followed. One of these contests is worth particular notice, as, though then it only struck me as a great trial of a man's strength, now it appears to afford a good illustration of St. Paul's meaning when he urges Christians to "lay aside every weight, and run with patience the race set before them" (Heb. xii. 1).

The contest to which I refer was the last of the pedestrian games. It was a race, and in running it every man carried a stone in each hand of at least fourteen pounds weight. At the end of this race the runners were terribly exhausted. Some, indeed, never completed it, but fell down long before they reached the goal, with blood issuing from both mouth and nose. And those who did reach it were in much the same condition, often falling down at it—even the successful runner managing merely to tumble into victory as it were. In the light of this we can see the point of St. Paul's advice, to lay aside every weight in running the Christian race.

The general effect of the whole spectacle was degrading. The chariots were driven by women very sparsely clad, a spectacle with which, even in those days of sin and folly, I was anything but favourably impressed.



We also visited Baden-Baden, and stayed there quite a while, taking part in the GAMBLING that goes on in its gilded halls—*hells* I should rather call them. The following incidents will show how well they deserve that name:—One evening I was one of the bettors at roulette. Among the persons at the same game was an Englishman who lost heavily. When he had put down his last sovereign, which also went, he pulled out a revolver and *shot himself right through the head*.

They are quite prepared, however, for these terrible yet very common scenes. So he was quickly picked up, and, after the letters in his pockets were examined to see where he belonged, was carried off, while meantime the game went on without ever having been interrupted. Scarcely twenty minutes had elapsed ere a lady at the same table did the same thing. Hardly a night passes without at least one suicide, the most of those who are guilty of the crime of self-murder being American and English—ladies as well as gentlemen.





## CHAPTER V.

### SCOTLAND—MY CONVERSION.

Come to Edinburgh—Hard up—In the bottle-house—A debauchee—  
Discussing with the Revivalists—"Because I am not one of the  
elect"—Satan's snare—The piercing question—Brought to bay—  
Deep convictions—Behold he prayeth—"The grent transaction's  
done"—First victory—"Mates, I'm done with drink"—"I've  
turned right round"—"Oh happy condition"—The chief of  
sinners—Confessing my new Master.



T was when the prodigal was in the far country  
that he came to himself. So it was with me also  
in the most literal sense of the words, as well as  
in the figurative and spiritual meaning of them,  
as I shall now proceed to show, narrating also the circum-  
stances connected with the *wild horse* (for such I truly was,  
as the previous chapters have shown) being brought to bay  
and caught as it were in the blessed lasso of the Gospel.

After some eight months spent in wandering over Europe,  
seeing all that could be seen and enjoying all the gratifica-  
tion that the pleasures of sin could afford to unrenewed  
natures, my companion and I returned to America. In  
regard to myself I soon gave a practical illustration of the  
proverb, "There is no rest to the wicked." Certainly  
there was none for me, as almost immediately after my  
return I shipped in "The Guard," an American ship of war  
which had been chartered to carry the American goods to  
the Vienna Exhibition. When discharged from her I went

“to see the show.” After gratifying my curiosity to the full, and dipping as deeply into all manner of gratification as my finances would permit, I went to Venice, and there shipped in an English merchantman called the “Ceres,” and sailed in her up the Black Sea and thence on to England. We landed at Falmouth, whence I commenced a series of curious peregrinations, my object being to ascertain where seamen obtained the best wages. But while my heart was thus devising its own way, the Lord was directing my steps. From Falmouth I went to Lowestoft, thence to Liverpool, then to Dublin, and from Dublin to Glasgow. Dissatisfied in each of these places with the pay, I began to think of trying what could be done on shore for a while ; it would be something new to live in a foreign country, which I had not done excepting my eight months in Europe. So casting my eye over a paper one day, I observed an advertisement for sugar-refiners, and as I had been familiar with the process from boyhood, I resolved to make application. I was successful, and commenced work, but only remained at it a fortnight. Then thinking I would like to see Edinburgh, started for it by train.

On arriving there I had just one sixpence in my pocket. I landed at the Caledonian Station ; and glancing along the direction of Princes Street, I thought, Well, there’s no use in me going that way ; the state of my clothes, in fact, utterly forbade the very idea of it.

Thus utterly interdicted from what appeared the more fashionable localities of the city, I set out in the other direction, along Lothian Road, and made my way to the Grass-market. There I met a black boy and entered into conversation with him, in the course of which he told me that his father kept a lodging-house in the Cowgate. I resolved to go with him to get a night’s lodgings.

But how shall I describe the place to which I thus got introduced ! It seemed as if a whole flat of one of those quaint old houses in the Cowgate had been turned into one

great room, round which beds were ranged, with rows of the same down the middle. Within this place some forty tramps of all descriptions were gathered—sailors minus a leg or arm, blind beggars, street-singers of all descriptions, hawkers, thimble-riggers, &c. Well, there is no need of further particularizing the people who occupied the room that night, nor the scenes which took place in it; but I may state what gives me much more pleasure, viz., that some three weeks after my conversion to God I found my way to that same room (*miniature pandemonium* rather) and preached to its degraded inmates the gospel of the grace of that God who had so graciously sought me out and rescued me from the same degradation.

In the morning I got up about eight o'clock. There was no need of my hurrying out of bed sooner, as I knew there was no prospect of breakfast for me until I had fallen upon some plan to earn it. On going out I made my way to the Calton Hill, and observing from it the ships lying at Leith, I could see that it was a sea-port, but whether it was the port of Edinburgh I did not know; at any rate I made my way towards it. On reaching the docks I hailed the mate of a vessel and asked him if he required any hands. "No," he replied; but immediately added, "What can you do; are you a cook?" "No, I'm a sailor." He then gave me a job, for which I received eighteenpence and my dinner. After that I went back to Edinburgh, but not to the old lodgings. I sought out one of the Victoria lodging-houses, where, if I found the character of the inmates not much higher, there were at least no women. The rooms were also smaller and cleaner. For this I was thankful, as never before had I been brought so low as to be under the necessity of associating with tramps, &c. Nor had I ever, to use the familiar phrase, been so "hard up," or, as we Americans would say, "so completely on the bricks."

This was on Friday. On Saturday I went back to Leith and loafed around the docks all day long, but got no work,

and, therefore, had nothing to eat. It rained also, and I knew not where I was to pass the night, nor how I was to get over Sunday. Tired out, I went into a shed and sat down, and was soon fast asleep. I did not wake up until about midnight, and found that it was a watchman who was disturbing my slumbers by his orders to "move on." Turned out thus to wander where I might, I came upon Tod's Flour Mills, and lay down over the boilers. But about 2 A.M. some of the workmen coming in, found me there and wakened me up, telling me that if I remained longer there I would be roasted, as the fires were to be set up. But before they put me out, the kindly men made a collection on my behalf among themselves. This was the first instance of Scotch generosity with which I had met.

With this in my pocket I went along the Junction Road, not knowing where it might lead. As I crossed the Junction Bridge I saw a light, which seemed to proceed from the blazing fire of some great work. So I resolved to make my way to it, in the hope of being permitted to stay beside it until morning.

To my great joy I found it to be a bottle-house. I asked the man on watch if I might stay there for a little while. "Yes, you may," said he, and very gladly indeed did I avail myself of this permission. About 11 A.M. on Sunday morning the workmen began to come in, not to work, but to drink and smoke and talk; for in such manner these men, as I came to understand, spent their Sundays. On seeing me they began to chaff me about my condition. I took it coolly, however, and this, along with the fact that one of the men had been to America, and in circumstances somewhat similar had been very kindly treated by a coloured person, told in my favour, and one of the men sent to his own house and had some dinner brought down for me.

Thus provided for, I remained until Monday morning. Then it so happened that one of the workmen did not

make his appearance. On this one of them said, by way of joke, "Let Nathan \* blow." To which I replied, "I will, if you let me." Thinking it would be a good joke to let me try, and that they would have a little fun over my mishaps, as one awkward at the business gets his hands burned, I was permitted to go to the tub. Taking my post, I waited patiently for the bottle to come up. Then seizing it without having cooled my hands (a blunder at which there was a general laugh), I went to the marble, and by my first roll showed them that I knew something about the business. In little more than a minute I had produced my first bottle, to the great surprise of all in the place.†

For that day's work I got five shillings, then slept as before in the bottle-house, and next day spent all my earnings drinking with the bottle-men. As the man whose place I had taken returned to his work on Tuesday, I had no opportunity of getting more money ; but the men gave me food and I slept in the bottle-house, which was always warm, on the mats used in packing the bottles.

For some time I searched for work, without success, however, until one day, in passing the ink-works, I asked the manager if he would give me a job. To my surprise he said, "Yes." Very soon I had started to work at twenty shillings a week, and so could have soon got myself into better condition if I had not continued *my course of dissipation*. But this I did, for I wrought at the ink-works by day, and then at night returned to the bottle-house to enjoy what I thought *life* among my boon companions.

This course I continued for some three months, about which time another hole was started in the bottle-house, and I gladly availed myself of the opportunity of beginning work in it, as I could make nearly double the wages which

\* A name they had at that time given me.

† This is to be explained by the fact that in my boyhood I had the opportunity of making myself acquainted with the process of bottle-blowing.

I had in the ink-works. But increase of money made no addition to my comfort. I still remained clothed in what was little better than rags, and except for a little while had my home in the bottle-house, so that I might spend all my earnings in the gratification of my depraved appetites. Yet I was perfectly satisfied with my condition, and as merry as could be. The outward circumstances exactly suited my inward condition, my moral nature having sunk so low that actually I had *not the least desire for anything better.*

When things had continued in this condition for some two months, I happened to be going up the Shirra Brae one Sunday, pretty much under the influence of drink, as usual. On the street a band of Christians were singing the well-known hymn, "Rock of Ages." The tune was different from what I had heard in America; and as a man in drink always fancies himself quite able to put the world right on any point on which he supposes it wrong, I thought I would go over and put them right with their singing. I was crossing for this purpose, when a young man stepped forward, and putting a tract into my hand, asked if I would come to a meeting that was about to be held in the hall.

"No," I replied, "I ain't fit to attend the meeting, for I've got a bottle of whisky under my arm."

"Where are you going?"

"To the bottle-house."

"Will you come back to the meeting?"

"No; I have the whisky to drink, and I don't expect I shall be in a fit state to come after doing that."

He persisted, however, until he got my promise to return, and when I had given it, he said, "Now I know you *will* come." This seemed very strange to me, that a man who had never seen me before should yet be so willing to trust me; so I kept my promise, and went back to the meeting, but was not the least impressed with what I heard. There was an after-meeting, to which I remained.

The same young man and several other Christians came up to me, and asked—

"Would you like to be saved?"

"Do you think there is any chance for me?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't," I rejoined.

"Why not?" expecting doubtless to hear me say that I was too great a sinner to be saved, or something of that sort. But to their surprise my reply was—

"Because I am not one of the elect."

"What do you know of election or of the elect?"

"I know a good deal about it. I've read Calvin's Institutes, and have a pretty good idea of what his doctrines are. Do you believe in predestination?"

"To a certain extent we do," they replied, "but not so as to admit that one man was born to be saved and another born to be lost, seeing that God has declared 'that whosoever will may come.' Don't you think that God is willing to save every one?"

"No, I don't know that He is willing to save me."

"What will you make then of this?" said Mr. Mitchell, taking up his Bible, and reading John iii. 16, then adding—

"Does God intend to save every one but you?"

"Well, He can or He can't, just as He likes. If you don't believe in predestination, or that one man was born to be saved, and another born to be lost, answer me this question, How could God say, 'Jacob have I loved, and Esau have I hated,' and that before the children were born, if there be no election?"

Seeing me thus bent on argument, and wisely determining not to enter the lists with me, they went away, and I left the meeting in triumph, glorying in my fancied victory. As I went out, the missionary came towards me, and asked me to come and have tea with him on Monday evening, to which I agreed.



Then the young man who first spoke to me came and asked if I would come to his house for the same purpose on Tuesday evening.

"No," I at once replied, "that would be a cheap way of living, going around getting my tea." Then bidding them good-night, I went straight to the bottle-house, and while finishing the whisky which I had left, had quite a laugh over the Revivalists who had been trying to convert me. I told my companions also about my invitation to tea, and, like myself, they thought it a good joke.

When Monday evening came, I quite repented of the promise to go to tea, and said to the men I didn't think I'd go. "Oh yes, do go up," said one. "No; I ain't got any clothes." "Oh, just wash your face," he responded. And so with my toilet thus easily made I set out to keep my engagement.

At the house of the missionary (Mr. Meek) I met Mr. Mitchell, the young man who first spoke to me. I stayed all the evening, and had much conversation in regard to religion. Mr. Meek, wishing to impress upon me the truth that I could be saved, told me some of his own life; and to show me that I could not be worse than he once had been, told me what he had once done. "Well," I returned with great warmth, "I never was so bad as that." So little as yet did I understand my true position in the sight of God, and so little did I appreciate the humility of spirit that would make such a confession, or the depth of the interest in my case which induced him to make it.

In the course of the evening, while talking about the various Churches, I came out so strong in behalf of the Roman Catholics—as for instance, contending that the priest did not pardon sin, but only prayed for its pardon, and also speaking up so in behalf of the Douay Bible—that they concluded that I was a Catholic. Thus the evening passed; but I left the kind people without being in the least impressed, and throughout the week went on in my usual course without the slightest compunction. .

On Sunday night I went back to the meeting, regarding it merely as a good place to put off an hour hearing the singing. On this occasion a young man named John Reid came up and asked me if I was saved. "How do you know that you are saved?" was my rejoinder, adding, "no one can know whether they are saved or not." He referred me to John iii. 16. But I, in turn, brought up Peter's "lively *hope*," to which the *elect* were begotten (1 Peter i. 1-3). It seems perfectly marvellous that though I was not then reading the Scriptures, I felt so fully versed in them, and so ready at quoting them. There was a work of preparation being carried on in my mind by the Spirit, little soever as I was cognisant of it. What His object was in bringing Scripture so to my remembrance will be seen after. That there was something special manifest in this respect Mr. Reid afterwards stated, for, seeing me so prepared for argument, he left me; "and," to use his own words, "such was the sharpness of my Scriptural repartees that he shrank from again encountering me."

On coming out of the meeting I went straight to a house of bad fame, well known in Leith as "The Happy Land." In it there was a great gathering of men and women of the worst description. These I entertained with an account of the Revivalists and their *attempts to convert me*, and after a good laugh over it went back to the bottle-house.

For nearly a month after this I did not go back to the Mission Hall. But on meeting Mr. Meek on the street one day, he pressed me hard to come to a tea-meeting which they were to have for working-men that evening. I excused myself by saying that I had no clothes fit to come; but he urged me so much to come just as I was that I yielded to his importunity, and went to the tea-meeting. There I again met Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Reid, who both seemed determined to do the agreeable to me. Mr. Reid told me about his travels in America, while Mr. Mitchell entertained me with an account of his conversion.

In the course of conversation something said by me had raised the hope within Mr. Mitchell that I was impressed and anxious, and he, with the most generous enthusiasm, declared himself willing to stay and pray *all night* with me if I wished to be saved. But his hopes must have been sadly quenched by the cool rejoinder, "Oh no, go home to your bed, if you have one, for I am going to mine;" I should have said to my straw and mats, for bed at that time I had none.

Next Sunday I went back to the Mission Hall. Mr. Meek preached from John iii. 16, but I was not in the slightest degree impressed by his discourse. After the first meeting was over I remained to the second one, for what reason I do not know, as there was not the shadow of anxiety on my mind. But a Hand was leading me which I knew not, and leading me straight to the point where the arrow which He had in readiness could reach my soul, and bring me down to His feet, a willing captive.

To my great surprise, not one of the friends I have named came near me that night. As I sat querying as to the reason of this, a mere lad, the brother of Mr. Mitchell, came and sat down by my side and began to talk to me. I looked at him with contempt, seeing the older ones did not come to speak to me; he being so young, it seemed presumptuous for him to attempt a work which the rest had given up. However, I observed that though he commenced to talk to me, it was not about my soul. First he asked where I was from? "From America." "Can you swim?" "Yes, I have several times swum at least three miles." "Have you a mother?" "Yes," I replied, keeping back with no little difficulty the query; "but what business have you whether I have a mother or not?" "If your mother was going to die to-night, *would you die to save her?*"

Here was a poser, which so brought death in all its terrible reality before me, that for the first time in my life I

realised what it meant. After a little reflection I answered "No," for I thought if my mother died, she would be saved, but *I would be lost*. On receiving this answer to his question, he rose up and left me, without saying another word, concluding, I suppose, that I was a hopeless case. But in so acting he was doubtless under the guidance of a power beyond his own; for had he attempted to question me further, the work in my soul might have been seriously hindered, if not altogether marred.

I came out of the hall in company with several of the Christian workers, but not one of them spoke to me about my soul. In bidding them one after another good-night as we reached the corner, how I wished that some of them would do so! but not one uttered a word. Thus *left alone*, for the first time in my life I became *truly afraid*, and I wandered on from Leith Walk to Newhaven, wondering what I was to do. Several times I traced and retraced the distance between the two places in a state of *indescribable anxiety*, and then went to the bottle-house. I found only one man in it, and he being a Roman Catholic, I could not tell to him what was passing in my mind. The one question burning in my soul was, "What if you should die to-night?" And if I did, I saw that there was *nothing but hell* for me.

" If now from earth I go,  
What will become of me?  
Eternal misery and woe  
Must then my portion be."

Thus moved by fear—the very lowest of all motives—I was being prepared to receive the salvation of God.

As I sat looking at the flames in the bottle-house, my impressions deepened and deepened, until my horror and agony became intense. I had trifled with hell and all its dreadful realities, but now "its pains took hold on me; the very sorrows of death compassed me about."

Unable to rest, I came out and walked through the streets of Leith, then on to Newhaven, whence I retraced my steps back to Leith and to the bottle-house. I had no Bible to read, or I would have commenced to do so ; but my mind was so full of Scripture that it seemed as if I could read from the pages of my memory as readily and clearly as from a book, so I began to repeat passages of Scripture. My object in doing so was just the same as that which would lead any person in like condition to go to their Bibles, viz. to find out how they could get peace. But as I had no Bible nor could get one, the gracious Spirit brought its truth in great abundance and power to my remembrance.

I kept repeating and repeating great parts of both the Old and New Testaments, without finding what I wanted. On and on I went, but nothing I repeated had the desired effect or seemed to suit me at all, until I came to Luke xviii. 13, "God be merciful to me, a sinner !" At these words my soul seemed to stand still, for all at once I felt what it was to be *a sinner*, and then

"I groaned the sinner's only plea,  
God, be merciful to me."

But the very fact of being so, and feeling myself to be so, opened to me the door of hope. For then,

"Though long I'd wandered to and fro,  
O'er earth in endless circles roved,  
Back as a prodigal at last I fled,"

crying—

"O Thou that wouldst not have  
One wretched sinner die,  
Who died'st Thyself my soul to save  
From endless misery,  
Show me the way to shun  
Thy dreadful wrath severe ;"

and though

"I'm a wretch undone and lost,  
Me freely save by grace."

"O Jesus," I cried out in my despair, "if Thou wilt take me *as a sinner*, I will serve Thee all the days of my life," and oh the sense of relief which at that moment passed over my spirit ; in the words of the hymn I might have said—

"'Tis done, the great transaction's done,  
I am my Lord's, and He is mine."

Still I did not at that time experience full deliverance, but just a deep sense of relief, as if something had been settled. I then went to the bottle-arch (the place where the bottles are tempered, and none over-pleasant, as the heat was over 100°) as the only quiet place to be had, and there for the first time could it have truly been said of me—BEHOLD, HE PRAYETH. For pray I did now, and that in right earnest ; and I did not leave off until I felt that I had completed *my part of the transaction*, and given up myself unreservedly to Christ. Rising from my knees, I came out and stood right at the arch door ; and well do I remember the surging feelings that rose within me as I stood there and felt myself to be indeed

"A slave redeemed from death and sin,  
A brand plucked from eternal fire."

And though Satan tried to fill my mind with fears about my future, and how I would now act among my wicked associates and keep myself from drink and my former life, I got grace to look to Him who had "my rebel heart by love subdued," and ask Him also to keep me from falling.

"Jesus," said I, determined now to enter into clear covenant relationship with the Saviour who was thus graciously revealing Himself to me, "if Thou wilt keep me and not let me fall before all these temptations and evil habits, *I will stick to Thee all the days of my life.*"

This great covenant transaction which had just been completed would, I knew, be at once put fully to the test. The foreboding fears with which Satan was seeking to quench my new desires and surging feelings, were, I felt assured, no mere phantoms. The evil habits and passions which had

so long enchained me, soul and body, could not be broken and subdued without tremendous struggles, I thought; and then, it would require no ordinary courage to stand before the jeering and seductive influences of my fellow-workmen. For as yet I did not know Jesus as a Saviour who could "break the power of cancelled sin," and even make "the iron fetters yield" of those "in Satan's bondage held;" who could "turn the full stream of nature's tide," and also give me the victory over all these fears. But He soon graciously taught me even this, and gave me courage and faith for every trial and temptation which the tempter met me with, as I shall now show.

It was now Monday morning, and the first lion I had to face was DRINK. It was my turn in the bottle-house to send out the first order for whisky.

Here I may explain that the men in the bottle-house had a regular plan on which each man in turn sent for the drink in which all shared. Three times every day this was done at the point when 50 dozen bottles were sent off (150 dozen being an average day's work). No sooner was the fifty dozen finished that morning than the cry arose—"Come, Yank, send off your order." Standing up I quietly, but very decidedly, said, "Mates, I'm done with drink; I do not intend to send for any more."

"What!" they cried in great astonishment. "Have you joined the teetotalers? or the I.O.G.T.'s? or the Revivalists?"

"You may call it anything you like," I replied, "I don't care; but I saw plainly that I was just going straight to hell, and I've turned right round, and so mean to be done with drink." Startled by my boldness, and by my honest and earnest words and looks, they said, to my surprise—

"Well, we're glad to hear you speak so, Nathan, and wish we could do the same ourselves." They then asked me where I had been, how I had "got in with the Revivalists" &c., anxious to know all about this sudden change. I told

them how God had met me and shown me my condition, and by His grace I intended to leave off all my old ways and serve the devil no longer, and "you know it would be better for you to do the same." "We don't know but what you are right, Nathan," they replied.

Thus was I delivered from all my fears on this point, and so gained MY FIRST VICTORY. For the rest of the day I kept as much as possible to myself. The only thing that I could think of was these lines of the hymn—

" Free from the law,  
Oh, happy condition,"

and I kept repeating them the whole day. On looking back it seems curious that though I knew many hymns, and also the whole of the one now quoted, these two lines were all that I could call to remembrance. They seemed to give appropriate expression to the feelings welling up from the depths of my new-born soul.

Thus I passed the first day of my spiritual existence—just like one in a dream—coming to myself, as it were—beginning to realise the security of the position in which my feet were now standing. On Tuesday this consciousness of rest and security in Christ was equally strong, but I was not wholly occupied with it. There seemed to have been room made in my mind for something more—something beyond myself, as it were. That was the promise I had made many years before, that *if ever I was converted I would go to Africa and preach the gospel to its natives*. So fully absorbed did I get with the idea of doing this, with the desire to fulfil that early promise, that had it been within the range of possibility, without training or any kind of preparation, I would have started that very day to preach the gospel, which had now indeed become the power of God to my salvation. But in the meantime the gracious Lord accepted the will for the deed, and then in His own time and way He called on me for a literal fulfilment of it.



On Wednesday evening I went to see Mr Mitchell, and when I told him of the change which had taken place in me, his joy was extreme. If the repentance of a sinner had given joy to the angels of God in heaven, there was a true response to it in this good man's heart, and in the fulness of his joy he broke out singing—

"O happy day, that fixed my choice  
On Thee, my Saviour and my God,  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad."

But his joy did not confine itself to the mere expression of emotion. He acknowledged the new relationship, and acted the Christian brother in a very practical manner, for, after tea, he clothed me in a suit of his own, as up to this moment I was literally in the prodigal's grub—rags. When thus clothed with a change of raiment, and the filthy rags stripped off (Zech iii 2-4), I felt indeed that I had come to myself—that I was like that one out of whom the devils were departed, "clothed, and in my right mind."

I then went with him to his meeting, and when asked to say a word to the people, I rose and told them of my conversion to God. I told them of my past life and my career of sin, and what that had been they could easily comprehend when I said that never in my life had I felt frightened till that Sunday night when God thus brought me face to face with death and eternity, so reckless and hardened had I been even in the midst of the great dangers to which I had often been exposed. I looked back with wonder, and saw how God had rescued me so often from the mouth of hell and kept me till this, and I marvelled at

"The greatness of redeeming love,  
The love of God to me."

And then I pleaded earnestly with all unbelievers present to give up their evil ways, and turn to Him, through Jesus, as quickly as possible. And in encouraging them, even the worst among those present, to do so, among other things I said, "If there was one mistake in the Bible, Paul had made it when he said that he was the chief of sinners, for I had been a much greater sinner than ever Paul had been,

and that when, notwithstanding, I had found mercy, none need ever despair of doing so."

[The autobiographical form of this narrative, although so well adapted for our purpose in several respects, has this disadvantage, that it prevents us giving readers any real conception of many important things in the life of the subject of our narrative, such, for instance, as this great change which he had just undergone, the manifestations of that change, and the effects produced on others thereby. The same may be said of the records of his work in the next chapter. Anything more than a general outline might have seemed only egotistical and vainglorious; and then, to give any description of it by those who worked with him, and received blessing by his means, would be foreign to the purpose of this book, which is not to dwell so much on *home work*, as on *work in the Dark Continent*, and so bring Africa and its needs before the minds and hearts of our fellow-men. Regarding his conversion, perhaps we may be allowed to give one or two testimonies. "Never," said a devoted Christian schoolmaster who had witnessed it, in telling some friends of it, "never have I seen such a change on any human being." And Mr. Mitchell, in writing home to his (Mr. Newby's) mother soon after, giving an account of her prodigal son's conversion after wandering so long in the far country, told her of the wonderful change, and described him as he made his first confession of Christ in the meeting just referred to; how he spoke of God's goodness to him, and how he pleaded with all present, with tears of gratitude, repentance, and entreaty rolling down his cheeks. He seemed to have quite a new appearance, and the effect on the meeting was most powerful and touching. Mr. Meek, the missionary mentioned above, has given us quite an interesting and striking account of him, both before and after his conversion. We can only give one or two extracts from it. "Never before had I seen *such a perfect living picture of the prodigal* as I did that night, when a poor black negro came up and stood right in front of me as I was standing preaching in the open air at Shirra Brae." After telling of his dealings with him, and how he was converted, he adds—"The change was at once manifest, and such a change! *The black face seemed literally to beam with*

*joy.* When I wrote home to his mother, telling her of his conversion, what a reply I got! How her mother's heart leapt and sang for very joy as she cried, 'Thank God, the dead is alive, the lost is found.' She and other three mothers who had also prodigal sons had been praying together day after day for long for their sons. These had been brought in one by one. And now only her son remained, and she knew nothing of him, whether he was dead or alive. She was almost despairing of ever hearing about him again when my letter reached her. She took it right down to the noon meeting where prayer had been offered so often for him, and what songs of joy and praise there were for the prodigal's return. What impressed me most about him after his conversion was his bright joyful face and his thoroughness. So thorough was the change, and so filled with pity was he for those who were still prodigals, that he would come to me begging for tracts, and would set off and go through all the slums and dens in the town even at midnight sometimes. What struck me in his dealing with people was his overpowering tenderness and burning zeal. They could not gainsay him; his tender appeals and touching looks few could stand out against. There was scarcely a day passed but I was hearing of conversions through his instrumentality," &c. Regarding his work, we remember distinctly of some of his earliest efforts to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ and win souls to Him, especially in a neighbouring county. We were struck with his power of preaching, which had an originality of its own, as well as a striking *arresting* element, but whose special feature was its pathetic pleading and appeal. Rarely have we heard any one with such a power of pleading earnestly and compassionately, as well as intelligently, with men. We have seen him, after preaching and closing the service, come down among the people and begin and plead with them individually, until a crowd would gather round him in the body of the church, when he would again plead with them all for long, often with great results. We (as well as others) could say much more regarding his manifest power and earnest work wherever he went at the time to which these chapters refer; but, as we have said, this is not our purpose, and so, having added this note, readers will be prepared for how what follows is narrated — F.N.S 1



## CHAPTER VI.

### WORK FOR CHRIST.

"Here's Jim the darkie preaching"—First efforts—The Cowgate—Tent-work in Leith—Midnight work among the fallen—A summer campaign—Interesting cases—The infidel—The Universalists—"Burn your Bible"—Home for destitute boys—Preparation for Africa—Mr. Guinness' Institute—Ordained as a missionary—Sail for Africa.



GREAT modern writer says that "a true inward experience or discovery of God in the heart is itself an impulse also of self-manifestation. Like all love and gratitude, it wants to speak and manifest itself, and will as naturally do it as a child will utter its first cry. David was never able to shut up the fire burning in his spirit from the moment it was kindled. He speaks as one who could not find how to suppress the joy that filled his heart, but must needs break loose in a testimony for God. And so it is in all cases ; the instinct of a new heart in its new experience of God is to acknowledge Him."

It was so with me. From the morning on which God revealed Himself to me, the natural language of my heart was, "Come, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul." Having done this to the few Christians whom I knew, this impulse carried me beyond them to my sinful associates, and all that I could reach ; for I was filled with a great concern for the salvation of others,

and a desire to rescue them from a life of sin and an eternity of woe, and so I longed

"The story of His love to tell  
In every wretched sinner's ears,  
That all might hear the quickening sound,  
Since I, even I, had mercy found."

Having spent the first week of my new life in thus making known what the Lord had done for me, on the first Sunday evening after my conversion I went to the Shirra Brae, and going right in front of "The Happy Land," the very place where I was so well known in my sinful days, and where, as I said in the last chapter, I went and amused its degraded inmates with my adventures among the Revivalists—there for the first time I took my stand in public, and began to proclaim the GOOD NEWS that had come to *me*—

"News of inviting love,  
Calling to sinners from above  
To come and drink at mercy's stream,  
And all God's goodness prove."

This raised quite a sensation; the people without on the streets went crying to those who were within the house, "Come and look; HERE'S JIM THE DARKIE PREACHING; he's joined the Revivalists." Quite a crowd gathered at once, and almost every window was up. Many of them laughed and jeered at me, sometimes using not very polite language; but they did not interfere with me, they were so astonished at me preaching. "See what the Lord has done for me," said I; "if He can do so much for me, what may He not do for you, for you are not so bad as I was?"

"Oh let me commend my Saviour to you,  
The publicans' friend and advocate too."

After speaking earnestly and pleadingly to them for about half an hour, I invited them to come to the Hall, to which a goodly number responded, and an impression seemed to be made on them.

On the Monday evening I went to the Fish Quay, quite near the same place, accompanied by other three young men, and again took my stand for Christ. I did not take a text to speak from, but simply told them of His love for perishing sinners. A great multitude gathered round us. After a while Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Drummond, another Christian friend, came to see how we were getting on. Seeing the immense crowds, they opened the Mission Hall, and we continued the services there. And that night we knew of several deciding for Christ, and receiving Him into their hearts, and there seemed to be a good impression in the meeting. These souls, the precious first-fruits of my attempts to speak for Jesus, remain to this day firmly grounded on the Rock of Ages, and are steadfast and working Christians.

On Saturday evening three of us went to another place on the shore to preach. Here we met with some opposition. After we had spoken a while, some men tried to stop us, and even went the length of attempting to THROW US INTO THE WATER. But another part of those present took our side, and would not allow them to carry out their purpose nor interfere with us any more while we continued speaking, which we did for some time.

About three months after this I met a young man in Junction Road who spoke to me, and asked if I was the man who preached at the bridge on the shore at a certain date which he named. Having said I was, he told me that he was one of the men who had interposed to save me from being thrown into the water. He further told me that he had to go to sea the following morning, but had been very much impressed with what he had seen. It awoke him to think, and to ask what it could be that made us stand and preach even though the people were going to throw us into the water. Then having pushed his inquiries until he had learned the source of our strength and the cause of our steadfastness, he resolved to throw in his lot with the people

who could act so; and in this way he had been led to give himself to Christ.

On the next day after the attempt made to drown us, and which was the second Sunday after my conversion, I went to THE COWGATE, and took up my stand near the lodging-house where I spent the first night that I was in Edinburgh. I was quite alone, and did not attempt to take a text, but just began to tell the people as best I could about Jesus, and earnestly urged them to come to Him. For about twenty minutes they allowed me to go on unmolested, and then they commenced to throw fish-heads and all manner of filth at me. I endured this with as great equanimity as I could for about half an hour, but then had to beat a retreat.

Next Sunday, about 12 noon, I went back to the Cowgate. It did not seem the right time for a street congregation, and so I went into the lodging-house just named, and to the motley group within it told as best I could "the old, old story of Jesus and His love," but which was to me at this time a very new one. How I longed to "rescue the perishing," and

"Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave,"

knowing that even within degraded beings like these

"Feelings lie buried that grace can restore."

They listened very attentively to my pleadings, and so I continued my meetings with them until other engagements put it out of my power to do so.

On the evening of that same day I preached my first sermon in Duke Street Chapel. I felt rather frightened and nervous at appearing before such a congregation, but my anxiety and longing to be of use and a blessing to others soon overcame all my feelings. I just asked the Lord to take my lips and speak through them, to take my heart and set it on fire. I had told all the bottlemen that I was to be preaching, and invited them to come. They

not only turned out themselves, but they had also got a large number of their brother craftsmen from Portobello and Musselburgh to come to hear "their minister," as they used to call me. There were about three hundred of them alone, besides many others. Many of these men had not been in church for years, and the motives that brought them together now were certainly none of the highest. I preached from John xviii. 23, "Why smitest thou me?" The great point I sought to press upon their minds was that by their neglect of Christ and His salvation they were smiting and wounding Him far more terribly than what is referred to in the text, and Jesus was now appealing to them, and asking them why? what reason they had for so doing? When called up to the judgment, what excuse would they give for their conduct towards Christ? This great sin and crime of neglecting and rejecting Jesus I tried to bring home to their minds with great force. I felt greatly concerned about the depraved condition and the great danger of these men, and therefore was anxious to make the most of this splendid opportunity of reaching them, and entreating them to think about eternity. Understanding their mind and feelings so well, long and earnestly did I plead with them to "taste and see" what this new life was; to give up, as I had done, the service of the devil, and try the new Master I had begun to serve. Many of them were so impressed that they stayed to the after meeting, and when I urged them to surrender themselves to Christ, they said, "We'll try." Some of them did try to make a beginning at least by signing the pledge and giving up drink. One of them, who is now a devoted Christian, has since told me that his mind was never at rest after that night until he came to the cross.

In this manner I spent my Sundays. My week-nights I occupied in much the same fashion. Wherever there was a gospel meeting, I made my way to it. One night in Free St. John's Church one young man rose to be prayed for,



and I spoke with him, and tried to lead him into the light.

I could not get him to come to any decision. I was unwilling to leave him until he did decide, and so Mr. Muir took us both up to his "Home" in the Yardheads. There we read and prayed, but still no light shone in upon him. When we came out I still kept urging him to give his heart to Christ, and I remember saying, in the fervour of my zeal, "If you will do so, I'll kneel right down here on the street and pray with you." This strayed sheep did not, however, get into the fold that night, but he did get in afterwards, and is now a medical missionary in China. Thus I continued night after night seeking out the gospel meetings of all kinds, and aiding to the utmost of my ability those who conducted them.

Another part of my new work was visiting the ships in the docks with tracts. Having been so long a sailor myself, and knowing what sailor life was, I had a great desire to reach this much-neglected class. Knowing their ways, I could more easily reach them than many others. I at once got into talk with them, and long conversations did I have with many of them. I believe that many by this means were impressed with eternal things, and much good was done. Three of my own colour I remember meeting one day and talking with. They told me that they had been once members of the Methodist Church in America, but through being sailors, and having to mix with them, they had fallen as low as the others. They were so impressed with what I told them of my experience, that they resolved at once to return to that happy life and begin anew. One day I began talking with another one. He began to swear at me, however, and told me I was *only a hypocrite*. Little as I cared for such a reception, Satan laid hold of that word, and used it terribly against me. He kept ringing these words in my ear, "You are only a hypocrite," until I got fairly downcast, and began to

wonder, "Am I so or not?" The result was that I lost all my brightness and zeal, and got quite lowspirited. The change on me was so marked that Mr Mitchell observing it, asked what was the matter. So I told him my trouble. He considered a moment, and then asked—

"Were you happy last week?"

"Yes."

"And the week before?"

"Yes."

"Were you acting a joy that you did not feel?"

"No."

"Then who is it that is telling you that you are a hypocrite? Tell the devil that he is a liar and the father of lies."

These words were blessed to me, and my soul was restored, and I went back to my work with more zeal than ever.

I went on in this way doing my little bit of work for the Master in the time which I had at command, and was thus undergoing a training for greater and higher work. Up to this time I had still been working in the bottle-house. But now Mr Gavin Muir (the missionary of St Andrew's Hall, now a minister of the gospel), having got a large gospel tent, asked me to take charge of it, which I at once agreed to do, as I was anxious now to be wholly given up to the work of the Lord.

It was set up in Bowling Green Street, and a series of evangelistic meetings were commenced in it in the evenings. Being the time of the summer vacations, many children were about, and so I commenced a service at noon for them also. It was largely attended, and many of these children now grown up testify that they received lasting benefit at these meetings.

After continuing the various services in Bowling Green Street for two months, it was considered expedient to

remove to another part of Leith ; and as the circumstances connected with our removal bring out very clearly the estimation in which our efforts were held by the children and others, I may relate them. On the day appointed for removing the tent, we had the service for children as usual. Then at the close of it, after having sung the hymn—

“ Here in the body pent  
Absent from Him I roam,  
And nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home,”

the tent was struck, and the children (numbering some 350 or 400) proceeded to take up the forms and other articles connected with the tent, and marched with them in procession to St. Giles' Street, our new place of work. At this time the employees of Hawthorn's and other works were out at the dinner hour, and of course laughed at the young people's enthusiasm. But the children marched on unmoved, with their self-imposed burdens. Only one man interfered, and made his little boy throw down what he was carrying, when two young women who were looking on, took it up and carried it on to our destination.

Our new quarters being in the lowest part of Leith, it was not only more difficult to get the children into the tent, but they were also more difficult to manage when they did come in. Many of them were from Roman Catholic families, and the others were living in a state of utter neglect and ignorance. At first they were so unruly, that often I had to stop and sing a hymn in order to restore quietness. But such a change was wrought in them ere the close of the services, that on the last day that the tent remained up in that quarter I kept them from ten o'clock in the morning until two in the afternoon, talking and singing with them, without their manifesting the least degree of restlessness. When the tent was taken down for the season,

the children so gathered in were taken on Sundays to St. Andrew's Hall, and the Sunday-school so begun is now in a most flourishing condition. And thus ended our summer campaign of tent work in Leith.

In the beginning of the winter a few young men and myself took the Star Music Hall, Leith Walk, for the purpose of holding a series of evangelistic services on Sunday evenings. Our object was to reach the same class of people as attended the same place as a theatre during the week, and who went to no church. In this we greatly succeeded, and there were not a few interesting cases of conversion among them. After having continued these services for some months with good results, we felt it to be our duty to give up the hall on account of the conduct of the lessee of it. So we now transferred our efforts chiefly to St. Andrew's Hall, and there, there was great work done. I kept mostly to the open air work, the street-preaching previous to the meetings, and gathered in the people from the streets. On the Sabbath mornings we had free-breakfast meetings for all the outcasts. We went out early and gathered in all we could get hold of. I used to go to all the "shebeens," knowing them better than any of the others in my former life, and prevail upon the poor debauchees to come to the breakfast. By means of these we came in contact with many sad cases, persons who had once known of something very different, and were of good families, but now were in rags and wretchedness, chiefly through *drink*. We sought to

"Tell the poor wanderers a Saviour had died,"

and so to rescue and save them.

I also became connected with the MIDNIGHT WORK among fallen women, the meetings for which were held in Mr. Darling's hotel, Waterloo Place, Edinburgh; and into this difficult and delicate work I threw myself heart and soul. I never passed such poor, fallen unfortunates without being overcome with pity and desire to rescue them. I

felt that I was called to work among this class, and was specially used in reaching them. Long midnight roamings we had for them, and were wonderfully successful. We got hold of great numbers, and induced them to go to the meetings, and not a few were persuaded to leave off their life of shame and sin and go to the various Homes in the city.

We commenced a similar work in Leith in St. Andrew's Hall with good results also. There was always a good supper provided for them. We got the co-operation of some of the best ladies in the town, who chiefly took charge inside, and spoke to them in their own winning way, endeavouring to arouse them to a sense of their condition by bringing to their remembrance their happy days of childhood, and reminding them of some of the well-known Sabbath-school hymns which they would often sing. I also spoke and pleaded with them, and tried to "lift up the fallen," and

"Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save."

By these means "chords that were broken," thus touched and "wakened by kindness" and words of tenderness, began to "vibrate once more," and not a few were won "back to the narrow way."

Early in the spring of the same year (March 1874), having got permission again to use the tent, Mr. Mitchell and I started on a SUMMER CAMPAIGN of evangelistic work with it. Having resolved to commence operations at Polmont, we set out for that place on a Saturday. When we arrived it was raining so much that we found it was impossible to get the tent away from the station that day. That circumstance, along with some other things, rather discouraging us, made Mr. Mitchell and another devoted worker who was with us quite downcast.

We took refuge from the storm in a grocer's shop, and while we sat there I kept singing the hymn, "Revive us

again." Nor was the singing in vain, for we were revived. While I sang the cloud was lifted from our spirits, and we were filled with hope regarding our work, and at once set out to visit the missionary of the district, Mr. Hogg. On our way to his house we went into a thicket by the side of the road, and kneeling down, we asked God to guide us in our undertaking, and to bless us very specially in our efforts to win souls to Him.

As our tent could not be got up, we held our first meeting in a Wesleyan chapel on the Saturday night. We made this first night a special time of pleading with God to come and bless us and give us abundant fruits. We then told the Christians our plans and purpose, and before closing, asked any who were in anxiety to come forward. One at least did so, and was led into the light. This gave us great hope, and we were encouraged to expect great things. On Sunday evening we held our second meeting in the same place; a goodly number waited to inquire, and some more found an entrance into the kingdom.

On Monday we commenced to set up our tent at Wallacestone, in order to have it ready for our evening service, little anticipating the troubles in store for us in connection with this operation. The first of our troublers were the boys in the neighbourhood of the place which we had selected as the most suitable on which to pitch our tent. I suppose these boys had come to a very different conclusion, for as fast as we put in the pegs they pulled them out.

This went on until the time for the meeting arrived, when the only thing which could be done in the circumstances was to hold an open-air service. This Mr. Mitchell did, while I went on with the attempt to set up the tent. It was no use, however. The boys continued their operations until I was obliged to give in for the night; for we did not wish to use any measures which might be the means of hindering the work.

On Tuesday the boys, as if satisfied with their yesterday's

victory, did not molest us again ; but new difficulties assailed us. The ground was all so undermined that we could not get the pegs properly secured, and so we had to seek a new site. How were we to get our material removed was the next question. The men in the district were all miners, and away at work, so we could get no help from them ; but, strange to say, the women turned out to our assistance, and in a short time benches, forms, poles, &c., were all transported to the new scene of operation.

But our difficulties were not yet all over. The place to which we had come stood very high (some 700 feet above the sea-level), and just as we commenced to set up the tent a violent wind began to blow. No sooner had we the tent up than the wind blew it down again, and that several times in succession. The last time it came down one of the main ropes broke, the one used in pulling up the tent. To replace this rope the pole had either to come down or some one had to go up to the top of it. Not wishing to take down the pole, I determined to go to the top of it (a height of 40 feet), as I had often done before.

On getting to the top, either from exhaustion or some other cause my hand slipped and I came down nearly two feet lower than I wished to be. Instead of going up higher again I tried to swing myself into the pole. In doing so my right hand gave way, which bringing all my weight on the left it also gave way, and down I came, 38 feet, injuring my breast-bone and fracturing two ribs. I was not able to stir for a few minutes,\* but managed to get up soon. Not being willing to alarm the others, I said nothing of the pain I was suffering, but attempted to begin work again. The wind became so violent, however, that we had to desist.

We then repaired to our lodging in order to hold a

\* Mr. Hogg, who along with many others saw Mr. Newby fall, told us that they all thought he was killed, he was so long in moving after it. He began to stir a little, however, and some of the people cried out, "He's nae dead yet ; there's nae fear o' Mr. Newby."

prayer meeting, the special object of which was to ask the Lord to subdue the wind and speed us in our work. While we were thus engaged, the miners, having returned from their work, came to see how we were getting on. Hearing of my fall, and how the tent had been so many times blown down, they set to work with a will, dug great holes and put in sleepers, to which they attached the ropes, and thus set up the tent for us most securely. All this was done while we were inside praying. When we came out of the house there was not a breath of wind, and besides this hushing of the elements, we found to our joyful surprise that the tent was set up and everything ready for us. The Lord had indeed heard and answered our cry. He had seen our difficulties and had brought us through them, and, as we shall see, used them as means for the accomplishment of His own grand purposes.

That night we had over 400 of an audience, and as a result of the service, we knew of several who decided for Christ. Next evening we had a gathering of some 600; and every night the numbers increased, until on Sunday evening we had considerably over 2000. 900 were inside the tent almost wedged together, while the rest pressed together as closely round the outside of it as possible, the canvas forming the sides being rolled up and laid upon the roof. All the time we were there these crowds continued, and in order to make ourselves heard by all, we brought the box on which our harmonium was packed to the tent-door, and stood on it while speaking, and thus our voice reached those within the tent and also those on the outside of it.

Now we came to see the use of our various difficulties and troubles. The whole story had spread; the mishaps in setting up our tent—the black man, his fall from the pole, &c.,—all served the valuable purpose of making our tent the centre of attraction. Curiosity to see the pole and the black man in particular brought many together, and so became a



great means of blessing. Many of those thus brought together evening by evening were influenced for eternity. The deep shadows of eternal verities seemed to rest on the minds of the unconverted, not a few of whom found Him whom they sought after. One Sunday evening in particular I remember as a special night. On the previous night we had a prayer meeting, at which we continued praying and pleading for the Sabbath services until near midnight. The result was that this meeting was full of spiritual power, and we were enabled to preach "as dying men to dying men." Many souls were deeply wounded under the sharp strokes of the arrows sent home by the Divine Spirit, and some smitten ones were even *crying out aloud*, "What must I do to be saved?" I never saw such a sight. There were so many deeply impressed and in such anxiety and distress that we did not know what to do or where to commence; but God was working Himself, and that night He made many hearts leap for joy, and go to their homes singing songs of holy triumph.

Besides these evening meetings, we had also special *mothers' meetings and children's meetings*, which were blessed to many; but we have not space to refer to them. Such is only the bare outline of the work we carried on in this district. The details of one or two cases may now be interesting.

One Saturday night a man named M'Kenzie, a noted character, best known to the people by the name of "Tallow Jock," came to the tent just to see what was going on in it. A meeting for prayer and confession was then being held. Many were rising up and telling how great things God had done for them, and "what a dear Saviour they had found," and were commending Him to others. This noted sinner got greatly impressed with the strange things he was hearing. He had never heard anything like this before. It was not long before he was brought to his knees, and he did not leave before he could say—

"Though I the chief of sinners am,  
Yet Jesus died for me."

And then, what a happy change! The people would scarcely believe it when they heard about it, and he could scarcely believe it possible himself.

"What a mercy is this, what a heaven of bliss,  
How unspeakably happy am I!  
Gathered into the fold, with God's people enrolled,  
With His people to live and to die!"

On the Sabbath evening some people in the after-meeting were telling the others about his conversion. Overhearing them he rose up and said, "Yes, thank God, I was here last night, and God saved me; and I'm here to-night to testify of His great redeeming love—

'Such a wretch, undone and lost,  
To freely save by grace!'

To show the reality of the change, I may state the following:—Our tent stood within a short distance of the stone which marks the spot where Wallace stood and watched the battle of Falkirk, and from which the district derives its name of Wallacestone. Year by year a fair is held near the stone on the anniversary of the battle, and on the same day a procession takes place, at the head of which what purports to be the sword of Wallace is carried. For many years Jock had been the head man of the fair. He also took care of the stone, painting and adorning it with flags, &c. at this anniversary season, and carried the sword at the head of the procession.

When Jock was converted and the news of it spread, the people said, "Wait till the fair come, and you'll see the end of this conversion and Jock in his own place again." But when the day of the fair did come round, Jock was not found in his old place again at the head of the procession, but in a new place indeed to him, viz. among the

Revivalists, taking part in an open-air meeting. He did not neglect his duty, however, as keeper of the stone. It was decorated as usual. But in addition to the national flags, there was *another banner waving*, on one side of which was written, "GOD IS LOVE," and on the other, "HOLD THE FORT"—this flag being made specially for the occasion by the daughters of the Free Church minister of Falkirk.

Then in our open-air meeting, which was held close to the stone, and which was continued nearly the whole day, to be a counter-attraction to the fair, Jock took an active part. He talked to the people, and told them all about his conversion, about the blessedness of the change he had experienced, and pointed out to them the difference between his present position and that which he occupied on the same day the previous year, the people themselves justifying his remarks by exclaiming, "What a change!" &c. This day's work was not without reward or fruit, as we soon learned.

The only other instance I shall give is THE CASE OF AN OLD MAN, the particulars of which are as follows:—One night while in the tent we received an anonymous letter to the following effect: "Pray for an old infidel, who does not believe in God, and has done all he could to break down the faith of others." We tried to find out about this letter, but no one could tell us anything about it. In the prayer meeting on Saturday evening an old man stood up and acknowledged himself to be the writer of it. He said that he had come to the meetings as an out-and-out infidel, merely out of curiosity to hear what we had to say for ourselves regarding these matters. He had been an infidel for long, and had read all the great infidel books (naming them). He had spent much of his life in inculcating these principles into the minds of others in another part of the country especially, as he did not belong there. But what he had heard and seen began to move him, until the *terra firma* on which he had stood so long began to shake under his feet, and he was made to feel himself a helpless sinner.

He now rose to tell us that Christ had "his rebel heart by love subdued," and he was here, "a brand plucked from the burning," to testify to the truth he had so long sought to destroy. Christ has now, he could say,

"All my unbelief o'erthrown,  
Conquered His worst foe in me,  
Got Himself the victory,  
Saved the vilest of the race."

This man came out with us the next day to our open-air meeting and confessed his new faith. He became a great help to us, and a blessing to the whole place, now using his influence on the side of Christ.

We continued our work in this place until the 1st of May. On that morning we had a prayer meeting at 6 A.M., at which several hundreds were present. How we sang and rejoiced together at the great things God had done for us and for this place ! We all felt that

"Our conquering Lord  
Had prospered His Word,  
Had made it prevail,  
And mightily shaken the kingdom of hell."

We then struck our tent, and went to Falkirk, where we raised it opposite to the Corn Exchange, and a very large number of people attended our first meeting that evening. The work was much the same as at Wallacestone (the ministers of all denominations helping us, the only one trying to oppose being one Mitchell, a Universalist preacher). I need therefore only notice one of the points in which it differed, viz. meetings for young men by themselves, with admission by ticket, and the same for young women. We tried this in order to get more of the young men together alone, and it was quite a success. It was astonishing to see the crowds who came. At the first meeting I preached from the prodigal son, and though the attendance was very large, the quietness that prevailed was most remarkable for

the kind of audience we had. At the close we asked any one to stay who wished conversation. About thirty or forty did remain. At first there was a tendency to levity on the part of some, as the circumstances were unusual, but this soon passed off, and all seemed impressed as we went from one to another and began to talk with them personally. I shall give a specimen of these talks, and of their results. There were not a few UNIVERSALISTS among them, and with one of these I began to speak. He argued that man's punishment for sin was what he met with in this world, and that in the future world there was none, as Christ had died to put away sin for every man, and consequently man could not be punished for it too, there being by Christ's death a universal salvation wrought out for every man. This was the sum of his argument, which I met by saying that Christ had indeed tasted death for every man, and that no man would be punished or lost because Christ had not died, but because he did not accept the salvation which His death had procured for man, and which was offered to every one, and by the acceptance of which we were saved. "What, then," he asked, "is the use of universal salvation?" "There is no universal salvation," I replied; "but there is a *universal offer* of salvation, upon conditions." Then, in proof of what I said, I brought forward such passages as John v. 24 and Rom. viii. 1. We had to be in Christ before we were made free from condemnation. It was not because we were *in* the world and receiving troubles that we were free from condemnation, but by being made one with Christ.

He brought forward the passage commencing, "What son is he whom the father chasteneth not? But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers," &c. (Heb. xii. 7-11), to show that while all were accepted and were God's sons, yet we were not pure; and so He used such means as even a cut finger or a broken leg, and all other forms of affliction, even the most trivial, in order to pro-

duce this meetness for heaven in us. I reasoned with him from the Scriptures, and showed that we could only be made meet for heaven by becoming "partakers of Christ."

As he still continued to harp on this string, I asked if ever he knew an ungodly man who had never been a day sick in his life. "Yes," he said, "I have." "Did you ever know one such to die suddenly?" "Yes, I knew — who was killed in the Carron Ironworks a few months ago." "Well, then," I asked, "where was his punishment in this life?" "Oh, he had troubles and trials with his family, and that was his punishment." "Well," I replied, "David had a bad family, but he did not trust to that for his salvation." He made no reply, so I asked again, "How can you imagine that the body's suffering is sufficient to atone for the sin of the soul? If it can, what room is there for Christ's question, 'What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?' He might have just added, 'Why, he can give an arm or a leg, or endure some family affliction, and that will be enough.'" "Ah," said he, "I never saw it in that light before!" As I went on to produce various passages of Scripture in proof of my position, he listened with a very manifestly increasing interest, which at last deepened into real anxiety, and he began to ask such questions as, "How long does it take for a man to become a true Christian? Does it take any length of time, a year or so?" "No, it does not take long. God makes that point very definite when He says, 'Now is the accepted time. Behold, now is the day of salvation' (2 Cor. vi. 2). Now you see from that what God's appointed time is, not a week hence, not even a day, as we cannot be sure of even that." "Then," said he, "if the Lord will accept of me, I will accept of the Lord." "There's no *if* about it, you have His word there, and if you accept Him and His salvation, the matter is settled." He then asked me to pray with him. I did so, and then asked him to pray himself, which he did to this effect,

"Lord, I'll give myself up to Thee if Thou wilt accept of me. I have been a great sinner, but I want to do better. and walk in the right way. Do keep me in Thy way, for Christ's sake. Amen." After this he continued to come regularly to the meetings, and did much to help in bringing other young men to them, as did also the others who were brought to the Lord that night.

That same evening many young women came seeking admission, but we kept to our resolution to admit none but young men. We soon arranged to have special meetings for them also, however. They turned out in great numbers, and there was a good work done among them.

We continued to hold crowded meetings until July, when we sent home our tent, and held our last meeting in the garden of a retired navy surgeon who lived in Falkirk. We then set out for Armadale, and commenced to hold services in a new tent belonging to Mr. Learmonth of Parkhall.

This new tent being larger than the old one, more people could be accommodated within it. So we had large meetings, and also a goodly number of conversions. But we had not a little opposition to encounter. Besides the local paper taking us up, there was a man who used to write and put up great placards, on which we were caricatured, sometimes very cleverly. Though we were thereby made laughing-stocks to the community at large, they did excellent service as advertisements, and certainly did their part in procuring us large audiences. One day I met this man on the road. He looked rather cowardly, and seemed quite anxious to avoid me, but I walked right up to him, and after thanking him politely for the good services he had done us in getting us such great meetings by means of his placards, offered him a shilling for his trouble. He was so nonplussed at his great efforts being made so ridiculous, and at my thus viewing them, instead

of reproving him, that he soon made off, and we saw no more of his placards.

It is not possible within my limits to give in detail many of the cases of those who believed to the saving of their souls, but the following is a striking one:—When our meetings had gone on about a fortnight, Mr. Simpson of Bathgate asked me to speak to a young woman. And in order that I might do so the more effectually, he told me some of her history. She had formerly been in his Sunday-school class, and for the last seven years had been in a state of great anxiety. She was now living in the family of an elder of the Church there, who also had done his best to show her the way, but without effect. She was very desirous of becoming a Christian, but her great difficulty was how to believe in Christ. When the way of salvation was pointed out to her, she would cry, and say, that she was sorry that she could not believe, and continued in great distress.

When she was pointed out to me, I went up to her and entered into conversation with her. I asked why she couldn't believe? "I do not know," was her answer. "I try to believe, but cannot do it." "Do you believe that Christ came into the world to save sinners?" "Yes." "Is He willing to save every one but you?" "No. I believe He is willing to save me." "Then why do you not believe in Him?" "I do not know. The fault is in me, not in Christ." Then she asked, "Do you think Christ has given me a heart to believe? Do you not think He has taken His Holy Spirit from me?" "No," I said. "The very fact that you are anxious is a sure sign that He has not taken His Spirit from you, and that He is still striving with you. It is you that are grieving Him with your continued resistance." I then put before her some special promises of Scripture, such as, "He that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out." These I bade her not only read, but also go and write down, as I thought they might thereby be more deeply impressed on her mind. This



she promised to do, and then after prayer she went away home.

Next night she was at the service again. In the after-meeting I had a long conversation with her, and found her exactly in the same condition as before. After long and patient dealing with her with no better result, I said to her, "Well, you will better just go home and burn your Bible." "Why?" she asked, with a look of astonishment. "Well, it does not appear to me that there is any use in you keeping it longer; for of all the truths and promises which God has given in it, none seems to be for you. What use then is it for you to keep it?" "Oh, but I couldn't dare to do that!" she said, bursting into tears; and then, rising from her seat, she went away home crying.

Curiously enough this proved to be *the grand turning-point*. Next night she came again, and it needed but a glance to see that a great change had taken place in her experience. In the after-meeting she came up and told me how much my words about burning her Bible had troubled her, and how they had been blessed to her. When she opened it this passage met her eye, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear My voice, and open to Me, I will come in and sup with him, and he with Me" (Rev. iii. 20); and in the heaven-sent light which accompanied these words she saw that the Saviour had been standing all these years knocking for admission, while she had been most persistently keeping Him out. And just at that moment she was enabled to make a complete and entire surrender of herself to the Lord, and to say

"Come in, come in, Thou heavenly guest,  
Nor ever hence remove,  
But sup with me, and let the feast  
Be everlasting love."

From Armadale we went to Bathgate, where we remained for a month, with results similar to those in the other places—good meetings, and not a few conversions. Then the

tent was taken down for the season, and Mr. Mitchell went home to his studies ; while I for another month continued to go about from place to place, having everywhere good meetings.

[The above outline of the work carried on in these districts can convey only a faint idea of what really was done, and of the stirring things that did take place. What has been given we have gathered chiefly from Mr. Newby's recollections. But after an elapse of nine years since these things occurred,—an interval marked by such vicissitudes and strange experiences as are afterwards related, and especially after a condition of health induced by violent sunstroke and attacks of fever while at work on the West Coast of Africa,—it need not be wondered at if the freshness and spirit of these scenes have not been conveyed to our readers. Notwithstanding the consequent defects in the description of the above, and the faint impression given thereby, we had decided merely to give such an outline and pass on to the more important part of the book ; but just before this chapter has gone to press we have been unexpectedly brought into contact with Mr. Hogg, who is mentioned at the beginning of the tent-work, and at whose house Mr. Newby resided while at Polmont. He is a well-known and devoted missionary, and was labouring in that very district at the time of the work, and both witnessed and joined in all that was done. He also continued to labour there for several years after, and so is specially qualified to testify as to the reality of the work and its lasting effects. We have been so impressed by his stirring accounts, and his opinion of what was then accomplished, not only confirming the facts given, but also supplementing and enlivening them, that we have resolved to make room for some of his statements. Mr. Mitchell, who has been so often mentioned in our narrative, and who is now a minister in Australia, in a letter to Mr. Hogg in 1882, said in regard to those times, "I often go back in thought to the old days ; and how my heart warms when I think of old friends and old scenes ! I wish I could live them over again." The impression produced on us by Mr. Hogg's vivid descriptions, and the warmth and delight with which these were

given, has satisfied us that such longings and feelings as the above are not to be wondered at. His spirit seemed fairly stirred at the very recollection of the remarkable experiences they then had, there was such a manifest outpouring of the Spirit, he said. "I may state," said Mr. Hogg, "that the success of the meetings in regard to numbers (humanly speaking) depended very much on Mr. Newby. The sight of his black face as he walked with us through the villages was much better than any possible kind of advertisement. The people flocked from all quarters to hear THE BLACK MAN preaching, and in this way we got meetings which we never saw the like of there before. He was willing to be used in any way if only the people could be got out to hear the gospel. And thus brought out, such was the power with which the preaching of the Word was accompanied, that many of even those who came out of mere curiosity were laid hold of and brought to the foot of the cross.

"I was going to hold my usual weekly meeting in the village of Redding one afternoon, and asked him to go with me and give the address. About two hours before it commenced I went down to the village and took him with me, in order to announce that we were to have something special that afternoon. This was done by simply going through the village, calling on a few people here and there, and intimating to them that Mr. Newby was to speak at the meeting. My plan for gathering a large audience was most successful. Old and young turned out to look at the black man as we went along. When the news spread that he was to speak, they came flocking out of almost every house to the school-room, and by the time we got there it was so packed that we had difficulty in getting in ourselves.

"After the meeting had been opened in the usual way, Mr. Newby proceeded to address the large and attentive audience. His discourse, which was on the subject of THE BLOOD, they seemed to appreciate very much. As a proof of the deep impression made, I may refer to the prayer which a good old man offered at the close. After having prayed for some time in the usual strain, he broke out, 'O Lord, we've often heard of the black people far away across the seas. We've heard of black men, white men,

yellow men, copper-coloured men ; and, O Lord, we thank Thee that we've seen one to-night who is black without and white within. And now, O Lord, bless our black brother, and make him a great power in this place and wherever his lot may be cast.' . . . So far was this quaint but earnest prayer from evoking anything like a titter, that on the contrary many were weeping tears of joyful emotion while it was being offered, and one or two decided for Christ that very night in the after-meeting that followed."

As already stated, Mr. Hogg remained in the district where these meetings were held for several years after, and so was able to give us information as to how the conversions spoken of stood the test of time. He met our inquiry in regard to that with the statement that a very large proportion held on their way rejoicing, had become members of the Church, and were living useful Christian lives. Our direct inquiry as to the case of "Tallow Jock" brought out the following particulars :—

"'Tallow Jock' met with much opposition after his conversion, both below ground (he being a miner) and also above, but he bore it most nobly. After Mr. Newby's departure he held on his course very steadily, and continued to be a bright light in the district, and does so to this day.

"It may be interesting to state that Jock's wife was also brought in at the very last meeting held in the tent, which was for mothers. There were over a hundred present, the greater part of whom had already got the blessing of salvation. Among the few who had not done so was his wife. From the platform I could observe that during the speaking she was weeping very bitterly, and, at the same time, was keeping herself as far as possible from becoming the object of observation. She was evidently in great distress, and having no handkerchief to wipe away her fast-falling tears, she quietly slipped her hand round to the back of her little girl, who sat by her side, and loosening the string of her little apron, gently drew it off, and used it to hide her face in. It was anxiety about her soul which occasioned this distress. Jock's example had been telling upon her, and she had also been considerably moved before at some of the meetings, and the fact of this being the very last one made her more anxious.

"Having observed her condition from the platform, I made my way to where she sat, and said, 'Well, Mrs. M'Kenzie, what's the matter?' 'O sir,' she said, 'I feel I have a burden here,' laying her hand upon her heart.

"What do you think that is?"

"My sin."

"Well, how are you to get rid of it?"

"Her only reply was a fresh burst of tears. I then took my Bible, and turning up Isa. liii. 6, I read, 'All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.' I asked her to look on the book, and see it for herself. As she looked, I pointed out the two *alls*—the one referring to our state, the other to Christ's work for us. I asked if she believed the first. 'Yes,' she said, 'I do.' 'Then,' I said, pointing to the second *all*, 'do you believe that?' To this question she gave no reply, but sat with her eyes fixed on the book. After a little while I said, 'You are just to do with this latter statement as you did with the first; the same faith that receives the one will receive the other.' And as I spoke,

"A sweet amen within her spirit woke,  
Her heavy chain of sin and sorrow broke,"

as I saw by the great change which passed over her countenance, and I started the hymn—

"O happy day, that fixed my choice,  
On Thee, my Saviour and my God."

Standing up, she joined me with all her heart, the tears meanwhile running down her cheeks faster than ever, but they were no longer tears of sorrow but of joy.

"There were other cases that I might mention, but such is a good specimen. As the women wended their way from the tent I overheard such remarks as these, 'Ah, he's a gem, that Mr. Newby. You would think he had been a mither hissel, that he kens our hearts sae well.' Without disparaging any one, I must say that he had a special gift for speaking to mothers, and did more in these services to reach their hearts than any other."

In answer to our queries about the case of the old infidel, he told us as follows: "I had special dealings with him before his conversion. He was evidently a man of wide reading, at least on the infidel side, and there was a certain polish about him. He brought up to me a great many difficulties, which he seemed unable to get over. Instead of meeting them one by one, I took him to John iii. 3, as the first and great problem he had to face. After much earnest talk and plain dealing, all his props seemed knocked out from under him, and, having nothing left to stand on, he came down like a child to the feet of Christ, and simply accepted His salvation. He then rose up and testified in the meeting, and on the next Sabbath preached the gospel in the very place he had so often blasphemed it, and continued to do so as long as he remained in the district." Many more cases could be given from Mr. Hogg's account, showing how Mr. Newby was specially blessed in the work. We have only to add that the work was noticed in *The Christian* at the time, particularly one meeting, where there were over a hundred in great anxiety and soul distress, many of them crying aloud, "What must I do to be saved?"—EDS.]

In about a month I returned to Leith, and went to reside with Mr. Gavin Muir, in his Home for Destitute Boys, where I assisted him in their training, and at the same time continued my efforts on behalf of the unevangelised masses. I was very happy in my work with Mr. Muir; but I had now a greater desire than ever to go to Africa to preach the gospel to its benighted people. At length a way was opened up for this desire of my heart being granted me. Happening to be at the Free Assembly Hall one day, Mr. Mitchell pointed out to me Mr. Guinness, who was then on a visit to Edinburgh, and present at the daily prayer meeting. When I was told all about him and his work, I thought now is my opportunity of getting to Africa. I told my friend of this, and he not only procured me an introduction to Mr. Guinness, but also gave him all the needed information regarding my past work, &c. And soon after this

interview I was received into his college in London for training young men for the mission field.

I remained with him for two years in his institution, where, besides receiving a general training for mission work, I received much spiritual blessing from his teaching. As a matter of course my time was principally occupied with study while in this institution. We had also, however, many opportunities of engaging in evangelistic work among the masses in some of the roughest parts of London, details about which, interesting as they are, there is no space for.

After remaining the usual two years in the Institute at Harley House I was ordained as a missionary by Archbishop Tait, as no other opening then presented itself of following out my cherished purpose of preaching the gospel in Africa except in connection with the Church of England Mission. Having been introduced to Bishop Crowther (the coloured bishop of the Niger), I embarked with him in the "Volter," and sailed for Africa on the 20th July 1876.

As this event closes up one distinct period of my spiritual history, and as with my landing in Africa another will commence, the incidents and labours connected with it will form the subject of the remaining part of my narrative. But before commencing it, it will be necessary, in order to a better understanding of what follows, and in order to accomplish more effectually one of the main purposes of this book, to give some account of the land in which the facts to be related took place.





## CHAPTER VII.

### *AFRICA—ITS HISTORY AND CONDITION.*

The special purpose of the chapter—The “Unexplored”—The New World unveiled—“Did not meet one single Christian”—The land of mystery—A physical and moral problem—Early expeditions of discovery—Extraordinary attempts at exploration—Gradual solution of the physical problem—Mungo Park—Stanley’s great achievement—The greater moral problem—Africa, the seat of the gods—The cradle of idolatry—Cush—The great apostasy—The slave traffic—Slave-hunts—African despotism—Human sacrifices—The mysterious religious despotism—The Purrah—The magical rites—Appalling condition.



**N** order to accomplish more effectually one of the main purposes of this book” (we have just said), that is, to awaken interest in regard to Africa, and to arouse Christians to their duty on behalf of its benighted inhabitants, we shall now give a short sketch of its history and condition. Another great reason for devoting a chapter to this is the fact that there is no other quarter of the globe about which people know so little.

To very many in the present day Africa is just what it was to them in the atlas of their school days—a vast triangular outline, its centre a blank with nothing but “UNEXPLORED” written over it, with a fringe of names round its coast-line. With the story of the persistent and extraordinary endeavours connected with its exploration, with its place in



literature in connection with ancient mythology and idolatry, and with its real condition, they are almost wholly unacquainted. Those who read cannot indeed remain ignorant of what in more modern times has been done, from Park down to Livingstone, Cameron, and Stanley, in the exploration of this unknown continent, and yet they have but the vaguest notions of the real nature and magnitude of the great world opened up to our knowledge by these explorers.

That the vast interior of Africa, over which was formerly written "Unexplored," has within the last quarter of a century been completely unveiled, and a new world presented to our view, is a statement which will take many people by surprise. And this "new world" is not, as was hitherto supposed, an arid desert, burnt up by the fierce rays of a tropical sun, to whose direct action it lies more exposed than any other part of the globe. On the contrary, it displays a peculiarity of conformation which obviates the evils which would otherwise result from such a cause. Instead of being a vast stretch of burning sand, we find it traversed by mighty rivers, and drained by lakes with dimensions entitling them to take rank as inland seas. It also presents SCENERY OF UNRIVALLED MAGNIFICENCE and of every variety of type. We cannot read Stanley's "Through the Dark Continent" without being amazed and enchanted by his descriptions. *There are scenes "unrivalled for soft beauty, luxuriance, fertility, and sublimity, prospects of hill, valley, mead, and plain, grassy basins and grassy eminences, picturesque countries, with mountain peaks and ridges, stretches of forest land, with numerous rivers, villages, and hamlets."*

Africa as a whole is now for the first time unveiled, and as it contains one-fourth of the entire land area of the globe, it is a new world which, as regards dimensions, equals North and South America put together. And this great world is no vast solitude, but is TEEMING WITH LIFE, its estimated

population being about three hundred or three hundred and fifty millions (above one-fifth of the entire human race). This great mass of humanity now brought to our view is composed of countless peoples, and kindreds, and tongues, all sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death; for Stanley, during the whole of his seven thousand miles' journey up and down and across broad Africa, "*did not meet one single Christian, or see a solitary man, woman, or child who had ever heard the gospel! He gazed on the faces of men representing tribes numbering many millions, but to none of them had the glad tidings of salvation ever been proclaimed.*" And of the 683 different languages which are spoken, hundreds of them have not yet been reduced to writing, nor have they in them at all *any words to express the love and mercy of God, or the idea of a Saviour, or salvation.*

This central portion of Africa alone, "the Unexplored," which Stanley has so completely unveiled and described, has a population equal to that of the entire United States, and is "ONE OF THE MOST LUXURIANT AND PRODUCTIVE REGIONS OF THE EARTH. But slavery, polygamy, and the grossest superstition and ignorance prevail throughout its entire extent. From half a million to a million of lives are annually sacrificed in the slave trade, and as many more in inter-tribal wars and contests. PHYSICALLY A LAND OF SUNSHINE, AND BEAUTY, AND REDUNDANT LIFE, it is SPIRITUALLY A LAND OF DARKNESS, DEFORMITY, AND DEATH—a land that appeals powerfully in its helpless moral misery to the compassion of Christians."

Surely "we ought to know more about a continent like this! We, as Christians, have duties towards Africa which we shall never fulfil unless we acquaint ourselves with the character and condition of the countless nations, kindreds, and tribes inhabiting it," writes that devoted woman who perhaps more than any one else is endeavouring to hold up BLEEDING AFRICA before our eyes and hearts.

For such reasons it has been thought advisable to give a

brief sketch of the opening up of Africa, with its past and present condition, as found in the annals of ancient and modern history, as thereby the remainder of this narrative may be better understood, and a stronger plea presented on behalf of those benighted millions now virtually stretching out their hands to God, and crying to the custodians of the gospel, "*Come over and help us!*"

Even in the present century we find Africa spoken of as a "land of mystery" (*Chambers's Encyclopædia*). Another writer speaks of it in the following manner:—

"Africa, that vast peninsula, the coasts of which have been circumnavigated for more than three centuries, still presents to the eye of science, as regards its interior recesses, a blank in geography,—a PHYSICAL, AND NOT LESS A MORAL PROBLEM—a dark and bewildering mystery."

And so recently as 1849 we find Chambers, in *Information for the People*, writing thus:—"Respecting the physical aspect and construction of Africa our information is extremely limited; all that is known with any degree of accuracy being parts of Morocco and Algiers in the north, certain points in the seaboard of Senegambia, Upper and Lower Guinea, Cape Colony, the hill country of Abyssinia, the valley of the Nile, and certain tracks or lines across the Sahara or Great Desert."

From such a summary of the meagre knowledge possible to be acquired regarding Africa at such a late date, it might naturally be supposed that in the preceding ages very little effort had been put forth to obtain a fuller acquaintance with the unknown continent. Such, however, would be a false conclusion, as from a very early period efforts have been made by all the leading nations of the earth to obtain information regarding it. With such comparatively small success, however, that the cloud of mystery which hung over the unknown territory seemed to become more and more impenetrable, everything connected with it becoming in consequence tinged with a certain fabulous and poetical

colouring. But this only had the effect of raising, in a peculiar degree, the curiosity of the ancients, for obstacles do not extinguish this principle in the human breast, but only by their greatness stir men up to greater ardour in their attempts to gratify it. So to lift up the veil within which the mysteries of that great unknown land were shrouded, appeared to the ancients an achievement which would rival the glories of conquest and even confer immortal renown. Thus to the most active and enterprising spirits of early times AFRICA offered THE GRANDEST THEATRE FOR FAME AND ADVENTURE.

It is interesting to find that PHARAOH NECHO heads the list of those who sought the solution of the mystery, and that he was the first to demonstrate its peninsular form by sailing round it. This of course he did not do in person, nor even by his own people,—the habits and prejudices of the ancient Egyptians being unfavourable to maritime enterprise,—but by employing Phœnician navigators he succeeded in making the complete circuit of the continent.

For the knowledge of this fact we are indebted to Herodotus, who curiously enough fixes on a statement made by these early discoverers for rejecting their report, which to us at the present day affords the strongest confirmation that they did really accomplish this voyage, viz. that at the extremity of Africa they saw the sun to the right of them, *i.e.* to the north, which, from their position south of the Equator, and sailing from the east side, they must really have done.

The second expedition, which had for its object the exploration of the interior of the continent, which had been thus circumnavigated by the Phœnicians, consisted of five young men of distinction belonging to the Nasamones.\* These formed themselves into an African association, the object of which was the personal exploration of the interior.

\* A numerous people whose country lay westward from Egypt, ten days' journey beyond the celebrated shrine of Jupiter Ammon.

of the vast continent. The account of their adventures is too lengthy to be inserted here. Only this much may be stated, viz. that the great rivers and lakes which figure so largely in their narrative have received a remarkable verification in what may be called the re-discovery of them by modern explorers after a lapse of more than two thousand years.

The next expedition on record was sent out by the Persian monarch XERXES, but the difficulties encountered were so great that they soon gave it up and returned home.

There is further the record extant of an expedition sent out by CARTHAGE (570 B.C.), for the joint purposes of discovery and colonisation. The journeyings and adventures of this band are very particularly described, with also the remarkable things which they saw, but they seem to have reached no farther than Sierra Leone.

The individual who in that early age made the most resolute and persevering efforts to explore Africa was EUDOXUS, who lived about 130 B.C. He secured the aid of some of the sovereigns of the period, and by their help made expedition after expedition in exploring into and circumnavigating the continent, of which there are great accounts given, but as to practical results they all seem to have ended in failure.

At a much later period Africa seems to have excited the curiosity of the ROMAN conquerors, for we are told that Scipio sent out Polybius the historian on a voyage of exploration in the same direction as the Carthaginians had taken, but he is not supposed to have reached quite so far as Sierra Leone, on the west side of the continent.

Ptolemy, who lived a century later, gives Prasum, "a promontory, port, and city," as the most remote point to which navigators in his day sailed. This Prasum is supposed to be Mozambique, which is therefore the limit on the eastern side to which these early navigators sailed.

When the followers of MAHOMET succeeded the Romans

in their possessions in Northern Africa, they carried on the work of exploring the interior beyond anything that had been attempted before. Having introduced the camel, they succeeded in opening up paths through wilds which had hitherto defied all human efforts to penetrate. They made their way through the terrible desert, and by means of caravans formed an intercourse with the countries beyond its confines, the object of which was to obtain gold and slaves. These interior countries also became a refuge for such followers of the prophet as fled from successful rivals when these sanguinary disputes arose among his descendants for the possession of his power. By successive migrations of such they became very numerous in Central Africa, or at least in the part of it then considered so, but which is now better known to us by the modern term of **THE SOUDAN**. From their ever-increasing number, and from their superior skill in war, they rose to be the ruling power, and founded flourishing kingdoms, which Europeans vainly sought to reach until very recently. Southward from these kingdoms the whole African territory was called **Lamlam**, and was branded as the land of the infidels—a people to whom none of the charities of life were due, and against whom the passions of avarice and cruelty might be gratified without remorse. Expeditions or slave-hunts were therefore made into these unfortunate countries, when, after a bloody conflict, numerous victims were seized, carried off, and sold to the merchants of Northern Africa, who conveyed them to all parts of the eastern world. And in this manner was established **THAT CRUEL AND INIQUITOUS TRAFFIC** which has been carried on to such a dread extent, and which even yet prevails enormously in those regions.

As regards other nations the spirit of discovery and maritime enterprise declined, until it seemed to have become altogether extinct in the darkness and lethargy of the **Middle Ages**. For many centuries the countries of Europe

remained sunk in profound apathy respecting everything relating to science, discovery, and distant commerce. About the end of the fifteenth century, however, the human mind began to make a grand movement in all directions, in religion, science, and industry. It eagerly sought not only to break loose from that thralldom in which it had been bound for so many years, but to rival and even surpass what had been achieved in the most brilliant ages of antiquity. And these newly-awakened energies were peculiarly directed to maritime discovery. The invention of the compass, and the knowledge transmitted from former times, inspired the hope of being able to pass the ancient barriers, and to throw light upon regions hitherto unknown.

PORTUGAL led the way in this new career. No idea being yet entertained of the New World afterwards discovered by Columbus, the Western Coast of Africa was considered the best field for discovery, and in 1412 John I. sent out a few vessels to explore it. Then when, in 1433, they succeeded in doubling Cape Bojador, such a feat in navigation caused a surprise and admiration almost equal to what was afterwards excited by the discovery of America. A rapid progress was then made along the shore of the Sahara, and the Portuguese navigators were not long in reaching the fertile regions watered by the Senegal and the Gambia. When they came to these fertile shores and saw the ivory and gold brought down from the interior, these regions began to excite their lust for conquest. The island of Arguin was fixed upon as a first settlement, and soon after an event occurred which gave a favourable opportunity for laying the foundation of a Portuguese kingdom in Africa. A native prince applied to them for help in recovering his dominions from a usurper. He gave such a description of the cities and internal traffic of Western Africa as quite excited their zeal in his cause. A powerful armament was sent out under the pretext of establishing Bemoy in his dominions, but in reality to establish their own power on

the banks of the Senegal. Along with the armament was a Dominican father and a body of monks to convert the natives. But on entering the river some misunderstanding arose, and the African prince was stabbed to the heart by the Portuguese commander, who then proceeded to carry out his own plans on the banks of both the Senegal and the Gambia.

The Portuguese continued to prosecute African discovery until 1471, when they reached the Gold Coast. Dazzled by the commodity which gave name to the region, they resolved to make this the capital of their possessions in Africa. Having obtained a grant from the Pope of all the lands discovered beyond Cape Bojador, and in their further progress eastward, the King of Portugal took the title of Lord of Guinea, and raised pillars surmounted with crucifixes in token of conquest. In 1484 a new expedition was sent out in quest of new shores on which this emblem of Portuguese dominion might also be planted. The fleet, under the command of Diego Cam, sailed on until it reached the Zaire or Congo, on whose banks he erected his first pillar as an ensign of dominion. He afterwards succeeded not only in opening up communication with the sable monarch of the country, but also in converting him to the Romish faith, and on May 3, 1490, the first stone was laid of a church, while on the same day, the king, all his nobles, and 100,000 subjects were baptized.

Having thus acquired a footing on the Congo, the Portuguese formed a series of settlements along the coast, and even up some of the rivers, whence the missionaries penetrated farther into the Congo, and even into regions farther inland. Amid these discoveries and successes, and attempts to consolidate the Portuguese power in Africa, the great design of CIRCUMNAVIGATING THE CONTINENT was not lost sight of by their sagacious king. His fleets advanced farther and farther along its shores, until at length, in 1497, Vasco de Gama rounded the Cape of Good Hope. In virtue of



the Pope's decree, the Portuguese monarch claimed the right of prohibiting the other European powers to land on any part of the African continent, and for a time it seems to have been tacitly observed. But in 1553 a company of London merchants was formed, who sent out, in defiance of the Pope, two ships to prosecute trade and discovery in Guinea; and in 1588 a patent was granted by QUEEN ELIZABETH to certain Exeter merchants to carry on trade on the Senegal and the Gambia.

Meanwhile the Portuguese, having come under the yoke of Philip II. of Spain, lost all their spirit and energy, and having, under the same influence, become involved in hostilities with the Dutch, who had risen to the first rank as a naval power, were stripped by them of nearly all their African possessions. But the Dutch did not long remain in undisputed possession. The FRENCH and ENGLISH pressed eagerly forward, endeavouring at once to surpass their predecessors and each other. Many African settlements were thus formed, *with the view of securing a supply of slaves for their West Indian possessions.*

While these settlements were being made on the banks of the Senegal and the Gambia, another object of pursuit presented itself in connection with the exaggerated reports which reached Europe regarding the magnitude of the gold trade carried on at Timbuctoo and along the Niger. The Great Desert and its barbarous inhabitants rendered these central regions almost inaccessible, but another channel appeared to offer easy access to the supposed *El-Dorado*, by the great river Niger, which flowed through the interior of the continent, and was understood to empty itself into the Atlantic by either the Senegal or the Gambia, or rather by both, each of them being supposed to be but branches of the great inland stream. By ascending either of these rivers it was supposed possible to reach Timbuctoo, THE COUNTRY OF GOLD. To do so became therefore a favourite object with several European nations.

In 1618 a company was formed in London for the purpose of penetrating to the land of gold, and to Timbuctoo, the centre of the commerce and imaginary splendour of interior Africa. Mr. Thomson, commander of the first expedition, ascended the Gambia to Zenda, farther than any European had ever done before. But he was killed, and was thus the first victim to modern African discovery. Captain Jobson was next sent out; he reached the same point, but did not push his discoveries farther. Several other attempts were made to reach the Niger by the Senegal or Gambia, which of course proved futile. Even so late as 1720 the Duke of Chandos, director of the African Company, revived the idea of opening up the path into the Niger, and by that to the gold regions, and at his instigation Captain Stibbs was sent out and instructed to sail up the Gambia. But instead of finding any connection between it and the Niger, he found the Gambia to dwindle away to a mere rivulet, and no trace whatever of the mighty stream which was to lead into the interior of Africa. Such was the disappointment caused by this expedition that for a considerable time no other was undertaken into that part of the continent.

While the English were thus trying to find out the Niger, that through it they might reach Timbuctoo, the French were trying to accomplish the same object by ascending the Senegal. In 1637 the first expedition was sent out, and a settlement established on its banks as a centre of operations. After many attempts, Sieur Brue, the leader of it, succeeded in ascertaining that neither the Senegal nor the Gambia had any connection with the Niger; that it was distinct from both these rivers, and passed eastward beyond Timbuctoo.\* Although the French did not succeed in reaching the point at which they aimed, they penetrated

\* His testimony on this point, however, was not credited; what rendered it less satisfactory was, that his information was derived from hearsay instead of personal exploration.

as far as Bambouk, the region which contains the most productive of all the GOLD MINES to be found in the interior of Western Africa. The difficulties they encountered were very great, and although overcome so far as to permit them to reach, yet prevented any attempt at settlement in that tempting district. They also found a most curious opinion among the people, viz that the devil was not only the proprietor of the mines, but also the manufacturer of the gold in them.

So imperfect was the success of these earliest attempts to penetrate into the interior of Africa that no fresh efforts were made to do so, at least by these channels, until about the year 1788, when a new era in the annals of African discovery commenced. Hitherto motives of interest alone seem to have guided the spirit of enterprise, now an ASSOCIATION was formed of men of rank and wealth, but distinguished still more by their zeal in the cause of *science* and humanity, the object of which was to promote the discovery of the interior of Africa *with a view to the advancement of geography*. Unfortunately they accepted the erroneous idea that the Niger flowed westward and discharged itself into the Atlantic through the Senegal and the Gambia, and sent out their expeditions to act on that supposition. But one and another of their agents fell victims to the hardships encountered in trying to follow out this course, and they therefore had to give up their project, however much interesting information might have been gained in the attempt.

At length, however, MUNGO PARK succeeded in finding the long sought for Niger, and saw it flowing to the eastward. But although this much was ascertained, a mystery and interest deeper than ever hung over the further course and termination of this great central stream. Besides this inland river he also discovered kingdoms more flourishing and populous than any previously known on that continent, while still greater and wealthier ones were reported

to exist in regions which he had vainly attempted to reach.

After these successes the ardour for discovery was no longer confined to a few enlightened individuals. The difficulties, however, of penetrating the depths of this vast continent, of overcoming the obstacles presented by its distance, its deserts, and its barbarism, were seen to be too great to be attempted by any private individual. Hence GEORGE III. was induced to become the patron of discovery, and Government invited Mungo Park to undertake an expedition on a large scale, which he did, but soon fell a victim to the difficulties, as did the greater part of those who accompanied him.

As neither in this nor in the next expedition which followed was anything ascertained regarding the termination of the Niger, a new hypothesis began to obtain, viz. that the Niger was the same as the Zaire or Congo, which had been lost sight of by Europeans since discovered by the Portuguese; and an expedition was fitted out on a grand scale in order to demonstrate this.

It was divided into two portions, one of which was to ascend the Congo, the other to descend the Niger, when it was hoped a triumphant meeting would be effected in the middle of the great stream. But Captain Tucky, who sailed up the Congo, died, and likewise his successor. So also did Major Peddie, who was to sail down the Niger, and the whole party returned unsuccessful. But nothing could now shake the determination of the British Government to obtain definite information on these points, and also regarding the unknown kingdoms of Africa.

A fresh expedition was sent out, therefore, under the command of Major Denham, Lieutenant Clapperton, and Dr. Oudney. But A SENTENCE OF DEATH SEEMED TO BE PRONOUNCED AGAINST ALL WHO SHOULD ENDEAVOUR TO PENETRATE THE AFRICAN CONTINENT, for all the three died, and although a great accession was made to the

knowledge of the interior, the course of the Niger remained wrapt in a mystery. Soon after, however, a very small expedition, under two brothers named Lander, practically solved the mystery by sailing down its stream and reaching the Atlantic by the Brass river, one of the branches by which it discharges itself into the sea.

Such was the issue of an expedition so insignificant that little was expected of it—"the grand problem which had perplexed Europe during so many ages, and on which for a period of forty years so many efforts and sacrifices had been expended in vain, was completely resolved." Park reached its banks on his first journey. In the second he embarked on its waters at Bammakoo, and proved its continuous course for more than 1000 miles. The Landers followed its course some 800 miles farther, until it finally emptied itself into the Atlantic. "By this discovery we see opened to our view a train of most important consequences. The Niger affords a channel of communication with *the most fertile, most industrious, and most improved regions of interior Africa*. Its navigation is everywhere safe and easy. . . . And though we should hesitate to predict the immediate opening of an advantageous traffic, everything may be ultimately anticipated from the industry, perseverance, and extensive capital of British merchants." — *Discovery and Adventure in Africa*.

There is no need, even did our available limits permit, to go over the facts of the wonderful career of Dr. LIVINGSTONE, or any other modern discoverer, as they are too recent to need recounting. This fact alone requires to be noticed, that their united labours left only *one more problem to solve* regarding Africa as a physical mystery. And when 1874 had arrived, the time had come for the last veil to be lifted from its face, or at least at that date the man started from Zanzibar, in the Indian Ocean, who was to do this.

After travelling for two years STANLEY sighted the mighty Lualaba, first seen by Livingstone in 1871, and thought by

him to be the Nile. Cameron proved that it could not be the Nile ; and it was then assumed that its great waters could only find a fitting outlet by the mouth of the Congo. But this was only assumption. No one had followed its course beyond Nyangwe. When, therefore, Stanley started from that great centre, half a continent lay unexplored before him. Launching his boat on its waters, for four long months the bold explorer was borne down by the steady current of the mighty stream. Through 1400 miles of country, previously *unseen by civilised eyes*, past the mouths of twenty or thirty large rivers which poured out such volumes of water as did not, in some instances, for 130 miles below the confluence mingle with those of the main stream.

They sailed right down to Stanley Pool, where the great water-way ceases to be navigable. There it contracts from a width of four, six, or even ten miles to a few hundred yards, and rushes in an impetuous torrent through tremendous mountain-gorges in a series of cataracts and falls, by which it descends 1100 feet into the Lower Congo and the Atlantic Ocean. At Stanley Pool came a change of experience ; the natives became less terrible, but the river itself more so. "It was no longer the stately stream, . . . but a furious river rushing down a steep bed, obstructed by reefs of lava, projecting barriers of rock and lines of immense boulders, winding in crooked course through deep chasms, and dropping down over terraces in a long series of falls, cataracts, and rapids. Our frequent contests with the savages culminated in *tragic struggles with the mighty river* as it rushed and roared through the deep yawning pass that leads from the broad table-land down to the Atlantic Ocean." For four months more the struggle with the river had to be maintained. To navigate the practical reaches of calm water was comparatively easy ; but to drag the canoes over land, past each fall and rapid in the river, involved tremendous labour and difficulty. Fourteen were drowned, and

want of food and terrible labour disabled many more ; forty were on the sick-list, and disease was rapidly spreading. But the long journey was soon ended, and then THE LAST GREAT PROBLEM OF AFRICAN GEOGRAPHY WAS SOLVED, when, with the sea almost in sight, the *Lady Alice* was lifted from the river (July 1877), "after a journey of 7000 miles up and down and across broad Africa."

Thus we have seen one by one the obstacles overcome which made Africa a mystery—unknown seas navigated, deserts and forests penetrated, rivers explored, until from north to south and from east to west, from centre to circumference, it is at length opened up. And yet in the very unfolding of its physical features *a mystery deeper than ever has gathered round it*. The condition of its people, and the great questions connected with the cause and origin of that condition, make it more than ever a MORAL PROBLEM which has YET TO BE SOLVED, as the facts we now place before our readers will show.

In the remaining part of this chapter it will be well to take a brief glance at these as they can be gathered from writers and explorers both ancient and modern.

There is one remarkable fact which will rather astonish not a few. Herodotus, and still more Diodorus, show that the ancients made Africa, but specially Ethiopia (*i.e.* Ethiopia proper, the extensive country to the south of Egypt), one of the grand theatres of their mythology. Nay, it is even affirmed that there *mythology had its origin and principal seat*. This is the sacred realm of the ancients, in which were placed the most revered objects of their mythology. To it they refer the ancient and early reign of Saturn under the appellation of Ouranus or Heaven ; the birth of Jupiter, and the impious race of Titans. Here Jove repaired to hold his annual festival. Homer says that the Ethiopians were "*the favourites of the gods.*" Diodorus tells us that they were "*the first inhabitants of the earth, and were the first who worshipped the gods.*" There stood from time im-

memorial the oracle of Jupiter Ammon or Hammon (*i.e.* Ham), according to *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, which was allowed to be more ancient than the famous Grecian oracle.

This surely gives us some clue to Africa being such A LAND OF MYSTERY to the ancients. It was THE SEAT OF THE GODS, THE CRADLE OF IDOLATRY. Whatever opinion we have regarding ancient mythology and its extraordinary and fabulous stories, it is now established beyond doubt that it had its foundation in real fact, as is conclusively shown in Hislop's *Two Babylons*. We can only refer to one or two striking facts which go to show this. We know that this part of the ancient world was the particular patrimony of HAM and his posterity. The names of his sons, Cush, Mizraim, and Phut, were the very names then given to these countries. The Hebrew word for Ethiopia in the Bible is *Cush*. Ethiopia is just therefore *the land of Ethiops or Cush*, even according to Eusebius and Epiphanius, the latter of whom, in referring to Nimrod, says, "Nimrod, the son of Cush, the Ethiop."

Now the records of antiquity distinctly tell us that CUSH AND NIMROD were *the great agents in that movement which produced the confusion of tongues and the dispersion, and were ringleaders in THE GREAT APOSTASY FROM JEHOVAH*.<sup>\*</sup> It is Cush that was recognised by the ancients as the author of their religious rites. Janus, "the god of gods," from whom all the other gods had their origin, is made to say of himself according to Ovid, "The ancients called me *Chaos*." Now, "who that is at all acquainted with the laws of Chaldaic pronunciation does not know that *Chaos* is just one of the established forms of the name of *Chus* or *Cush*?" (Hislop.) We could produce many more startling facts to show that Homer, Diodorus, and the ancients had no slight foundation for their belief regarding Ethiopia.

\* Much light is cast on this subject in our larger book, "The Midnight Cry; or, An Inquiry into the Evidence of the Near Approach of the Second Advent."



We now see what made Africa a land of mystery to the ancients, and we have endeavoured all the more carefully to make this plain, and also show the connection between the facts of its being the cradle of idolatry and the land of Ham and Cush, because in these, we believe, will be found *the clue* to unravel that which makes Africa, in a moral sense, a mystery to us, viz. the condition of its inhabitants. For, as the author of *Adventure and Discovery in Africa* has well said, "Africa from the earliest ages has been the most conspicuous theatre of crime and wrong; where social life has lost the traces of primitive simplicity without rising to order, principle, or refinement; where fraud and violence are formed into national systems, and man trembles at the sight of his fellow-man. For centuries thousands of her unfortunate children have been dragged in chains across her deserts and across the ocean, to spend their lives in foreign and distant bondage. Superstition, tyranny, anarchy, and the opposing interests of numberless petty states, maintain a constant and destructive warfare in this suffering portion of the earth."

And yet this region, so completely covered with thick darkness and left so far behind in all the arts and attainments which exalt and adorn human nature, had at that early period taken the lead of all other nations in these. For it is remarkable to find that these very centres of idolatrous worship were also the centres of civilisation, splendour, and commerce. How these parts came to be the hindermost among the nations (Jer. l. 12) in all these things is one of the problematic questions. The one answer to it we believe to be (this will be more fully treated of, however, in our conclusion), that as these places became the great centres of SPIRITUAL REVOLT, the consequences of such terrible sin have followed in all their awful reality, and only now are brought fully to our view in the dread despotism, the physical degradation, the savage ignorance and cruelty, &c. which we behold—final issues

which nothing but the greatest of sins, the very defying of and rebelling against Jehovah, and the consequent establishment of Satanic worship with all its abominations, can account for.

It is, however, with the parts of Africa which are less known, with the facts stated by the various explorers regarding the present condition of their inhabitants, that we must become acquainted in order to understand the greatness of the moral problem which "the Lost Continent" now presents. We have indicated that it was the cradle of the terrible systems by which the higher nature of man was brought into a state of the most abject submission to powers of evil. Now we shall look at the manner in which the lower or material part of him has been brought into a state of servitude correspondingly awful.

When Carthage had yielded to Rome the sceptre of commercial supremacy over the world, and the Romans had succumbed to the Arabian followers of Mahomet, all the land of Africa south of the regions before mentioned was named *Ber-el-Abeed*, the land of slaves. This at first only applied to the Soudan; but when it was taken possession of by the Arabs, all beyond that became their hunting-ground, whence they drew unlimited supplies to maintain THE TERRIBLE SLAVE SYSTEM which they had established. It is remarkable to find that the pretext on which the Arabs carried these Africans into physical bondage, was that they were already in spiritual slavery to their idols or false gods. And while justly condemning the horrors of the slave-trade thus established, it ought to be remembered that the Arabs, wherever their power extended, put a stop to the still greater horrors of the bloody rites, the awful practices which obtained in the worship of the African gods. What these were came to be seen when regions which the Arabs had not reached came to be explored by modern discoverers.

After the Arabians had explored and taken possession of

a large part of Africa from the north and east, the Portuguese followed next with their researches along its western sea-board. But instead of their bringing deliverance to the captives, they only imposed fresh yokes, and to the utmost of their ability took the place of lords and masters over all countries and peoples whom they could reach. They further sought to bring them under the spiritual yoke of Rome, while they not only perpetuated but enlarged the slave system established by the Arabians. Then the nations who followed in the wake of Portugal pursued the same course, England not excepted—her motives for pushing her earliest explorations into this unknown land being acknowledged to be of the most sordid character, viz. *greed of its gold, and the desire to carry off its hapless inhabitants as slaves.*

But as if the state of abject servitude were not yet complete, another form of it began to obtain from at least the advent of the Arabs, whose terrible system of hunting up the natives in order to sell them for slaves to foreign nations was perpetuated and increased by European nations. The natives began among themselves the horrible practice of stealing human beings in order to sell them for slaves. "One of the great motives of the Africans in making slaves," says Captain Beaver, "indeed I may say the only one, is to procure European goods; slaves are the money, the circulating medium with which African commerce is carried on."

"The most dreadful thing is that the African princes, in order to get possession of a hundred men, often sacrifice a thousand, for when these despots do not find individuals whom they can condemn to be sold, they regularly hunt down the inhabitants of an entire village like a flock of deer. Some make an armed resistance, others flee to the woods; several tracts of country have been depopulated by these atrocities."—*Malte Brun.*

These SLAVE-HUNTS are perpetrated widely throughout Africa. A king or a chief with his troops will surround a

town in the dead of night, watching till the dawn when the gates are opened. They then rush in, set fire to it, and while the victims, with shrieks and cries, are seeking to escape, bind and carry them off into slavery. But the terrible traffic is not confined to kings, princes, and chiefs. Parents sell their children, husbands their wives, &c. "I was twice," says Major Laing, "offered by mothers their children for sale, and abused for refusing them. One evening a great clamour was raised against me as one of those white men who prevented the slave trade and injured the prosperity of the country."

But we have to notice another remarkable condition of things in Africa. Besides these usurpations over the liberties of the various races, all its explorers testify to the state of abject submission in which they are held by their kings and chiefs. In the larger kingdoms THE DESPOTISM is perfect. One of the earliest with which the English became acquainted was Dhomey. In 1772 Mr. Norris visited Abomey, its capital, for the purposes of observing the character and position of its king, and to make arrangements for the benefit of the English trade. He happened to arrive there at the time of the annual festival, the main objects of which are to water the graves of the king's ancestors with the blood of human victims and to hold a market for wives. He was in the first place surprised at the number of great men gathered from every part of the kingdom, and then still more truly astonished to see these fierce and warlike chieftains, whose names spread terror wherever they were known, prostrating themselves before the king and piling dust on their heads in token of the most abject submission, this homage not being yielded from fear, but from a blind veneration which made them regard their king as they would a superior being. One of these chiefs said to Mr Norris, "I think of my king, and then I dare engage five of the enemy myself. My head belongs to the king and not to myself, if he pleases to send for it, I

am ready to resign it ; or if shot through in a battle, I am satisfied, since it is in his service."

It is no uncommon thing to have their loyalty tested in such a manner. If, for instance, the king at any time has a message to convey to a deceased relative, he delivers it to one of his subjects, then strikes off his head that he may carry it into the other world. If something more has to be added to it after this is done, it is delivered to another messenger, who is despatched in the same manner. This terrible practice is not, however, confined to the king ; the nobles or chiefs practise it largely, and so do the people themselves. The number of victims sacrificed at their annual festivals is sometimes enormous. At one of them 3000 victims were devoted to water the grave of the king's mother, 2000 of whom were prisoners of war, the rest being levied in proportion from the several towns throughout the kingdom. The captives are brought out one by one, with their arms closely pinioned. A fetisher or priest then lays his hand on the victim's head, utters a few magic words, then the executioner from behind severs it from the body with a large scimitar or axe amid shouts of applause from the surrounding multitudes.

And then the death of the king is celebrated by the sacrifice of his wives and courtiers, and a numerous band of slaves to minister to his pomp and pleasure in the other world. Nor is this diabolical custom confined to the king ; the same thing is done at the death of any person of consequence.

Besides this sacrifice of human life required by their kings and rulers, the worship required by their gods is equally abject and horrible. In order to secure the success of a war-canoe, it is sometimes considered necessary to set it afloat in human blood. To secure this, 300 victims have been known to be sacrificed, and one thus inaugurated is supposed to be invincible and invulnerable. Then to some of the rivers, or to the gods or spirits who are supposed to

inhabit them, so many human victims have to be offered annually, and these are supplemented by additional victims when any special favour is wanted.

Such is a sample of the internal condition of Africa. Such are the leading characteristics of the ferocious tyranny under which the people are passively held. Such are the SCENES OF HORROR in which barbaric pomp and glitter are strangely blended with those wanton and disgusting barbarities in which the rites of Belial and Moloch unite. "So complete is the triumph which the principle of evil has obtained over the human spirit in these savages in the absence of any counteractive moral element, that life itself seems to be held in such utter contempt that when no such wholesale slaughters take place suicides are awfully common. Their worship is literally *an adoration of the principle of evil* under the most appropriate symbols. In Dahomey the serpent is said to be the object of worship; in Accra the hyena; and in Ahanta the crocodile, the religion of ancient Egypt."—*Discovery and Adventure in Africa.*

But even these do not exhaust the forms of evil by which the Africans are held in thrall. Another very curious institution exists which must be briefly noticed. It is admitted that the secret system of Freemasonry was originally founded on the mysteries of the Egyptian Isis, the goddess mother or wife of Osiris, the black god of Egypt. And it is a remarkable fact, that a mysterious system which may be called the Freemasonry of Africa, holds its natives in complete subjection. It has been thus described:—

"Among the Pagan nations of the Gold Coast, as well as among the interior ones, small houses containing shells, skulls, images, &c. are always placed about three or four hundred yards from the different entrances to the towns, which are supposed to be the residences of the *Greegrees* or spirits who take care of them. Particular spots also, generally eminences covered with thick wood, are consecrated to the greegrees. These sacred enclosures are never approached

but with great awe, as the smallest encroachment upon them would subject the aggressor to the most awful punishment from 'the Purrah,'—a singular and mysterious tribunal much dreaded in this unhappy country, whose power is paramount even over that of the chiefs, and whose deeds of darkness are veiled from all inquiry."

This system has been further described by Major Laing:—

"The headquarters of the Purrah are in enclosures situated in the woods. These are never deserted by them, and any man not a purrah approaching is instantly apprehended, and rarely ever heard of again. The purrahs do not confine themselves always to the seizure of those who approach their enclosures, but frequently carry off single travellers, and occasionally whole parties who in certain districts pass from one town to another without applying for an escort from the body. To ensure safety, one purrah-man is sufficient, who, while leading the party, blows a small reed-whistle suspended from his neck. The outward distinguishing marks of the purrah are two parallel tattooed lines round the middle of the body, inclining upwards in front towards the breast, and meeting in the pit of the stomach. There are various gradations of rank among them, but I could never ascertain their respective offices. Persons said to be men of rank among them have been pointed out to me with great caution, as the people generally do not like to speak of them; but I could learn nothing further. . . . No chief or head-man dares bring a palaver against a purrah-man, for fear of a retributive visit from the whole body. At stated periods they hold conventions or assemblies, and on these occasions the country is in a state of the greatest confusion and alarm. No proclamation is publicly made; but a notice from the chief of the purrah, communicated by signs hung up at different places, with the meaning of which they are acquainted, is a summons to them to meet on an appointed day at a certain rendezvous. Palavers of great weight, such as disputes between

rival towns, or such offences as call for capital punishment, are always settled by the purrah. It may therefore be said to possess the general government of the country, and from the nature of their power, and the purposes to which it is applied, they will probably be found a most serious obstacle to civilisation."

Such is the account given by Major Laing of this singular institution as he found it to exist in the country of the *Timmanees*. M. Golberry gives an account of the same as found among the *Soosoos*, and in which he traces affinity to the secret tribunal of the ancient Germans, and the mysteries of the old Egyptian hierophants. It is all the more necessary to give some further account of this, as the working of similar systems will frequently crop up in connection with the next part of this narrative, as, with some little variety of detail, it exists among all the other nations, and has proved a *great hindrance to mission work* among them, as will be seen.

"In order," says this writer, "to be admitted into the confederacy of the purrah of the canton, it is necessary to be thirty years of age. No candidate is admitted to the trials of a cantonal purrah but under the responsibility of all his friends who are already members, and who swear his death if he flinch during the ceremony, or if he betray their secrets after being admitted into the mysteries of the confederacy. In each canton there is a sacred wood, to which they conduct the candidate, and he is confined there in a small house during some months. Men with masks supply him with food; he dares not speak, nor leave the place assigned him, and if he attempts to penetrate the forest with which he is surrounded, he is struck dead by some secret watcher.

"After some months of preparation, the candidate is admitted to the trials, the last of which, it is said, are dreadful. While they are performing these, the sacred woods resound with mournful howlings; during the night immense



fires may be seen, which seem to threaten a general conflagration, at other times flames spread along all the sides of these mysterious woods, and all persons whom curiosity tempts to enter them are *sacrificed without mercy*. When the candidate has undergone all the trials he is admitted to the initiation, having first sworn that he will preserve all its secrets, and that he will execute without hesitation the orders of the purrah of his tribe, and all the decrees of the sovereign purrah. If a member of this confederacy betrays it, or becomes refractory, he is devoted to death, and this sentence is often executed in the bosom of his family. At a time when least expected, a warrior, disguised, masked, and armed, appears and exclaims, 'The grand purrah sends thee death!' at which words every one falls back, no one dares to offer the least opposition, and the victim is sacrificed.

"Such is in part this extraordinary institution. It is known to exist, the effects of its power are felt, it is dreaded, but the obscurity which covers its intentions, its deliberations, and its resolves is *impenetrable*. The *terror and the dread* with which this confederacy inspires the people in the countries where it is established is beyond all conception. The negroes of the Bay of Sierra Leone speak of it with fear and reserve, they imagine all the members of this confederacy are *sojourners*, that they have an INTERCOURSE WITH THE DEVIL, that they can exact whatever they choose without its being possible to do them harm. It is supposed that the numbers of the initiated are very great, and yet the laws, secrets, and mysteries of this association are scrupulously kept and maintained by these confederates, who understand and know each other by certain words and signs."

The above descriptions are well summarised by another writer, who says — "Africa is distinguished from all other countries by its productions and climate, by the simplicity, and yet barbarian magnificence, of its states, by the mil-

ness, and yet the diabolical ferocity, of its inhabitants; and peculiarly by the darker nature of its superstitions—the magical rites which have struck with awe strangers in all ages, and which present something inexplicable and even appalling to enlightened Europeans. *The evil principle here seems to reign with less of limitation, and, in recesses inaccessible to white men, still to enchant and delude the nations.*”—*Douglass' Hints on Missions.*

Such are some of the things which make Africa a GREAT MORAL PROBLEM, and which all the discoveries of the last forty years have only tended to make more so, the finishing-touch being given when from the very centre of this poor bleeding continent the veil was lifted and a new world displayed, with its countless peoples and nations and tongues sitting in the darkness of death, sunk in such gross superstition and ignorance.

These nations, which may be counted by hundreds, thus sitting in the deep darkness of THIS LOST CONTINENT, have never had the chance of being anything but what they are—HEATHEN. Why this should be so is surely a problem to solve. But instead of seeking its solution now we shall proceed with the remainder of Mr. Newby's narrative, his work in Africa, as enough has been said to enable readers to form something like an intelligent comprehension of much therein related which otherwise might have seemed inexplicable.





## CHAPTER VIII.

### *MISSIONARY LIFE.*

Arrival at the West Coast—Missionary apprenticeship—A great procession—Human sacrifice—Strange proceedings—Fever attacks—Life among the Eboes—Munga-worship—In a dangerous position—Witness their dread rites—Itinerant expeditions—The methods of Mission operations—Join Mr. Fuller.



**A**FTER a passage of thirty days we landed at Bonny on the West Coast of Africa. Bishop Crowther had left us farther down, at Lagos, and as there were only Mr. During, a young man from Sierra Leone, who had come to teach in the school, and myself, there was no stir whatever on our arrival.

I was very anxious to reach the scene of my future labours, and, as soon as the tide permitted us to land, went ashore and made straight for the mission-house. There was no difficulty in finding my way, for the mission premises formed a very conspicuous part of the place. The church, Archdeacon Crowther's house, the catechist's house, and the one which Mr. During and I were to occupy, stood quite close to each other on the beach, about a mile and a half along the shore from where the "Volter" was lying.

The Archdeacon received us very kindly, and then we took possession of the house, which was to be Mr. During's home, and mine also for a few months until the bishop came up from Lagos, I having been appointed to go up the river

Niger with him. I was very pleased with this arrangement, for I thought I would have nothing to do but just get away among the natives, and commence at once to preach to them about Jesus, as I had done to the people in Scotland.

Anxious to begin this evangelising work as soon as possible, accompanied by Mr. During, who had been before at Bonny, I set out that same evening for some native settlements about two miles distant from the mission-house. I was in great spirits, for at length I had gained the desire of my heart. I was *in* Africa, and on my way to preach the gospel to the natives, and so I was rejoicing like a strong man about to run a race.

No sooner had we reached the place than the first great difficulty presented itself. The people understood no English, and I understood nothing of the Eboe language, so instead of preaching to them Jesus, I was just like a dumb man, unable to utter a word, and but that Mr. During knew a few words of the Eboe *patois*, we would have been entirely mute. As it was, nothing could be accomplished, and we had to leave them and return home. It may appear strange to readers that this difficulty about the language had not occurred to me before these circumstances brought it so fully to the foreground. That it had not done so may be accounted for thus: I had met lots of the natives at the different places at which I had formerly been, but they all had such a smattering of English that I found it comparatively easy to communicate with them. And then at most of the places that we touched at on the coast as we came along there were great numbers of Kroomen, who, on account of the trade carried on there in which they are the "beasts of burden," have such a knowledge of English that one can easily talk with them. So without having given the subject more consideration, I took it for granted that it would be the same here.

The next day I saw a sight which "stirred my spirit within me," and showed me like one of old "how wholly

the place was given to idolatry" (Acts xvii. 16). On going out to the verandah, I was startled to see an immense crowd of natives coming along the beach toward the mission-house. As they came nearer, I observed a woman sitting in a chair, which some of the men were carrying shoulder-high, while the rest of the multitude crowded around like so many ants. When they came nearer still, I saw that she was dressed up in a very fantastic manner, with the most gorgeous materials. Velvet, silk, and ribbons of all descriptions covered her person, while her head was decorated with flowers and feathers, and round her neck, wrist, and arms were chains of gold, strings of glass beads, &c.

I asked our catechist what this meant. He said he thought there was going to be a human sacrifice; at least it looked like it, but he did not know for certain. This aroused my interest to the full, and so I watched the proceedings closely; for, alas! I could do nothing more. They went along the beach and round all the villages near with this procession. Next day the same thing was repeated, but otherwise there was no peculiar stir among the people. On the third, however, it was different. Not only did the procession start and go its rounds as on the two previous days, but this time the entire town of Bonny was astir. What a sight, the whole of its sable inhabitants following the procession in the greatest state of excitement, beating drums, letting off fire-works, firing guns, &c.

About 3 P.M. it was high water, and the proceedings began to wind up to a head. The procession came to a stand at the side of the Bonny river, at a point where the canoes of the principal chiefs were in waiting, all decorated with flags and manned with their full complement of paddlers. Into one of these canoes the woman was put, chair and all, and along with her went the priest or Greegree-man. The canoes then all set out towards the bar of the river, the one on which the woman was, leading the way. On reaching it a stand was made, when the

woman was lifted up, then *let down, chair and all, into the river, and instantly disappeared*, the chair being loaded with iron. Four of the chiefs then paddled up to the place, each having in his canoe a barrel of whisky or rum. Out of these they pulled the spigot and let the liquor into the sea, and then paddled off as quickly as possible.

Such are the facts of the case. When I inquired into the meaning of them, I found that the object of this sacrifice to the spirit of the river was *to procure more wrecks on its bar*, which was very dangerous. At the time when the bar was comparatively unknown these wrecks were only too frequent. Now seamen, being better acquainted with its dangers, were able to take such measures as would conduce to their safety, and so the wrecks were becoming far less frequent. Considering this a mark of the displeasure of their god, an offering was made to secure fresh tokens of his favour. And the reason for their paddling so quickly off the scene of action was very curious and rather ingenious. They thought that by putting so much liquor into the sea the spirit would be made drunk and so be unable to follow them out and make a wreck of *them*. Their god was "altogether such an one as themselves" (Ps. l. 21). These were my first week's experiences in Africa, the time during which I was allowed to rest and recruit myself after my sea voyage.

For some little time my work was much more of a secular kind than I had anticipated; but of course my ideas of missionary life and work up to this time were very crude. One of my first orders was to see to the building of a house which Archdeacon Crowther wished put up some two miles farther along the beach than the mission premises. This was heavy work, for it had to be built on piles—heavy logs which were at the mission-house. How to get them down to the place was the first question. Appliances of any kind we had none, not even a boat. There was one in which we started one day to go to the mail steamer, and when about half way back it "opened up," and it was as much

as we could do to keep it from sinking until we got on shore, when it became a total wreck.

Readers will better understand the difficulties in this case when I state that there are no beasts of burden in this part of Africa—neither horse, bullock, ass, nor mule, and no cart or waggon even. On consulting the Archdeacon, he could suggest nothing but to get Kroo men to carry the logs down on their heads—a tedious process, and also expensive. “Don’t you think rafting would be better?” I inquired. “Yes,” he said, “but I don’t know how to do it.” “I will do it,” I replied, “if you will leave it to me,” which he did. I then set to work, got the logs rolled on the sand at low water, then made my raft, and when the water rose, by the aid of the Kroo-men rafted them along to the place where the house was to be built. This took me from six to eight hours in the water daily; then, when the logs were set for the foundation and the house built upon them, I was laid down with fever. The heat and the hard work had been too much for me, and for two months I was laid aside, unable to do anything.

I had but partially recovered when I set to work on the beach again, and had only painted the church, mission-house, &c. when I was laid down again with fever. It was a life and death struggle this time, but the good Lord brought me safely through, although I was a considerable time of recovering my strength and spirits. During the time that I was occupied with these more secular duties, I was privileged to do a bit of real mission work, and that on a most unexpected subject. As already stated, Mr. During and I lived in the same house. We were thus a good deal together, especially in the evenings. One night our conversation turned on the subject of conversion. He asked me several questions on the subject—about the change of heart, &c., which when I had answered, he said, “How does one know when they are converted?” “The Spirit Himself bears witness with our spirit as to the change in

our spiritual life " (Rom. viii. 16), I replied. " I have been confirmed," he said; "is not that conversion?" "No," I said, "I am afraid there are many who are confirmed who know nothing of conversion." I then explained to him fully what conversion was, for I saw that he was actually ignorant of its real nature and importance. This conversation was continued for several evenings, and at length he came to acknowledge that he saw things in a very different light from what he had ever done before. As I endeavoured to set before him the saving truth as it is in Jesus, he accepted it with his whole heart, and then plainly stated to me that up to this time he had never been converted.

After this we lived and loved like true brothers in the Lord, and engaged in mission work in good earnest in the evenings, until my second attack of fever put a temporary stop to it. I was very ill on this second attack, and my recovery was slow, until I got a letter from England stating that Henry Craven, a former companion in Mr. Guinness' Institute, was on his way out to start a mission on the Congo. This pleasant news accelerated my recovery very much. Mr. Craven spent two days with me on his arrival, and the pleasant intercourse we had together refreshed and cheered me so much that I was able soon after to preach in the church, and to commence evangelistic work again with Mr. During.

But hindrances again arose. The chiefs interfered with us, and finally stopped our work among their people, as they declared that our preaching to them made them discontented. They made a rather startling proposal, however, viz., that if we liked to buy the people, they would sell the whole town for £10,000. Then we could preach to them as much as we liked, but while they belonged to them we could not preach to them any more.

About this time we had a striking proof that the instruction given to the down-trodden subjects of these chiefs was not altogether in vain. While in the town of Bonny one



day I heard that Captain Hart (a famous chief) was going into the interior, and was getting his canoe ready for that purpose. On my return to the mission I heard the same report, and inquired what it meant, and was informed that it was a yearly trip which he made for nefarious purposes, and that before going he made a great sacrifice to the gods, in order to propitiate them, that so they might grant him a prosperous expedition. After the sacrifice a great feast was made, of which all his followers partook after having first served the gods. One of the men belonging to Captain Hart had received light enough to understand the dread import of St. Paul's words, "But I say that the things which the Gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils and not to God: and I would not that ye should have fellowship with devils. Ye cannot be partakers of the Lord's table and the table of devils" (1 Cor. x. 20, 21). So he refused to eat the food that had been cooked for the idolatrous feast and offered to the idols before being partaken of by the others. On learning that one of his followers had refused to partake of the feast for the above reasons, Captain Hart told him that he would get nothing else to eat until he did, for by this he was insulting and offending the gods. The man, however, persistently refused to partake of the food, and died of hunger rather than do so.

Preaching and teaching which produced effects like these were not the things which the chiefs would tolerate, and so they interdicted it. We had therefore to seek out other objects on which to expend whatever spiritual energy the Lord had graciously bestowed on us. This we soon found in a number of people who had come from Sierra Leone, and had settled quite close to the mission. Many of them were professed Christians, but we found that they knew very little indeed of the truth as it is in Jesus. And so we commenced work among them, and carried on our meetings until we were stopped by Archdeacon Crowther, who said that if the people wanted meetings they must come to

the church, to the prayers which were held in it every night and morning !

Soon after this surprising disappointment I had another attack of fever. On recovering, I began to feel rather disheartened about the work here, I now felt so hampered in my efforts among the people. Just at this time Bishop Crowther came up, whom I was to accompany up the Niger. He wished me to accept the post of mate of the "Henry Venn," the mission steamer which was to be put on the Niger in connection with his work. But accept such a post, even for the time being, I felt I could not, for my soul was longing for more direct mission work among the poor Africans.

Instead of going with the Bishop, therefore, I was allowed to remain at the mission at Bonny. But I was now to begin new work in connection with it. I was now to start and make *JOURNEYS OF EXPLORATION INTO THE INTERIOR* for the purpose of reconnoitring, and extending the work of the mission in new directions—an enterprise which filled me with enthusiasm and delight, as I would then see for myself the real condition of the people of Africa, and so be able to devise plans of operations by means of which to benefit them. I resolved to set out at once, and so taking my rifle, a change of clothing, some trinkets, &c., for the people, I set off in the direction of the Eboe settlements. In one of these I knew a man lived whom I had occasionally seen at the mission-house. My reason for seeking him out was because he had a smattering of English, so I hoped to be able by means of him to communicate with the people.

Having made my way to the place and found out this man, I told him that I had come to "sit down" with him, to which he was quite agreeable. Then for four months I lived among this people, making this the centre of my reconnoitring expeditions, mingling with the people as much as possible like one of themselves, in order the

more thoroughly to become acquainted with their life and modes of worship, and also to learn the laws that

After I had been there for some time a great stir came among the people one day. On questioning my host that the cause thereof, I learnt that one of their GREAT ANCESTORS, FESTIVALS was approaching. It was that of MUNGA. The usual preparations for it were being made, part of which was to get hold of the necessary number of victims which were to be offered in sacrifice to him. Of course I was very desirous of knowing all about who or what this Munga was. And as it may be of interest to the reader, I may here give a summary of the information I then and afterwards received regarding him.

In the last chapter some notice was taken of an institution, called Purrah, which holds the Africans in terrible thrall. This Munga-worship, which I found obtaining among the Eboes, was just another variety of THE GREAT IDOLATROUS SYSTEM whose ramifications spread throughout the length and breadth of Africa, bringing down its devotees to the lowest possible condition of degradation which human nature can reach; and presenting in actual operation the most perfect despotism to which mankind can be subjected, in that it affects and controls both the material and spiritual natures of its deluded votaries.

On the West Coast I found at least three distinct forms of it obtaining among the various peoples with whom I came in contact—sometimes all the three being found among one people. These might be called MUNGAISM, JINGAISM, and KUKUISM. Munga is the god of the earth, Jinga the god of the sea, and Kuku the god of the woods. The natives are either Mungas, Jingas, or Kukus, as devoted to the service of one or other of these false deities.

Of these three systems, that of Munga is the most terrible, being in fact the *plague and dread* of all the others. This dread seems to arise chiefly from the fact that each Munga-man possesses a *mysterious power to kill*, not merely in the ordinary

ways in which any man may take away the life of another, but in some extraordinary manner without laying hands upon the victims. Several instances of their exercising this power will be given further on. Munga is very cruel; he is supposed to live in the woods—in them at least are the houses which form the centres of his worship. To approach these houses, or even attempt to penetrate the woods or sacred groves around them, is *death* to any but a Munga-man. These are easily known, each of the initiated having a specific mark tattooed on the forehead right between the eyes. No women are allowed to belong to this order, and should a Munga-man have a wife for whom he does not care, he easily gets rid of her by giving her up to be killed in the peculiar Munga fashion. There is, however, one little restraint upon their power of killing. Each man has a stick, which is kept in the sacred grove, upon which he has to make a notch for every one killed by him. It does not matter how many notches he may have on his stick, provided he can show reason for the death it indicates; but if he has one for which he can show no reason, his own life is forfeited.

In worshipping Munga they offer human sacrifices. The number of the victims immolated at the regular annual festivals is ten, but on any extraordinary occasion this number may be increased. These sacrifices are always offered within the sacred enclosures in the woods, and are preceded by a procession or rather sort of dance round and round it. Their insignia worn on such occasions are a row of shells (something like that of a snail, but much larger) round their shoulders, and a girdle of dried plantain-leaves. In addition to this their head man wears a hat made of goat's skin, and carries a peculiar-looking stick or club in his hand, while his face is made extra black by having it rubbed with charcoal. To call the Mungas together, a very peculiar kind of drum is used, differing quite from that used by the natives on ordinary occasions, its specific sound being produced by a piece of hollow wood fitted into it.

Having learned as much as I could about Munga and his worship, I was quite anxious to see something of it for myself. As the man with whom I lived was very favourable to me, I made known to him my wish, and even got him persuaded to take me to a place in the sacred grove where I might be an unobserved spectator of what went on within it. Of course he did not, and could not, guarantee my safety. I had to take the full risk of such a course. It would avail me nothing to say that a Munga-man had taken me to that place. I would not be believed, and even were I to name him, the result would only be that, to clear himself, he would have to be among the foremost to cause my death, and so prevent his own. But although thus made plainly aware of all the risk I ran, yet so anxious was I to see what went on and understand the whole system, and so be able to deal with it and reach these poor idolaters, that I gladly availed myself of all the help he could give me in getting to the place of observation.

From my place of concealment among the trees I could observe very imperfectly, for I had to beware lest any sharp eye should detect my presence. I could, therefore, only catch occasional glimpses of what was transpiring. The place to which I was conducted was a square enclosure in the heart of the forest, of about an acre and a half in extent. This is the only part of the ground wrought by the men, as the women do all the ordinary agricultural labour. About the centre of this enclosure was the Munga-house, not far from which stood a curious looking block with a hollow in its centre. Round and round this clearing, at the very edge of it, great fires were burning, fed by palm-oil and plantain-sap, which now and again hissed and sparkled much in the way that water does upon hot grease. On one side of the clearing was another house, in which, as I came to understand, the intended victims were confined.

The first part of the ceremony was a sort of dance round and round the enclosure, in which several hundreds took

part. This was kept up for about three hours, slowly at first and then faster, until the rapidity of their motions, as seen in the lurid light of the fires surrounding them, together with their yells of excitement, presented such a picture as no pen could adequately describe.

At length came the CLIMAX OF HORRORS, when the chief Munga-man, having got into a state of extraordinary excitement, began to brandish his club about in a curious fashion and then threw it on the ground. This seemed to be the signal for proceeding to sacrifice, for the victims were then brought out. They were each dressed out in all their native finery, and brought up to the block one by one. They were then thrown backwards upon it with their heads made to rest in the hollow and then *strangled*. This was done with a curious kind of forked stick, between the prongs of which their heads were put, a little turn was then made, and *in a moment life had fled*.

The head of the victim was then cut off, and *the blood drained from both head and trunk into a large calabash*. It was then mixed with palm-wine and *drunk by all present*. Another victim was brought out and the same gone through. Then another, and so on, until some eight or ten of the thirty to be offered on this occasion were disposed of. There was no manifest reluctance on the part of the victims, whose idea was, that in thus suffering themselves to be immolated they were not only doing a duty, but also making sure their entrance to a better world; I was unable to endure it longer, and so made my way as cautiously as possible from THIS PLACE OF HORRORS. Whether the bodies were afterwards eaten (as I was told they were), I had no means of ascertaining; but the probability is, that they were *roasted in the great fires and then feasted on by the whole company*. Whether or not, enough has been said to show the correctness of the statement that "the dark places of the earth are full of *the habitations of cruelty*" (Ps. lxxiv. 20).

I was exceedingly anxious to do something towards showing the Eboes the awful wickedness of their practices, but my slight knowledge of their language prevented me doing much; and just when beginning to be able to communicate with them a little more freely, I was struck down with fever, and so had to leave them and make my way back to the mission-house.\* My sojourn in the interior had quite met the wishes of Archdeacon Crowther, as I found on my return. And as he further expressed his wish that this work of exploration should be resumed as soon as my strength was recruited, after a few weeks' stay at Bonny I set out again in another direction.

From having had such abundant opportunities of witnessing the terrible condition of the people during my stay among the Eboe people, my mind was now occupied with plans of new operations among them, especially as I thought there was a decided want in the methods of mission work pursued by our mission. There was too rigid an adherence to methods, about which, however well suited to civilised people (*viz.*, preaching twice on Sundays, prayers in the morning and evening, and a meeting once or twice a week—all very well fitted to sustain in good condition the spiritual nature of people who had not only something to occupy the rest of their time, but also all other needful helps to moral and spiritual improvement), yet for people addicted to such practices as I have described, or who spent their time lounging about in the "country fashion" or village Greegree houses,† there was something sadly defective.

In all the missions I had yet seen there was a sad lack of

\* It may be stated that this native fever is of an intermittent character, which accounts for my ability to return to the mission-house while it ran its course.

† These village Greegree houses were not at all like those in the woods. Although there was a great idol set up in them, they were not used for worship, but as places of resort, where the men spent their time snuffing, and drinking nimbo or palm-wine.

the industrial element, and as what I had observed among the Eboes had convinced me of the importance of combining it largely with whatever evangelistic effort might be made for their benefit, my mind was occupied with considerations as to how the two could be best combined and brought into operation for the benefit of the people. When, after recovering, I set out again at Archdeacon Crowther's wish to explore in another direction, singularly enough I came upon a man from the West Indies, who was acting out practically the very ideas which I had been so busily working out in theory. He had been connected with the American mission in Sherbro', but feeling, like myself, the need for combining more of the industrial element with the spiritual, in order to give the greatest possible effect to mission work in Africa, he had broken his connection with that mission, and had started one on his own account in which to work out his convictions. In this he had succeeded in a most remarkable manner.

He began by getting some land, on which he built a house with chapel and school. He then went to work, and got some twenty children collected. He had no children of his own, and so these poor Africans he adopted, and commenced to train them up just as if they had been his own. The effects of his careful training soon became apparent; one after another of them were converted. They then became his most efficient and willing helpers in the mission work and also in his large agricultural establishment. Thus "Mount Joy," as Mr. Williams called his place, became the centre from which he wrought on the various peoples round about. On Sundays and Wednesdays services were held in the chapel, which large numbers of the natives used to attend, not a few of whom had been converted to the Christian faith. As one and another were so they settled down around their teacher, and were taught by him how to build their houses, cultivate their land, &c.; while Mrs. Williams, with her female assistants, taught the



native women how to knit, sew, and do all kinds of house-work.

I was greatly pleased with having found out a mission station in my exploring expedition, and especially such a model one as this, where I saw in practical operation what was exactly suited, I thought, to the needs of the people, and where I could therefore gain experience in the work. I made this station the centre of my expeditions farther into the interior, whither I went in all directions accompanied by a boy whom I had brought with me from Bonny to act as my interpreter. The further I went into the interior the people seemed poorer and more degraded. I tried to get them to talk to me through my interpreter. I was anxious to learn from themselves their ideas of God; also about their worship, and whether they wished to have any other mode of worship, in this manner PREPARING THE WAY FOR PREACHING JESUS TO THEM. I always returned to Mount Joy, staying there for a day or two, and then setting out in another direction.

I remained in this district for some time doing my own work and also assisting Mr. Williams in both the industrial and spiritual departments of his establishment, thereby gaining for myself much useful experience. But an attack of fever laid me aside again, and I was, in consequence, obliged to return to the mission-house. My recovery was slow, and being unfit for work, the doctor recommended me to travel about on the coast for some time as a likely means of re-establishing my health, now not a little impaired by so many attacks of fever. So considering this a very favourable opportunity of seeing a little more of mission work before finally settling down, I started off on a TOUR through all the mission stations along the coast.

First I went to Fernando Po, "that most beautiful, fertile, and magnificent of islands," as it has been termed. That it possesses some claim to admiration in these respects will be further seen from the name it got when dis-

covered in 1472, viz, *Formosa*, or beautiful island. It is some eight leagues long and three broad. Its situation is very important, as it commands all the rivers which fall into the Gulf of Guinea, and it acquired fresh importance when these rivers proved to be the embouchure of the Niger. It is very high land, and is, with several other islands, considered to be a continuation of the lofty volcanic range of the Cameroons or Qua Mountains. In this place, where, in the words of Heber, it may be truly said that

“Every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile,”

the Primitive Methodists have a mission station, at which I remained long enough to see their methods of operation, which, so far as they went, were very good, but there was a great lack of the industrial element.

From Fernando Po I went to Old Calabar, where the United Presbyterian Church has a thriving mission. From that I went to Victoria, where the English Baptists have a mission in splendid working order. Here there was *no lack of the industrial element*. They had commenced first with the boys, whom they had taught to be boat builders, carpenters, blacksmiths, stone masons, shoemakers, tailors, &c. They had a saw-mill in active operation. They could also do a little engineering, for they had an iron steam launch connected with the mission. These youthful artisans had grown up and had set up their family establishments round the mission, forming quite a little town. They had no direct connection with the mission further than that they had been taught all these things by the missionaries. But many of them had been converted, and so the strongest of all ties was formed between them and their teachers, while even the others, who had not become so, decidedly preferred to remain near the place where they had received so much benefit.

From Victoria I went to the CAMEROONS, where there is

another Baptist Mission under the care of the Rev. J. J. Fuller. Besides the mountains of this name there is also a river called the Cameroons. It widens towards its mouth into a great estuary, in which are several islands which are also collectively called the Cameroons. On one of these Mr. Fuller carried on his very efficient mission, one which in all respects met the necessities of the poor Africans. The same industries were carried on here as at Victoria. There being no stone in the Cameroons, Mr. Fuller taught them how to make brick, so that instead of the masons to be found at Victoria there were brickmakers and bricklayers. He had also joiner-works, where the people were taught to do everything of that kind, carpentry-works where canoes were made and boats mended. They were also taught how to plant, and other such agricultural processes as were suited to their place and circumstances. Then Mrs. Fuller taught the girls how to sew and knit, and many other such things as were of great importance for the female portion of the community.

But it must not be imagined that *the spiritual part* of his work among this people was neglected. Mr. Fuller's hands were quite full in this respect also. He had three chapels, one at Hickory Town, one at the mission premises where he resided, and one at Jebari on the mainland. In these stations he had at that time (1877) at least sixty converted and baptized members, besides many others who had not yet taken that decisive step. He had also three day schools, on the united lists of which there were at least 130 scholars : while in his Sunday schools there would be about 150 in regular attendance. The work in all these places was carried on under his own supervision by natives, his official staff being not only very large, but also very efficient.

I was much pleased with all I saw during a week's sojourn, and when at the close of that period he asked me to come and help him, I at once agreed to do so, and that for

several reasons. First of all, I saw that my health was not agreeing with Bonny, and might not stand a longer stay there, and the Cameroons I knew were considered much healthier. Then I was not at all satisfied with the methods of work there, and the restraints put upon me in regard to special meetings, &c.; and this mission of Mr. Fuller's, on the other hand, and its methods of work, exactly coincided with what I thought an African Mission should be, and I felt I would be free to throw myself heart and soul into all kinds of work without being confined to former methods. I returned to Bonny to make known my plans to Archdeacon Crowther. He objected to my going to assist the Baptist Mission on the ground that the Church of England had paid my fare out, consequently he did not think it right for me to leave them. On hearing this I offered to pay back half of what my passage had cost them. To this he agreed, and soon after I set out for the Cameroons to join Mr. Fuller, and begin regular MISSION WORK IN EARNEST.





## CHAPTER IX.

### *WORK IN THE CAMEROONS.*

**My charge—Work among the boys—Curious questions—The old priestess—Remarkable case—Her conversion—Jingaim—Kuknism—Their cruel practices—Green Josh—Extraordinary facts—"Munga catch you"—Their power to kill—To fill a person with live scorpions and torture to death—Social and moral hindrances—Modes of judicial trial—Pioneering difficulties—Fever attacks—Return to England—Marriage—Missionary devotion—America.**



ON my arrival the native preacher in charge of the chapel at Hicory Town was told off to other service, and the mission work in connection with it put under my care. I also became teacher of the largest of the day schools, which was at the mission-house (Mr. Fuller's), in which there were about 80 scholars, some of whom were so far advanced in the elementary branches of education as to be almost ready to become teachers. This school had been wrought up by Mr. Fuller, and was now in a flourishing condition. There were a large number of girls, although the most were boys. The boys learned much more quickly than the girls, who did not seem to appreciate or care for learning as the boys did, which can be easily understood when we think how much less a girl is thought of than a boy, being thus put into a lower scale, and therefore having less ambition and desire. I was astonished at the rapidity with which the boys learned, at least the regular ones, for this was our great difficulty, to get them

to attend regularly, having no means of compelling them to do so. They come and go as they feel inclined. On the whole, I was impressed with their general smartness, and got greatly attached to many of them.

I had also charge of the Sunday school in this chapel. We had a good many teachers for the different classes. And very interesting and delightful work it was. Scarcely a day did I close it without hearing the remark from one or other of the boys, "Time no live?" that is, "Is the time up?" so much did they seem to enjoy it. I was indeed exceedingly happy in my work among the boys, a good number of whom were converted, some of them having come boldly out for Christ since I went. But as in more favoured countries, some profess themselves Christians who do not understand what is needed in order to become such, and have no better reason to give for their hope than that they attend the various meetings, &c., and keep themselves from gross immorality; so it was, as I came to ascertain, with several of these boys as well as the older people.

Besides all the meetings I had with them I made a point of coming into personal contact with every one of them, in order that I might have close dealing and conversation with them individually. By this means I got to know the spiritual condition of each, and many curious cases did I meet with, and many curious answers did I get in reply to my questions. Here is the case of two boys who professed to be Christians. They were from the interior of the country, from the Abo district, and had come to stay with friends at Hicory Town.

One day I was talking with them alone, and was speaking to them about our needing a change of heart before we could be Christians. I asked them why they thought they were Christians. They said, "We live to come for mission" (meaning that they came to the meetings), "We fit to sit down, talk proper" (meaning that they knelt down and said long prayers), and very serious and earnest they seemed

to be about it. I saw that they were trusting to their work and prayers for salvation, and so I began to instruct them and show them their mistake.

As I lived in the same house with them I had ample opportunity of getting at them, so I arranged to have them by themselves at a certain hour each evening. At these times I took special pains in opening up the Scriptures so as to make plain to them what conversion was. When they came to understand what it really meant, they had the usual difficulties about believing, for the human heart is the same in a black man as in a white one. These difficulties I am glad to say, were at length cleared away, and they were enabled to rest their souls with implicit confidence on the finished work of the Redeemer. They then came over very decidedly for Christ. And afterwards when I made an expedition into the Abo district they accompanied me and were a great help to me in getting at the people, and in urging them to allow a missionary to settle down among them. I may add here, that I afterwards learned from Mr. Fuller that these boys had themselves become missionaries among the Abo people.

There was no time for *ennui* in this mission, supposing any of us had been disposed to indulge in it. We all got up at 4 A.M., for, of course, our mornings were always the most important part of the day, as they were cool, and so much more suitable for work. Half an hour after we met for prayers. Then we had breakfast. At 6 A.M. we went to the school for two hours. There were then two hours for recess, which time was filled up in a variety of ways. From 10 to 1 we had school again. Then an hour for dinner after which three hours of Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays were spent in industrial work under the personal supervision of Mr. Fuller. The other three afternoons were given up to visiting the sick, the missions, or any members of the mission flock who required in any way to be looked after. On the evenings of Sunday, Monday, and Wednesday

day, I had a Bible-reading. At this class all read who could. It was then made a sort of open meeting. I asked them questions, and they did the same whenever any difficulty presented itself to them. As, for instance, some one would ask, "How God see and we no see Him?" "How Him make book?" "How Him talk and we no hear?" "What for God let Him, *i.e.* Christ, die?" They seemed to have a great difficulty in forming any idea of sin apart from some terribly evil deed, and also of a God spiritually present they were equally unable to form any conception, all their worship being addressed to idols, or some visible object. The converted ones present would again ask such questions as "How the blood of Jesus Christ cleanse us when we no there an no see it?" Then again, "How Him killed, in Him earthly body or in Him spiritual body?"

This Bible class was attended by persons of all ages. Among these was an old woman little short of a hundred years, who began to come very regularly. And one night as I was explaining the passage, "I have sinned" (Matt. xxvii. 4), she suddenly interrupted me by asking, "Any sin live for me?" a phrase equivalent to "Have I any sin?" "Yes." "How that be?" she asked in great surprise, for, as she went on to explain, she had done so much more than any other woman, she had offered up four daughters in sacrifice for sin.\* I told her I was sorry to hear that, for God did not accept such sacrifices. I then endeavoured to show her that He Himself had provided the only sacrifice that was necessary, in giving His own Son to die for sinners. She did not make any further reply, and the meeting was dismissed.

\* Mr. Fuller afterwards explained to me that she was a great woman, and had unusual privileges. Daughters are generally sold like so many cattle, but she, from being a priestess, was allowed to retain hers, and further, to do with them as she liked, and so she had disposed of them in the manner described above.



Next Bible-reading she came into the schoolroom leading a young woman of eighteen by the hand. Both sat down quietly and remained very attentive all the time, then at the close of the service she came and asked me if I would take this her only remaining girl, and offer her up as a sacrifice for her, as she did not want to have any sin upon her. This was an adopted daughter. From her position as PRIESTESS, and principal wife of one of the chiefs, and sometimes from circumstances which cannot be named here, she was allowed one of the daughters of many of the inferior wives to keep as her own—to sell, or do anything else she pleased with.

I told her that God would receive no sacrifice of such a kind; that He had made full provision for her redemption. I tried also to show her how her sin had been laid upon Jesus, and gave her such passages as Isaiah liii. 6; John i. 29. But for a good while, notwithstanding all I could say, she seemed quite unable to comprehend how she could be pardoned and her soul saved *without her offering up a sacrifice* of some kind or another. When at length a faint glimmer of the truth began to dawn upon her mind, she sat uttering such native exclamations as we would express in English by "Wonderful! What wonders! O God! what wonders! what goodness!"

From this time she came twice a day to prayers in the school. In the morning and at night she was always in her place, and besides these services she used to come at other times, that I might "read out of the Book" to her. When I had done so she would still further say—"Now pray God for me, that I go see Jesus when I die. You fit pray more than me."

The genuineness of this woman's conversion was proved by the promptness with which she gave up some terrible practices in which she was the presiding genius. In such a way, too, did she do so, that full evidence was thereby given that the things which she formerly had loved were

now hated by her. She belonged to the Jingas, and was a priestess of the highest rank, and in the execution of her various offices had to do things among the young women not fit to be named, and which often ended in her victim being put to death as one under the power of the witchman. She also took the lead in another cruel practice which obtained, viz., putting old women to death, on the pretence of their having bewitched the country.

The part she played in these practices brought her no little gain; but she not only broke her connection with them, but did her best in helping to uproot them. A part of her house was fitted up as a sort of temple or dispensary of charms, where she performed all her ceremonies on the women. Soon after her conversion she asked me one day what she would do with the charms. "Burn them," I replied. "Come, help me," she said, with an expression which showed her to be somewhat afraid of the consequences. So I went with her, and gathered them all together. What a collection of rubbish, as I thought. Charms, made of goat's skin, native cloth, and human hair, &c.; also a peculiar kind of native bean, which only priests and priestesses are allowed to handle. These were all laid on a heap outside of the house, and having brought matches with me, I applied one to the pile. In a very short time the previously potent charms were reduced to ashes, to the great dismay of a multitude of onlookers, who further showed their indignation by shaking their fists in her face, and declaring that she too should be burnt. They certainly were in a state of wild excitement, as they thought that all their hopes were gone. But they did not dare to go further, as she was nearly related to the king.

Some three weeks after this another very INTERESTING EPISODE took place in her history, as at that time she was baptized. I performed the rite, and gave her the Christian name of Nanny, her surname being Bell, as she was of old King Bell's family. There was a great concourse, as there

always is at a baptism, but when they saw who it was, such a shouting arose as might have been heard for a mile or more distant. There seemed to be a general consternation, especially among the young women, when they saw themselves deserted by their priestess. They would have no one now to go to when the peculiar circumstances arose in which she had been only too ready to play her dreadful part, as no one else could become priestess so long as she lived. They believed that the priestess possessed a spirit by means of which she had all her power, and this spirit she kept till her death.

As for Nanny herself, she promptly took her place at the head of the procession. I armed her down to the river, but it was utterly beyond my power to keep her still and get her to walk somewhat quietly. For she not only sang along with the others, but she would dance as well, in *the exuberance of her joy at the thought of being about to be openly received into the Christian family*. Then on coming up out of the water she took to splashing about in such a manner that it was with no little difficulty that I could retain my hold of her and bring her out. But having at length got her on dry land, she went off with her friends singing, dancing, and shouting at the pitch of her voice.

Notwithstanding these *irregularities*, the scene was one on which the angels would look with delight. From this time Nanny went on her way rejoicing. Pass her dwelling at whatever time one might, it was almost a certainty that she would be heard singing, in her own grotesque fashion, the praises of God ; while her life in all respects was most exemplary. For some eighteen months she went on her happy way, and then entered into the joy of her Lord.

Thus among a people so sunk in sin and so oppressed of the devil, and that for so long a time, the Word of the Lord made headway, for Nanny was no solitary trophy of grace. Not very long after her conversion we had the pleasure of seeing nine new converts added to the Church

by baptism as the fruits of our labours. In every case we had good reason to believe that they had first given themselves to the Lord. As in Nunny's case the ceremony was performed openly in the river, and the sight was really impressive, for hundreds of the natives congregated along its banks. They easily know when baptism is to be administered, as the whole congregation, headed by Mr Fuller and his helpers, march from the chapel singing. This causes much excitement among the natives, and long before the procession reaches the river multitudes of them line its banks. When the immersion takes place they make a great noise by hallooing, &c., but in no other way do they give disturbance.

Notwithstanding all the real prosperity thus obtaining in our mission, we had curious difficulties to contend with, as the following will show. One night not long after the conversion of the two boys (see page 159), a curious sound was heard in the vicinity of the school, the very same as may be heard by any one listening to a Swiss clock striking the time, when at every stroke of the bell the cry "Cuckoo" is sent forth. Imagine the same sound, but greatly intensified, ringing through the air in the stillness of the evening, without having any idea where it comes from, and you will know exactly what is meant. This was the summons of KUKU for his votaries, of which there were several among our boys. Knowing the danger, we took them all into the mission house, and kept watch with such vigilance that not one was permitted to escape. They were very uneasy, however, for the effect of this cry upon the boys who are initiated is much the same as that of the mesmerist upon the subject who has again and again yielded to his subtle power—they cannot resist, but feel under some sort of constraint to obey.

As the sound after a time ceased and was not repeated again all that night, nor on to the afternoon of next day, we thought the danger was over. So, as it was Mr Fuller's

time for seeing some sick people, and I also had to attend to some special work, the boys were left without being under more than ordinary restraint. When we returned *all the Kuku boys were gone*. After some days they returned, but we could get nothing from them as to what they had been doing during their absence. It is not possible to get any information from them as to what is done in the little Kuku house, in the sacred groves, so marvellously well do the boys keep their secret. Even conversion to Christ does not seem to break the spell which the Kuku system has over them.

As many other difficulties and troubles arose from these secret systems, perhaps it will be well, before proceeding further, to give a short account of them as they obtained here. I have already noticed that there were three great varieties of them, all of which prevailed here in the Cameroons. Munga-worship, as I found it practised among the Eboes, I have already described. Here it was the same, only that fewer victims were offered in sacrifice, but on the other hand, THE DIABOLIC POWER OF KILLING which the Mungas possessed was more fully in exercise. Of this we had some remarkable examples, even in connection with the mission, which will be related afterwards. Meantime I proceed to give some account of the Jinga and Kuku systems.

As Munga is the god of the earth, so JINGA is the god of the sea. He is said to be something of the nature of a merman, which the natives aver they have often seen in the sea. The Jinga system differs from all the others in this, that they admit women. Jingaism may be said also to be the religion of the aristocrats—at least none but the free are allowed to take part in their ceremonies, or even to belong to Jinga. Once a year the women have a special festival for themselves. They walk in procession, dressed in leaves, and carrying small rattles in their hands, such as are given to children in this country. A great feast is pre-

pared, and then they take to their canoes and go out to feed Jinga in the sea. This they do by casting into it the various nuts and other edibles of which they suppose him to be fond. There are also other mysterious rites connected with this festival. Like the men, however, the women also keep their secret as to what goes on at them; only this much is known, that whatever debaucheries may be committed, human sacrifices form no part of their orgies.

It is not so, however, with the male Jingas, who also have their annual festival. Like the Mungas, they have a sacred grove where they perform their mysteries, which require the offering of human sacrifices—ten being required for a due performance of their mystic rites. When a young man becomes a Jinga, he is shut up in one of these houses for three years without being allowed to see any human face, least of all a woman's. The object of this enforced seclusion is to acquire the Jinga language, which includes a knowledge of all the mysteries, but especially the language to be used in speaking to their god, with whom during this time they learn to hold intercourse. This they aver that they can do at any time, the only condition being that they stand up to their shoulders in water, and speak to him with their mouth full of it.

The third variety of these secret systems of idolatrous worship is that of Kuku, who is the god for the boys. Kuku, being the god of the woods, is supposed to live in a grove—at least his priests do. They also have their annual festival, which is held at night and in secret. At this feast HUMAN SACRIFICES ARE OFFERED of any number from twenty-seven to forty-seven. An odd number being always necessary, no one is allowed to take part in this feast under thirty. Thus, though boys are completely under the power of this system, yet they are not fully conversant with its horrors until attaining that age. Like the other systems, the rites of Kuku are full of mystery, and their secret is so well kept that it is easier to fathom the other systems than that of Kuku.

The way in which the priest gets hold of the young victims whom they train so well is as follows.—The priests, while having their home in the woods, yet come out and mingle with the people in their ordinary everyday life. And sometimes while talking with a man and his boy, the priest will suddenly seize the latter and make off towards the sacred wood, and of course the father after him. If immediately on reaching it the Kuku cry is sent forth, *the father at once stops pursuit, for the boy is forfeared to Kuku*. So fully is the claim of this false god acknowledged that if the boy should make his escape and return home, he would at once be driven back by his parents to the Kuku grove, to remain there for the space of three or more years for the purposes of initiation. And once a boy becomes a Kuku boy you can never be sure of him, for at whatever hour the peculiar sound is heard, one who has been among them will respond to the summons, and *run off to them even after he has become a Christian*. In proof of this statement I may adduce the following instance.—The son of King Bell of the Cameroons was brought to England, where he remained until he was twenty five. During this time he was educated, and was believed to be converted, and is still a member of the Church. He took so completely to English habits and to the language that on his return home he had almost lost command of his native tongue, he remembered so little of it. But he had been scarcely a month at home when one evening, while he was in company with a party of English traders in their club house on the beach, the Kuku cry was heard, and in an instant he was off in response to the summons as if he had never been out of the country. Thus it was that the boys of the mission had to be so closely watched whenever the call was heard, and if for a moment it was relaxed they were sure to be off.

To illustrate still further what a hindrance these systems prove to mission work, I may relate the following circumstances.—Shortly before I joined Mr. Fuller he had to

leave home for a short time, and the mission was left under the care of the two native teachers and Mrs. Fuller. No sooner was he gone than the mission premises were attacked by the Mungas and Kukus. They did not, however, make good their entrance into Mr. Fuller's own house. A merciful Providence prevented that; but they burnt all the houses and workshops round about, and carried off the two native teachers to a Munga-house in the woods. Having got them there they stripped off their clothes, then whitewashed them with lime, saying as they did so, "You want to wear shirt and shoe like white man, we make you one."

The cause of this outrage was, that these two men had once been Mungas, but on becoming Christians they had renounced the system, and in token of that had put off all their peculiar badges. But the Mungas suspected them of having betrayed their secret, so they kept them for three days without food, testing them at the same time in many ways as to whether they had done so, or whether the Kuku boys in the school had betrayed theirs.

When Mr. Fuller returned he found his wife alone in the midst of the desolation. He immediately went and reported the matter to the British Consul, who, acting very promptly, compelled the men to be given up, and afterwards to make reparation for damages done to the amount of £300. An inquiry was then instituted into the working of these terrible systems, and on the strength of the evidence given in regard to them by some of the converted chiefs, particularly one called "Green Josh" (Joshua Green), Mr. Fuller was commissioned to break them up. This was a difficult matter, but he succeeded in doing it to a certain extent. I had been there for some time when THE GREAT PALAVER in connection with this was held with them on the subject. It took place under a tree as usual, and in the course of it they were informed by Mr. Fuller that their conduct had brought matters to a point. The British had resolved that the practices which imperilled both the lives



and the property of their people must be given up. And in token of their doing so the Consul required them to give up to him the ornaments, rattles, and all other instruments and insignia used in the worship of Munga and Jinga, or he, on failing to receive them, would SHELL THE TOWN. These were hard arguments, but Mr. Fuller put them as softly as possible. As the British shells were not to be tampered with, they yielded to the demands of the Consul, and thus ostensibly the worship of Munga and Jinga was put down, only, however, to be practised with as great avidity as ever, though not so openly. They no longer dared to interfere directly with the mission, which could accordingly carry on all its operations without any open attempt at violating the enforced peace.

A few weeks only elapsed, however, ere new troubles arose. GREEN JOSH, one of the leading chiefs of the island, had become a Christian, and in his new-born zeal for the cause had done his utmost to aid in securing the overthrow of the Munga and Jinga worship by giving his evidence as to the true nature of the two systems. He had belonged both to the Jingas and the Mungas. But although the former were very angry at him for having deserted them, and also for having given such evidence against them as helped much to put them down, they would have let him alone. But the fierce Mungas, who were enraged at him for the same cause, would not do so. He was too great a man, however, for them to attempt to touch personally, so they put out their wrath on his wife—his one wife, a Christian too, at least professedly, for if not one in reality, she had at least renounced their heathenish ways.

The manner in which they did this may appear to some very extraordinary, but as it illustrates the way in which the Mungas put out THE PECULIAR POWER WHICH THEY POSSESS OF KILLING THEIR VICTIMS without actually laying hands on them, the account of the circumstances may be interesting. Previous to his conversion Green

Josh had only had two wives, a very rare thing indeed for a man of his rank in this island, and of course when one of these was put away the other was the cynosure of many eyes. She had been at one of our meetings in perfect health one evening, but was soon after taken ill, and although attended by Mr. Fuller and myself, she continued in a most unsatisfactory condition for two or three days. Then on Sunday morning she became affected in a most peculiar manner, and also began to utter the extraordinary sound known as "THE MUNGA HOWL," *i.e.*, the noise made by the natives when the spirit of Munga takes possession of them as his victims.

When this change took place, Green Josh came straight to Mr. Fuller and told him that *Munga had caught his wife*. On hearing this, Mr. Fuller and myself went with him to see into the matter. "Is that the Munga howl?" asked he, on hearing the extraordinary noise. "Yes." "Then take her right down to the head Munga-man and leave her at his door." At this time, except that she had the power to howl, and that with such vehemence as to make her head shake in doing so, she was utterly prostrate. In this condition she was taken up and carried in a couch along to the head Munga-man's door.

By this act all the responsibility was laid upon him, as it tacitly said, "You have pretended to give up your tricks. Here is proof that you have not; continue this work longer if you dare." The fear of the British again acted beneficially, and the leading Munga-men were soon called together around their suffering victim. As she lay howling, one of them gave her a slight slap on the head, saying as he did so, "Stop that noise," which she at once did, but otherwise there was no change in her condition, for she lay like one dead. They then got some stuff which having chewed they spit out upon her, and bade her get up and go wash in the river. In a minute or two she did so, and on coming out of the water was *as well as before she was struck in this*

*manner.* However strange this may appear, or however these things are to be accounted for, Mr. Fuller and I were eye-witnesses of these facts.

The reason for Mr. Fuller giving such prompt advice to send her to the Munga-man was this. Shortly before the burning of the mission buildings, one of the native teachers, who had been converted through his own instrumentality, and was well instructed in the Christian truth, was struck exactly in the same manner. The people said to Mr. Fuller, "Munga have him" But he would not believe that they could have any such power. The poor man died, however, and now that this new case had occurred, he resolved to test the matter, so I in like manner, when the people told me of these things, would not believe until I saw the case of this woman.

Shortly after this another of our native teachers took ill immediately after he had been threatened by an uncle, who was a Munga man. The father of this young man was one of our native preachers. His Munga brother had quarrelled with him. The son, who knew the rectitude of his father's conduct, was trying to interpose, when the uncle angrily exclaimed, "Munga catch you!" and very soon after the lad was seized with the symptoms already described. The father, who had then and still has the charge of the church at Jebari, had been a Munga-man himself, and knew therefore what was the matter with his son, but had no power to save him. This case all those about the mission-house saw and knew of. Thus, however it may be done, whether by secret poison or by any other means, THE FACT IS CERTAIN, THAT MUNGA MEN HAVE THE POWER TO PRODUCE DEATH IN THAT INEXPLICABLE FASHION.

Another form of the extraordinary power possessed by the Munga-men to inflict death, as seen by Mr. Fuller, myself, and others, is the following, viz, that they have the POWER TO FILL A PERSON WITH LIVE SCORPIONS, and so bring about their death in a most horrible manner. I

have distinctly seen one or more of these below the skin of the victims ; not only so, but I have also seen them move from one place to another, viz., up or down the hand, arms, or legs of the persons in whom they are, thereby *causing excruciating agony to the victims*. That these things are really so does not rest upon my testimony alone. Dr. Hutchinson, a doctor on the coast, had at least one such case under his care. And when the woman died he **TOOK THREE SCORPIONS OUT OF HER BODY**, and has them still preserved in spirits. These I have seen, as well as those in the living persons. I have often asked how this could be done, and have been told that one way in which they do it is by taking a live young scorpion and embedding it in clay until it dies. Then taking it out, they lay it in the sun until it dries. They then pulverise it, and rub it upon the person whom they wish to affect, it being supposed to penetrate the skin and breed others under it. Others say that it is done by putting the eggs of a scorpion into water or other liquid, and giving the person to drink whom they so wish to afflict, and in effect to murder. Whether the thing be done in any of these modes or otherwise, yet the fact remains the same, that live scorpions are really found in the person. Then it may further be stated, that it is a known fact that a scorpion's egg cannot be destroyed except by burning.

Besides these terrible religious systems which so hinder the progress of missions in Africa, there are many of their social "customs" which, though not productive of so much actual suffering and loss of life, are equally degrading to their moral natures, and prove quite as great *hindrances to the spread of the gospel* as the former. For instance, **POLYGAMY** and **DOMESTIC SLAVERY** are universal. To show how polygamy affects mission work in Africa, I may state that sometimes a man will come so far under the power of the truth, that he will want to come to the mission and become a member of it. He may be perfectly sincere in this, but

it may turn out that he is the husband of from six to thirty or even more wives, and also the father of forty or more children. Now the question arises, *What is to be done with all those wives?* The mission will not receive him unless he give them all up but one. He may hesitate, but the missionary has no choice; he must insist. Sometimes this is done, oftener it is not done; the man practically decides to keep to his wives and his idols. And generally, after a man passes through a crisis like this, *he lives and dies in the same condition.*

To show further how this evil system of polygamy works as a hindrance to the Gospel, I may state that here the law is, that when a man dies, his eldest son inherits all that he has, even to his wives. Thus it sometimes comes to pass that a youth of twenty years will find himself the husband of some twenty wives, one of whom may be his own mother. It is quite a possible case that this youth may have been trained in the mission school. If so, he has to make *his choice between giving up all this wealth* (for an African's wealth consists principally of his wives, who work for him), *or give up his connection with the mission, it may be his hope in Christ.* He may stand this test or he may not. One sad instance of the latter came under my own observation. A very promising young man connected with our mission was by his father's death left in such a position. He had been considered a Christian, but he did not stand the test, as he took his father's wives and *settled down in heathenism again.* And unfortunately the case was by no means a solitary one.

There is very little of the restraints of law among them; still they have a mode of trial and system of judgment of their own. For example, if a man or woman be charged with a crime, say theft or murder, and if the accused plead not guilty, the case goes to proof in the following way: A great gathering is convened. Then the mother of the supposed culprit is required to prepare a poisonous drink

of a very deadly nature. This the mother does, but she knows exactly how to neutralise it, so that seldom or ever does any one fall a victim to justice in this way. Should it be decided to try the case by boiling or burning oil, they know a secret by which they can counteract the effects of receiving a quantity of the burning liquid into the palm of their hands. Previous to passing through this ordeal, there is something in which they wash their hands. They also take care to receive the oil into their hands while they are wet, which keeps them from receiving injury. So as a rule all the culprits pass their trial triumphantly and are adjudged innocent. This method of judicial trial applies only to free men. The code which applies to slaves is very different and much more realistic, as the following incident will make manifest.

As Mr. Fuller and I stood on the piazza one day, we observed a man running at full speed along the beach towards the mission-house with a great crowd of natives, both men and women, hard after him. About forty yards from where we stood they overtook him, and in a moment, before it was possible for any one to have interfered, they had him *hewed in pieces with their cutlasses*. This man was a slave, and his offence, as we afterwards learned, was that of having set fire to his master's house (one of the chiefs). The burning of this house, however, was a matter of no little consequence, as in common with the other chiefs' houses, it was stored with articles of a nature which may somewhat surprise my readers, viz., splendid gilt mirrors, sofas, chairs of all kinds, marble-topped tables; bedsteads in iron, rosewood, and mahogany; pictures; china, glass, and stoneware, &c. But these were not kept for use as in this country; they were stored up in boxes, and only taken out on great occasions, as, for instance, to show visitors the extent of their wealth.

Such, then, was the condition, social, moral, and religious, of the people in this part of Africa. Yet deeply sunk and degraded as they were, I have been able to show that re-

garding not a few of them it might be said, "And such were some of you : but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God."

Having now shown to some extent the condition of Africa and of its people, I may further, by way of conclusion to this chapter, give some idea of the difficulties encountered by those who go out to open up new fields of labour in this dark continent. This, perhaps, can best be done by giving some little account of the settlement of two missionaries with their wives at a new station. From what has been already said, it will have been seen that there was too much bustle and real earnest hard work carried on at this mission in the Cameroons to permit anything like dulness or monotony. Yet, notwithstanding this, there is a sense in which the two or three busy missionaries are a lonely little band, cut off as they are from friends and country by the great ocean. Their great joy and delight at meeting friends from home only those can know who have been in such circumstances.

These feelings we realised to the full when our two brethren in the faith, Revs. T. L. Johnstone and C. Richardson, with their wives, were sent out by the Baptist Missionary Society to start a mission in the interior, under the supervision of the late Mr. Q. Thomson. Some little account of their earliest experiences will help readers to comprehend something of the difficulties to be encountered in the formation of a new mission settlement in Africa.

They landed at Victoria, where I went and met them. While the rest of the party rested there, Messrs. Thomson and Richardson went up exploring into the country in order to find a suitable place. They fixed on Bakunda as a favourable spot at which to commence an interior mission. While they were there Mr. Richardson was struck down by fever, and Mr. Thomson hastened down so that the rest of the party might be hurried up to him as quickly as possible.

Resolving to go by water, as the most expeditious mode of transit, the whole party had proceeded up the river about forty miles when the natives came out in force, and refused to allow their further advance. Not only so, but they took all their stores of provisions, clothing, and everything, in short, from them, then started them back per force by the way they had come. This failure to reach Bakunda would have been a disappointment under any circumstances, how much more so when the life of one so dear to them, and the preservation of which was of so much importance to the mission, hung in the balance, while the turning of the scale depended (humanly speaking) on their reaching him with necessary aid in time?

After this enforced return, the anxiety felt regarding Mr. Richardson was much increased by a report which reached us regarding his death. To find out the truth of this report, a journey had to be taken overland to the place, which was no light matter, as there were neither roads, nor beasts of burden, nor any means whatever of facilitating this journey of eighty miles, which therefore had to be made on foot through jungle, over rivers, and up the mountain.

There was just one possible way of getting at the information wanted. About seven miles up the mountain was the mission station of Bonjonga, where were our two brothers, Messrs. Wilson and Monday. If this place could be reached they would be able to communicate with Bakunda, and find out what we so much wished to know. But who was to take the journey up the mountain? None of us knew the way. In this emergency I volunteered to go, if some one could be got to act as guide. This was done, and without delay we started for Bonjonga, which we reached that night, quite a feat as travelling goes in Africa. Having laid the matter before our brethren, they started themselves for Bakunda on Tuesday morning, and by Saturday night they were back to us with the glad intelligence that Mr. Richardson was not only alive, but so



much recovered as to have begun arrangements for building the mission premises.

As the natives had interdicted the passage of the missionaries by water to Bakunda, arrangements had to be made for the difficult overland journey to it, which, as before stated, was no easy matter even without encumbrances; how much more so when everything necessary for the establishment of a new mission had to be transported thither? And as there was no other available means for doing so but the heads of the natives, of course a good many carriers were needed. Some fifty were got, and everything being ready, we started on our long journey of considerably over eighty miles.

The best roads in the interior of Africa are mere foot-paths through the forest from town to town, on which the natives walk single file, a few yards from each other, each man with his load on his head and his cutlass in his hand or at his side, to defend himself against any beast or serpent that may be in the path.

The goods were carried on the heads of the carriers, while our sisters Richardson and Johnstone were carried in an Ashantee hammock, as the only possible kind of substitute that could be devised for the coaches and railways of civilised countries.

On the first day we journeyed about fifteen miles, and remained over-night at a chief's house, who gave us a hearty welcome, and asked with great anxiety if we were going to give him some missionaries. Next day we set out, but we had not proceeded far when Mr. Johnstone was taken sick. Quite a number of our carriers also refused to go farther, and such a host of minor difficulties arose as seemed to bar all further progress through the wilderness. But notwithstanding all this, we resolved to go on, in the hope that at the next town we reached help would be got in the way of new carriers, &c. In the meantime, however, our ladies had not only to walk but also to assist in carrying the bundles.

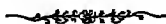
On reaching the next town we did not get the help expected, for the people were at war with another tribe, so we could get no new carriers, though double pay was offered as an inducement. At the next place reached we found carriers willing to go with us, but not to carry heavy loads, even packs of forty pounds they considered too much, and kept crying out "Heavy ! heavy !" By all these difficulties and hindrances the illness of Mr Johnstone was much aggravated, which in turn added to our anxiety. Then a new difficulty presented itself in the form of a river which had to be crossed. How to manage with the ladies and our sick brother was now the question.

But like all the others with which we met, this also was overcome. There is no lack of wood in Africa, so some of the party set to work and cut down trees, with which a raft was made, on which all were got over in safety, and without much inconvenience. And, finally, we reached Bakunda when our meeting with one who had been supposed to be dead was both joyful and affecting.

Next day Mr Johnstone preached to the natives, Mr. Wilson interpreting. On the Tuesday following, Mr. Wilson and I set out on our journey home. We reached Bonjonga (Mr. Wilson's home) in safety, and after a time of needful rest I set off down the mountain to mine on the coast-line of the Cameroons, which I had scarcely reached when I was struck down with fever.

When I had recovered, Mr. Fuller being anxious to extend his missionary operations further into the interior of the Cameroons, I set out on an exploring expedition into the Abo country. I was accompanied by the two Abo boys whose conversion I have narrated (page 159). These were a great help to me in introducing me to the chief and his people, whom they urged to allow me to establish a mission among them and teach them about Jesus, whom they themselves had learned to know and love as their Saviour. The chief gave me permission, and sold me a site for the

mission premises. I had not been there six weeks, however, when, in the midst of my arrangements, I was struck down with the country fever, that deadly malarial fever which has caused that part of the country to be called by some "A mortiferous paradise," "The White Man's Grave." When I got back to the Mission, I was so completely "used up" that the doctor ordered me off to England, where I arrived in 1879 so very sick and feeble, that for a time it seemed extremely doubtful whether I should ever be able to return to the African Coast. By 1880, however, I was so far recovered as to be beginning to think of preparing to do so. And glad enough I was at this, notwithstanding all the attacks of fever I had had, and all that these had done to my health, for who that has seen *the sad condition of its sons could ever rest satisfied without doing all within the range of possibility toward their amelioration?* But before re-embarking for Africa I resolved to visit America, for the double purpose of still further re-establishing my shattered health, and of paying a visit to my aged mother, whom I had not seen since the days when my folly and sin had made her life a weariness. In paying this visit I was accompanied by my wife, the eldest daughter of Sir Robert Tainsh, whom I had just married, a lady so devoted to the cause of Africa that she was *willing to sacrifice everything in order that she might be personally serviceable to its hapless sons*. Not only was she willing to go to Africa, but to that most sickly part of it called "The White Man's Grave," because from that very circumstance she supposed it would be most neglected. "I am willing to go," she would say, "*though I should not live a month* ; only I should like to live much longer, in order to have the opportunity of teaching these benighted people, and be the means of letting in the light of Heaven on their dark minds." How our way was opened up to go to Liberia, and what experiences we had there, will be related in the following chapter.





## CHAPTER X.

### MY NEW SETTLEMENT.

Return to Africa—Liberia : its colonisation—My new settlement—Our inauguration services—Great gathering—Six different dialects—Securing their interest—The hymn-singing—Their attempts to follow—The great feast—Meetings with the chiefs—Meetings for the people—"God's palaver here to-night"—Chief Pepper—Interesting case—His conversion—African charms—His crusade against the gods—Burning the idols—His influence and devotedness—Becomes my right hand man—His attempts at preaching—The canoe incident—My wife's work among the girls—Carried off to the Greegree house—Polygamy—Marriage customs—Our boys—My wife seized by fever—Her illness and death—Her silent appeal—A violent sunstroke—Obliged to leave—Return home.



WHILE for a short time in the British Metropolis I happened to meet with the Rev. Dr. E. Blyden, the Secretary of the American Colonisation Society for the interior of Liberia, who was on his way to Washington. When we were talking together about Africa I told him that it was my purpose to go out again and endeavour to start *an independent mission in the interior*, in the working of which I would be untrammelled, and free to combine all that I had found to be most useful and most suited for the people in the methods of operations which I had seen employed at the different missions I had visited and had wrought in. In this course he greatly encouraged me.

This apparently casual meeting proved to be one of those little, often unnoticed, yet important providential links which bind together the various parts of one's history.

On his arrival in Washington, while in conference with the President of the Society as to the state of matters in Liberia, Dr. Blyden was informed that it was their desire to have missions established in the interior on the very principles on which I had stated that I intended to conduct mine. This at once recalled to Dr. Blyden's mind the conversation he had with me. So he mentioned my name, and stated his belief that I was just the man they wanted, and urged the President to communicate with me. This he did, and made me the offer of land on which to settle and build, on condition that I should start a mission there and conduct it on the principles notified to Dr. Blyden.

This offer I laid before my friends, who advised me to accept it, while the Church which I had attended as a boy wished to call me then missionary, offering to send me what support they could as a free-will offering. These offers I accepted, and my wife and I at once started for our new home in Liberia, well furnished with all the necessary requisites for missionary labour in Africa. We landed at Monrovia, then proceeded to go up into the interior, part of the way sailing up the river, and the other part travelling on foot, much in the same way as I described in the last chapter, there to choose suitable land on which to settle.

As some readers may not be acquainted with the history of the colonisation of Sierra Leone and Liberia, a *résumé* of the more salient facts connected with it may help to a better understanding of my new sphere of labour. In 1772, in the celebrated case of the negro Somerset, Lord Mansfield decided that a negro, from the moment he sets his foot on British soil is a free man. In consequence of this a great number of black servants left their masters' houses

in London and wandered about the streets of the metropolis in a desolate condition. On learning these facts, Mr Granville Sharpe, one of the associates of Wilberforce, formed the plan of transporting them into their native country to lay the foundation of a colony. Government concurred in the undertaking, and the settlers were sent out and landed, on the 9th of May 1787, upon a district about twenty miles square, purchased from Naimbanna, the King of Sierra Leone. In 1807 the settlement was surrendered into the hands of the crown, and placed on the same footing as other British colonies. In the same year Britain prohibited her own subjects from carrying on the slave trade, and the Government also obtained an assurance from other countries that they too would discontinue it along all the coast northward of the Line. The Admiralty even received permission to treat as pirates such of their subjects as might be found employed in the conveyance of slaves within these limits. In her zeal for the abolition of this odious traffic, Britain maintained a number of ships which watched the seas, and captured every ship thus unlawfully laden. These liberated negroes were brought to Sierra Leone, and after a time obtained assignments of land from which to earn their own subsistence, and in 1829 the original number had increased to 21,205.

The Americans have pursued to a great extent a similar scheme of colonisation. The continually increasing slave population, who were now being set at liberty as the Emancipation Acts of different States were passed, were still regarded as beings of an inferior order, and treated almost as outcasts of society. To relieve the State from a class so much wronged, and to employ them in the civilisation of Africa, was to accomplish a double benefit. The design was first entertained in 1816 by several gentlemen. The President sanctioned their views, and in 1818 two government agents proceeded to Sierra Leone, and obtained a promise of land on the island of Sherbro, to which the

colonists were transported. In 1822 a general attack was made on them by about 1000 of the natives, which was repulsed, as also was a second one, with still more decided results. From this time the American colony has continued in a steady career of improvement. In 1823 it was named Liberia, and its chief town Monrovia. As the territory originally occupied was found too small for the growing population, more land was purchased on the river St. Paul. More acquisitions followed, and stations were formed along the coast.

A wide field of usefulness was here opened up for the Christian teacher among this liberated and civilised people, and no less so for the Christian missionary, as the colony was surrounded by many tribes and peoples. The first fifty miles of coast towards the north west is occupied by the Dey tribe, numbering between 5000 and 6000 persons. They have been described as lazy and pacific, but treacherous and cruel also when their passions are roused. Their villages extend about fifteen miles inland. Next to them are the Vey tribe, whose settlements stretch thirty miles inland. These number some 12,000, and till recently they were engaged in the slave-trade. Then the tract of coast, which stretches 180 miles south east of the colony, is occupied by subdivisions of the Bassa tribe. Their territory does not extend more than twenty miles from the sea, but they have a population of 125,000. They are very desirous of being furnished with the means of improvement, but polygamy and domestic slavery are universal, and, as in most parts of Africa, the women perform the servile work.

The place I chose for my settlement was away in the interior, on the St. Paul's River, at a point where I had easy access to all these tribes. Of course, the first thing to be done was to have a dwelling-house put up. In doing this I had the help of the natives. They did not work for love, however, but for what they could get—and their principle of action was to get as much as they could and to

little as possible in return for what they received. But as there was no limitation to our labour supply, our house was soon ready for occupation. A church and schoolroom followed. We then held OUR INAUGURATION SERVICES, at which we took possession of the district in the name of the Lord Jesus.

We got much assistance with these services. We had the president of the colony up from Monrovia, Dr. Blyden also, and other four ministers, each of whom did their best to make the day a profitable and happy one to all present. The principal items on our programme were singing hymns, delivering addresses, and a grand dinner—at least a dinner on a grand scale. The natives had been hoping for something of this kind, and we did not disappoint them. But instead of the numerous human victims which would have made the staple of the feast at the dedication of the place of worship for one of their false deities, we had about one cwt. of beef cooked, as much of pork, two cwt. of rice and four cwt. of sweet potatoes. This sufficed to give one substantial meal to all the multitudes assembled. I would not be understood as saying that they came together from interest in the service or from any high motives; the opposite of this was the case. But our purpose in bringing them together was high, and the doing of it was easily accomplished. We had merely to tell five or six of the natives of the great quantity of “chop” (food) that was being prepared, and our numbers were perfectly secure.

Then having got them together, our endeavour was to use to the best advantage this grand opportunity in order to get them to understand our object in coming among them, and also get them thoroughly interested in the mission. To speak so as to be understood was, however, no easy matter, as the gathering was composed of people from six different tribes, each of whom had a different dialect. This difficulty, however, was got over, as Dr. Blyden could speak the whole six, the president the most



of them, and the others one or more. The plan adopted was to address the people first in one dialect, and then repeat what was said in all the others, which of course took up a long time. What Dr. Blyden, who was the chief speaker, and the others, specially dwelt on in these addresses was, to show the people how great a benefit was being conferred on them in a mission being established among them; what a great blessing the introduction of Christianity would be to them in bringing trade and commerce to their country and great material improvements, endeavouring to secure their interest even on these grounds. And these advantages they seemed to appreciate on their being made plain to them, as they showed by their looks of wonder and interest, and such expressions as, "That be good," "That so?" This interest was used to lay hold of their minds and show them our higher purpose, even to teach them about Jesus and His love for them.

These addresses were interspersed with hymns, the singing of which added greatly to their interest. In this we had the help of the people from Monrovia and Cape Palmas. The most of the hymns sung that day were the negro hymns of America, such as the following:—

"Going to hoist my flag in Zion,  
Don't you be ashamed;  
King Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God,  
Wrote down my name," &c.

Another was—

"What a bright shining light that did shine upon us!  
I wonder, I wonder, that the Lord was so kind  
As to open our eyes, and to make us to see  
What a blessed kind Saviour has done for poor me!"

Another runs thus—

"King Jesus died all on the cross,  
King Jesus died all on the tree,  
King Jesus died for you and me."

Also, "I've been redeemed," &c., for they kept singing a great part of the day.

The mere words, however, apart from the striking and powerful way in which they were sung, will not convey much idea of them. It was very interesting to observe the attempts made by the natives to join in this part of the service, keeping time to the tunes by clapping their hands and humming them along with those who sang, as, of course, they did not know the words. And they caught up the swinging tunes so well that it was quite a common thing after this to hear them humming away at them, as they went through the bush. At the close of the day, we gave each of them a present, such as a comb, looking-glass, &c., which of course made a very favourable impression, and made it a high day to them.

Having by this service established a sort of general acquaintance with the people, we began to carry out our more particular operations among them. Once a week I held a meeting in the various villages expressly for the chiefs, as I found it would be expedient to try and reach them first. And these meetings were not confined to a few. I always let the chief whom I was to visit know beforehand that I was coming at a particular time. Then he invited all his great friends from other villages, who were quite willing to respond to his invitation, as I generally took with me about half a bushel of rice and some salt herrings, which at the first had doubtless much more attraction than anything I had to say to them. This was working on very low principles, it may be said, but by doing this they were brought together, and I got the opportunity of making known to them the truths which would raise them higher. That my endeavours were not without results will be seen from the case of one of the young chiefs called Pepper, whose story will be afterwards related.

Besides the weekly meetings held expressly for the chiefs in their own villages, I began others in the mission-house for all the people. These were held in the evenings, and were easily got up, as from the time of the inauguration services

the mission premises became, as it were, a house of call to all the people, who from that time came and went as they pleased. We and all our belongings were objects of great curiosity to them. Sometimes they would come, look about them, and go off again without remark. At other times they would pass nothing without the question, "What that be?" Thus their visits generally afforded opportunities for talk; and in order to get up a general meeting we had only to say to these visitors, "God's palaver be here to-night," and we were sure to have an audience which would average a hundred.

At first I had to speak to them through an interpreter whom I got up from Monrovia. As some of the people understood a little English, my plan was to speak to him so loud as they might hear, and in such a manner as they might understand and have the full benefit. Then he wrote down as I spoke, and so could exactly reproduce it for the benefit of the others when I had done. I retained the services of this man until the conversion of Pepper, who became a much more efficient interpreter, as this one was not converted.

The story of PEPPER'S CONVERSION may now be briefly told.

The meetings for the chiefs were held early in the day, but besides attending them, this chief began to come to these evening meetings also. One night he lingered until the people were all gone, and then coming up to us he put the question, "Does sin live for me?" which virtually amounted to, "Am I a sinner?" "Yes." "What for sin live for me?" We then explained to him how by one man sin entered into the world and death by sin, and that death had passed upon all men, for that all had sinned (Rom. v. 12). "How get him off?" was his next question. We then read to him some of the Scripture passages about this, and tried to make them level to his understanding and ideas. He listened to us with the greatest interest until

very late, and then left us apparently much impressed with what he had heard.

But Pepper did not go home that night, though he had left us, but lingered somewhere in the vicinity of the mission-house. In the morning he again made his appearance at our morning service, after which we asked, "Well, Pepper, how are you this morning?"

"Me no like country fashions," meaning his religion; "no good live for them, they kill people. I going be like missionary—missionary be good; no kill, country fashion kill life."

In such a manner did this distressed African express the feelings and desires that were struggling within him. It was plain he was seeing the evils of his own religious systems, and was earnestly longing to know that better religion which we were teaching him. So my wife and I, to the best of our ability, set before him the living risen Redeemer, whom in all simplicity of faith he seemed to accept as his personal Saviour, though the only verbal expression he could give to this new experience was, "I going live for that Man," meaning that he was now going to follow Him. Since that morning he has given ample evidence that he then experienced a real change, and that he could sing with Wesley—

"Long my imprisoned spirit lay  
Fast bound in sin and Nature's night,  
Thine eyes diffused a quickening ray;  
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;  
My chains fell off, my heart was free,  
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee"

The following little incident will illustrate how promptly he acted up to every fresh accession of light on practical matters. One Sunday I spoke to them from Matt. vi. 3, and in showing them how to make their offerings acceptable to the Lord, I pointed out that the fuss they sometimes made about what they gave for the support of the mission (such as a cutlass or a fathom of cloth, &c.) was wrong,

and that they should do it without show, as to the Lord. One night shortly after this we found five fathoms of cloth in the offering-box. This was a large offering, indeed, and we wished to know who had put it in, and so made some inquiry, but no one knew. We surmised that Pepper was the donor, and I tried to find out, but he evaded all my questions. At last my wife got him to confess that he had put in the cloth, and when she further questioned him as to his reason for concealing it from every one, he replied, "Missionary say you make big palaver 'bout thing, God no like it. I no want make big mouth 'bout it."

Pepper became also very useful to me in the mission work. We taught him to read, and he soon became very proficient in it, as he already knew a little of English from his journeys to the Cape. He undertook the industrial part of the training of the boys, and became master of all the agricultural operations conducted on the mission land. We had twenty-five acres of land assigned to us in connection with our mission, and under Pepper's energetic supervision twelve of these were soon cleared and planted with coffee-trees, &c. Here is an incident that will show how the light and truth were gradually influencing his mind. As in other parts of Africa, the people here were great believers in CHARMS. There was one in particular so highly valued by them, that a trader would give them goods to the amount of £30 or more if he got it as security. He knew it was sure to be redeemed, even though two or three wives had to be sold in order to do so. They held it in such reverence, and handled it with such care, that when they did wear it, which was only on high occasions, they walked as if they were afraid of the least harm befalling it any moment. Any one who possessed this charm they believed that nothing bad could ever befall; it was a sacred protection from all possible evil, and an infallible guarantee of prosperity and bliss. As Pepper belonged to the highest class, he

possessed one of these expensive charms. We were very particular in not wearing about our persons anything which had even the appearance of a charm. He noticed this, and so one day asked, "What charms you wear for them God?" We explained to him that we did not wear any charms; we did not need them, as God took care of us: and the only thing we had was His Word, by which He spoke to us and told us how to live. Finding that we did not require charms, he began to think that his could not be of much importance or value. He got curious about it, and so brought it to me one day that I might open it and see what was in it,—“what live for inside,” as he expressed it. He was certainly beginning to lose faith in its potency, and yet there was still a lingering dread of it, which prevented him opening it himself. He appeared to shrink a little as I began the operation. But when I turned out only a little *sawdust* from the highly-ornamented leather cover, his astonishment and indignation seemed equally excited, and he uttered an exclamation which is equivalent to our “Oh goodness me!” in English. Then, pointing to the sawdust, he said, “Him be all that live there? Him cost more than woman.”

He was now so disgusted with *the sham of the whole system* that he began to make A GENERAL CRUSADE AGAINST THE GODS. Every idol he could lay his hands on and snatch from the houses he brought to the mission and burnt them in the fire. As a chief, he could of course do many things which I dared not attempt, but I was always afraid he would get us into trouble in consequence, as the people might have risen up against us. Sometimes he was nearly getting himself into trouble. One day he had almost reached the mission-house with an idol he had seized, when the owner of it overtook him, and then there was a great palaver between them in consequence. Hearing the noise, I went out and saw them thus engaged. Pepper did not care to give it up, but rather than come to actual warfare

he threw it down. In the fall one of its arms was broken off, at which he laughed heartily, as the man picked up his mutilated god and went off with it on his shoulder.

Like most young converts, he was *full of zeal and ardour*. He seemed as if he could not rest without getting all and sundry to come over to the new religion and share in the joy of it. And so he would often plead with the people to come to chapel and school, urging his plea with "*Them be God's place*."

Soon after this he decided to come and live with us altogether at the mission house, and then he became MY RIGHT-HAND MAN in everything. I could now go up the interior at any time, and leave everything under his care without anxiety. "Mumina," as he called my wife, took great pains in instructing him in English, and so he soon became an efficient interpreter. But he had a great desire to preach himself to the people. So one Sunday he made the attempt, and simply and earnestly did he speak to them. Here is a specimen of the practical way in which he tried to win them. 'You give up them idols and get new heart like me, Jesus meet you in the morning and say, 'Good morning, how be you?' You say 'Very well,' you all right, got new heart, and glad to meet Jesus. But no give up idols, and Jesus meet you in the morning and Him say, 'Good morning, how be you?' You no say 'Well,' you no got new heart.' Then he would tell them about the angels, how glad they would be if they came to Jesus. THE ANGELS was a favourite subject of his. Even when he was acting as interpreter, whatever my subject would be he was almost sure to have in a bit about the angels on his own account. It was generally when he did not know what I was meaning that he would do this. As I grew better acquainted with the language I could detect this, and would say, "Come now, Pepper, I didn't say that." Then he would stop and look up to the ceiling with a wondering look and wait until I repeated my words. He had got his

ideas about them from a book which we had, in which they were represented as employed in some mission of mercy in one or other of the Bible stories. Ever afterwards the subject of them and their ministry seemed to have great attractions for him.

Another of Pepper's duties was to take his place at the mission-house door in the morning, and see the natives who came for medicine. He, of course, talked with them, learned their complaints, and then reported to us, when we prescribed for them to the best of our ability. With this part of his work Pepper seemed to be greatly delighted, and used to take up his position and maintain it with all the dignity of office. And as we had prayers in the morning, he always took care to get these patients to remain to "God's palaver." Here I may state that I got a little knowledge of medicine while in London, which I increased considerably while with Mr. Fuller in the Cameroons. While with him I obtained much practical knowledge as to how to deal with the diseases most prevalent in the country, particularly among the children. And as I had a well-furnished medicine-chest among my stores, I was often able to relieve them very effectually, which added much to my influence among them, and which I turned to good account.

Pepper's father used sometimes to come and visit his son, and always in state, for he was a great chief. He had three attendants—one to carry his hat, for it was only when he came into the house that he put it on, another to carry his handkerchief, and another his gold-headed cane. His dress was a white shirt and a sort of loose wrapper, and a broad ivory ring round each wrist. On such occasions he was particularly attentive to my wife, and after many salaams and gesticulations would present her with his snuff-box. This was carried in a hole which all the people make for that purpose in the lobe of their ears. He would then begin to speak of his son, and seemed quite proud of him and his new acquirements. "Plenty stuff live for him"



(meaning that he was very clever), he would say with an emphatic shake of his head; "Him be good mission boy, mission be good thing," &c.

Pepper did not need to be provoked to good works, for whenever he had any leisure time he had always some special bit of work ready to turn to. For example, there was a family in the Vey tribe which he made a point of visiting once a week. They were instrument-makers,—peculiar kind of knives used for cutting up human flesh after being offered in sacrifice. The object of his visit was to get them to give up this employment. In this he succeeded, and got them also to attend the services at the mission.

Here I may state that the same terrible forms of worship obtained as at the Cameroons. Pepper belonged to both Munga and Jinga. In consequence of his change of religion, he became an object of the intensest hatred to these sects. The Munga-men especially often came to him to get him back, and with them he had great palavers in consequence, especially at the time of the festivals, when it was his turn to perform an important part of the dread service. But they could do nothing to him because of his rank.

From certain things that occurred one night, I knew that there was to be a sacrifice in their grove. I could see that Pepper knew it too. I spoke of it, and wished him to take me to the place. He would not promise, but I insisted that he should. So he could not refuse to obey orders. But he took care, however, to lead me in a very different direction from the grove, so that we wandered about, but never reached it. His object in thus misleading me, as I found out, was to prevent possible consequences, for he knew that if we had been discovered both our lives might have been taken. When I pressed him to tell me about the practices carried on, he never would say more than—"Country fashion no good; country fashion kill life."

In addition to all his other duties, Pepper had also sole management of the canoe used on the river. And most faithfully did he fulfil his trust all the time we were at Brewer's Ville (the name of the district in which the mission was situated), and in my absence he is behaving in an equally satisfactory manner as when I was present to direct and supervise his movements. Regarding this canoe of which Pepper had charge, I may notice a little incident connected with the procuring of it. We soon came to find, from our vicinity to the river, that the possession of a canoe would be a great help in carrying on our mission operations; but as we had not the means to get one, I proposed to my wife that we should make the getting of it a special matter of prayer. To this she agreed, and one day while we were engaged in doing so, a Mandingo man came in and stood up behind us. Here it must be remembered that there is no ceremony in regard to entering a house. If he feels inclined to do so, a native just opens the door and walks in, and makes himself comfortable.

When we were done praying he said, "Who you talk to?" We explained to him that we had been asking the Lord to send us a canoe. "Is He going send you one?" "Yes, if He thinks it good for us to have one He will send it." "I'm going look," he replied, and took his departure. Then every morning he came with the inquiry, "Him canoe come?" Soon after this some money was sent us from America. After obtaining all necessary supplies for our mission we had quite enough left to buy a canoe, and so procured one. Next morning to the usual, "Him canoe come?" we replied, "Yes." "Where him live?" (equal to where is it?) "In the creek." "I go look him." And away he went to look at the God-sent canoe. But in a very short time he was back, and in a state of great indignation sputtered out, "What for you tell lie? How you say God send him canoe? Think I no know canoe? I know man canoe live for (*i.e.* belongs to). Why you go

say God send him! How you come here to speak God's palaver and tell big lie!!" It was quite in vain that we explained to him that God had sent the money with which we had bought the canoe, and so had really given it to us; nothing but a direct literal down-coming from heaven of the canoe could have satisfied him as to its being given as a direct answer to our prayers.

It was curious to note this readiness to detect anything that would have the least appearance of falsehood in us, and the indignation thereat, when *lying is such a common practice among themselves*, thus showing how they understood the difference between our religion and practice and theirs.

Thus we wrought on among the adult population, arduous enough as our work was, yet having results sufficient to cheer and encourage us to fresh exertions. Then as to the other part of our work AMONG THE CHILDREN. It was principally carried on by my wife. No sooner had the gates of civilisation closed behind her than she was eager to commence the work of planting the seeds not only of civilisation, but of eternal life, in the degraded natures of those who had so long sat in darkness. We soon got together a fine class of some fourteen girls and six boys, who were to be her special charge. These we procured by personal solicitation from the chiefs. They were very agreeable to our proposal to teach their children. "Yes, we want boy to learn book, we want missionary come sit down here," &c., were some of their sayings. Yet notwithstanding this apparent eagerness, we had to give them a sum in goods equal to £30 for our six boys before we could get them. With the girls it was different. I have already remarked that polygamy and domestic slavery are universal. What has been said of peoples to the south of this might be repeated as exactly describing what obtained here, viz. :

"Polygamy is practised according to a man's means—the more wealthy he is the more wives he buys, each costing so many cutlasses, so much cloth, so much iron, soap, and

many other commodities. The wives sleep in separate huts, and one result of being a wealthy man in the matter of wives is that the husband does no work at all, but makes his wives work for him."

Knowing on what a precarious sort of tenure she held the girls, my wife was particularly anxious about them, and unremitting in her endeavours to do them good. She knew not how soon her opportunities might be gone, as some of these girls might already be sold for wives, or might be so any day. And then, however anxious the girls might themselves be to remain with us, they could not, so perfect is the despotism of the chief over his subjects, and of the parents over their children.

She taught them not only to read and sew, but also to cook, clean, and do household work in general. In these they seemed to take great delight, and became very expert at them. Then she had her Bible-class, which she conducted in a somewhat public manner, as she had not merely in view the instruction of the girls, but she wished also to give the Africans a picture lesson, as it were, of *the true position of woman*, how she was fitted to be the companion and helper of man, not his slave. Thus did she go on from day to day, labouring most assiduously to accomplish great things among them.

Things went on very prosperously for some months, not one girl had been taken away, and she was beginning to think that perhaps the danger of losing the girls had been over-estimated. We were talking of this one day, and I bade her ask how many of them were "engaged." "Why, Jim," she said, laughing, "they are mere girls." "Never mind, you ask them," I said. Next day she came in from school quite pleased, and said that none of them were engaged. "Well, Annie," was my reply, "I believe your statement, but I don't believe theirs." One morning soon after, when I went to open the school with prayer as usual, I found that no fewer than ten of the girls were amissing.

The only excuse given for their absence was that they had gone to market, and would come late. I had my misgivings, but said nothing. At noon I went to inquire if they had arrived, but they had not. Then in the afternoon my wife came to me in the utmost distress, as she had just learned that they had been all *CARRIED OFF TO THE "GREEGREE HOUSE,"* where they would be kept until brought out as wives for the men who had bought them.

In her anxiety my wife avowed her intention of going to the "Greegree house" to try and get them released, but I soon convinced her that there was not the slightest use in making the attempt. Then she proposed going to the chief, and get him to use his influence to get them back. But I could only show her that in like manner this also would be of no use, as for aught she knew, she might go to the very one who had bought some of the girls, for, perhaps, his eighth, ninth, or tenth wife. And should such be the case, he would not only have cunning enough to hide the fact, but also pretend to commiserate her distress by saying, "Too big rogue live for our country, him fit to tief him girl." Thus our promising class was broken up, and nothing in fact could be done to prevent such practices, until the light of life should be brought to bear upon these dark minds, to show them the dread evil connected with them. Until then we could only pray and wait, and do such work as was possible to be done.

The place to which these girls were carried was a secondary sort of Greegree-house, quite different from the religious ones, and which seems to be intended as a sort of training school for their future duties as wives. They are shut up there entirely under the charge of some old women, who teach them we know not what, for these girls, like the Kuku boys, keep their secret after they come out, and no one is allowed to go in while they are there to see what goes on. Generally five or six of the girls are ready to come out together. They are marched into the town, when their future

husbands are there ready to pay over the goods which have been agreed on as their price. The girls are now dressed up in all their native finery, then the dance commences, which lasts all the day. The girls are set right in the centre, and this in order *to test whether they have been properly trained*. If so, they sit in the midst of all the jollity with countenances perfectly unmoved. If they pass this ordeal all is right, according to African ideas. But if they should be tempted into a smile or a laugh very serious consequences follow. For one thing the marriage will be annulled, the father will have to take the girl back, and the man who had bought her would feel quite disgraced.

Such was the condition of the girls in this part of Africa as well as in the other parts, and such the work we began to carry on among them. With the boys there were not the same difficulties, as having bought them we could keep them without interference, so long as we clothed and fed them. As already stated, Pepper had charge of the agricultural and canoe departments of the mission work, which left me more free to teach them other things. Without entering into details, I may say that, like my wife with her girls, I tried to give them also a readiness to turn their hand to a variety of things, giving, of course, always the chief attention to the instruction and enlightening of their moral and spiritual nature. During these instructions they would often ask me very curious questions, but quite like the specimens I gave in the previous chapter.

But all our plans and purposes were only too soon brought to a standstill.

My wife was seized with the trying and deadly fever of the country. In order to hasten her recovery, and secure the best possible medical aid, I took her to Cape Monrovia. But all treatment was unavailing. Although she was confident of soon recovering and getting back to her delightful work again, God judged otherwise, and after twenty-one days' suffering she took—

“The one grand step, beyond the stars of God,  
 Into the splendour, shadowless and broad,  
 Into the everlasting joy and light.”

She passed away, regretting not that she had come to Africa, but that she had not been spared to work longer among its benighted inhabitants. Thus died one who “being dead yet speaketh” by her unselfish devotion and Christian courage in leaving her comfortable home and good position in England, where she was known and valued as a gifted teacher and writer.\* “Being dead she yet speaketh” with a voice of tender entreaty and appeal on behalf of the poor degraded Africans for whom she gave up her life.

*Who of her sisters will hear her appeal and follow her noble example?*

The death of my devoted partner was not only a great blow to me, but a terrible loss to the mission. It is a common saying that dark providences seldom come singly; it was so indeed in my case. Just before her death I received a violent sunstroke. I bore up under it, however, as well as I could, so that my illness might not in any way aggravate my wife's condition. But on the day of the funeral I had another stroke, probably my state of mind in consequence of my great loss made me heedless of the usual precautions against undue exposure. The result was, that I was totally incapacitated for work, and reduced to such a condition as made my immediate return to England imperative. So after I had placed a very suitable young man in my place to carry on the work of the mission in my absence, with Pepper for his right-hand man (whose value I now felt more than ever before, and his great gain to the missionary cause because of his influence and devotion), I left Liberia and sailed for England, as the only hope of ever recovering such a measure of health as would enable me to resume my work in Africa.

\* Her works on “Universal History” and “Ancient History” are still sold and prized.



## CHAPTER XI.

### SOLUTION OF THE MORAL PROBLEM. CONCLUSION AND APPEAL.

Gathering up the impressions—His purpose in the book—The difficult questions—The appeal to Scripture and history for the solution of the moral problem—Predictions regarding Cush—"Under vanity"—"In chains shall they come over unto thee"—Become suppliants to man—Ethiopia stretching out her hands to God—Touching appeals from her sons and missionaries.



HE narrative of Mr. Newby's prodigal life, conversion, and missionary labours, now lies before our readers. It is one which will do its own philosophising. Still it may be profitable in a word or two to *gather up the impressions*.

Turning to the early part of it, we see in him one of the oppressed African race, by a gracious Providence, escaping all personal experience of their degrading bondage and suffering at the hands of the cruel taskmaster. But though in one important sense *free*, we have seen him selling himself into the hands of a still more cruel and hard taskmaster, by pursuing a course which sunk him in a state of soul-slavery and degradation, the evils of which are only faintly typified by those of the outward bondage. So blinded was he by the deceitfulness of sin, that though thus led captive by Satan, and held fast by the cords of wickedness, he yet imagined himself free—perfectly free—and in his fancied liberty made choice of what he considered the best portion for man, viz., **PRESENT ENJOYMENT**.

In the wild, daring, and restless career which followed, we have set before us the instructive spectacle of a human being,



separated from God, trying, but trying in vain, to fill his hungry soul with earthly things. In this vain attempt we see him flitting from one scene of fancied pleasure and excitement to another, ever sinking lower and lower, and at length settling down, when in the far country, into a sort of swine's paradise. In this condition he was perfectly content, as there he could gratify to the full those evil passions which placed him on a level with the brute beasts.

*Instructive* spectacle, do we call this? Yes, truly so, in that the condition he reached as the inevitable issue of the course depicted in our earlier pages, may well both deter and warn others from entering on a similar one. Instructive? Yes, as never could we form such clear conceptions of the inherent tendencies of sin, and what departure from God means, did not these lower and more disgusting phases of vicious abandonment show us by experiment its actual results, and fully reveal its real nature to us in the rags and wretchedness, bloated face, bleared eyes, and tottering body of the debauchee—but especially in the extinction of all true human feelings, and in the substitution of a habit of being essentially brutish. At such a spectacle we can only look, shudder, and turn away; or, with a Christ like pity, lay hold of and try to save.

Happily, however, the story of Mr Newby does not end at a point like this, for, when he had acted out to the letter *the role of the prodigal*, and even gone beyond it, in that, while like him literally in the far country, clothed in rags, and seeking in vain for something to appease his hunger, he was further sunk so low as to have no feeling about the matter, nor had he the least desire or intention of arising and going to his Father. Yet when in this hopeless condition we next saw how He, who not only waits to be gracious to returning penitents, but who, *in aggressive love, knocks at the door of needless hearts*, did cause this soul, so long sunk in the depths of moral and spiritual death, to hear His voice. Then when thus brought face to face with the God from whom he had revolted, we next see him in his deeply felt need of the Saviour and His great salvation, stretching out his hands to Him, and finding mercy in the day of his extremity. Finally, the picture of restoration stands beautifully complete, when we see him hasting away with the glad tidings of salvation to the people on whom the darkness of death had also fallen, as **THE DREAD RESULT OF THE TURNING**

AWAY OF THEIR EARLY PROGENITORS FROM HIM WHO IS THE LIGHT OF THIS DARK WORLD.

Twice also, as this narrative further shows, has the subject of it visited the "Dark Continent" and laboured among its natives, until severe illness compelled him to revisit our shores in search of health. And now, considerably recovered, a third time he contemplates returning to Africa. But before doing so, it is his wish to tell the people of this country his life-story. In doing this he has a double purpose, viz. (1) To magnify God's grace, and show His gracious and merciful dealings with him, and that it might also be a means of blessing to those who are still, as he once was, in the far country feeding on the husks, living in the pleasures of sin, and who, though surrounded by the privileges and blessings of the gospel, are yet, by their neglect of them, laying themselves open to a condemnation so dread that, in the day of final retribution, the condition of the poor benighted African, who never heard the gospel, will be far more tolerable. To warn therefore, to stir up, and, as he hopes, to lead many to a timely consideration of these things, is the first part of his purpose. (2) He hopes further, by the sale of this volume, to procure the means of returning to Africa, and also of taking with him all the many requisites for the establishment of a new mission on the same principles as his last one, in some place where no one has yet preceded him with the glad tidings of salvation and eternal life in Christ.

*Our* purpose, however, in writing this volume, has been much more than this, as we have already indicated, and as our conclusion will further show. Ere concluding, therefore, we must seek, as promised, for some solution of the moral problem which Africa now presents in the condition of its people—or, at least, endeavour to say something which may aid in casting light on this subject.

The questions presenting themselves for consideration are as follows:—1. "Why this vast continent, though associated from the dawn of civilisation with traditions and mysteries of the most stimulating kind, has remained until recently one of the least known, and, both commercially and politically, the least important of the great divisions of the globe?" 2. Why so large a part of Africa should have been, as the previous pages show, entirely shut out from all participation in the benefits of the redemptive process centred in the one chosen people, and

of the economy of preparation which obtained among the nations in the other parts of the earth? 3 Why even the very existence of the teeming multitudes in its newly-explored centre was unknown until the last few years? with the consequent fact that these countless peoples, tribes, and tongues are still sitting in darkness the most profound, awaiting the glad tidings of joy which were so long ago sent to other people, and so, during all these thousands of years, have been without a chance of being other than they are—HEATHEN. Such are the questions which make the moral condition of Africa a problem indeed to solve.

As it is our belief that only in the light afforded by Scripture can any unravelling of this mystery be made (aided by such corroborations as the facts of history can afford thereto), we shall therefore proceed to inquire if THE BOOK, which was formerly "written for our learning," has anything to say on this subject.

On beginning this inquiry we find that under various names and figures Scripture has much to say about the past and present condition, as well as the future prospects, of Africa. As the subject is one worth the fullest investigation, we shall endeavour to gather up a few of these statements, and place them before the minds of our readers.

In Chapter VII. we stated that Africa was the particular patrimony of Ham and his posterity, and with this all writers, ancient and modern, and also Scripture itself, seem to agree. The names of his sons, Cush, Mizraim, and Phut, were the very names given at first to the countries in it. Regarding Cush Gesenius says, "All the nations sprung from Cush are to be sought for in Africa." Now the land of Cush is always translated in our Bible Ethiopia, which name, besides designating Ethiopia proper (a country south of Egypt), is also applied to Africa as a whole, and to all countries inhabited by black people. In regard to Canaan, the only other son of Ham, who with his posterity at first had possession of the land of Palestine and the surrounding country, but whom "God drove out" (Acts vii. 45), after bringing destruction upon so many of them, there is evidence to show that they fled in great numbers into Africa. Procopius mentions having seen an ancient pillar which bore an inscription to the effect that the inhabitants of that country (towards the north-east of Africa) had fled from the face of Joshua the ravager (*Dr. Brown*). Another writer says, "A great body of the descendants of Canaan, at their terrible expulsion

from the promised land, fled into Cential Africa, and took refuge under the shadow of the wings of their elder brother, Cush. There, having lost their country, they lost all distinctive appellation, and the MINGLED PEOPLE were called by the common appellation of CUSH, which in our translation is rendered *Ethiopia*. It is thus we behold the curse pronounced on Canaan so long ago coming out in our own times in the slavery of the Negro."

Regarding this curse being pronounced upon Canaan, Bishop Newton says, "The Arabic version of Gen ix 25-27 has the *father of Canaan* instead of Canaan . . . By this reading (which he shows to have other good authority, and which Dr. Brown supports by saying that perhaps *father of* ought to be supplied before Canaan, as is done in Acts vii 16), all the three sons of Noah are included in the prophecy, whereas otherwise, Ham, who was the offender, is excluded, or is only punished in one of his children; by this it is implied that his whole race was devoted to servitude, but particularly the Canaanites. The whole continent of Africa was peopled principally by the children of Ham, and nothing can be more complete than the execution of the sentence *upon Ham as well as upon Canaan*."

Doubtless Canaan is specially mentioned, because of the connection of his posterity with God's people, and because of their pre eminent vileness, "For every abomination to the Lord which He hateth have they done unto their gods, for even their sons and their daughters they have burnt in the fire to their gods" (Deut xii. 31). And therefore they were to be visited with special judgment. The Israelites were charged to execute God's dread sentence to the letter upon them, *but* instead of fully doing so, they became corrupted by them, and "served their idols, which became a snare to them. Yea, they sacrificed their sons and daughters UNTO DEVILS, *they sacrificed unto the idols of Canaan, and the land was polluted with blood*." We can easily see from the many terrible passages describing their abominations, and warning the Israelites against them, how fully the Canaanites, at least, had prepared themselves for the outcome of the curse.

This curse at once gives us a clue, some may say, to the cause of Africa's past dark history and present wretched and awful condition. We have only to appeal to Scripture and history, and let the facts answer for themselves, to show how

much more is needed to account for that condition. Let us look now at what the Scriptures say about CUSH, understanding how that name is used, not only for the person but also for the land of Ethiopia, and that often in its wider application. We learn from them that he and his descendants had become the *objects of special displeasure to God*, that they had in some way *sinned in the superlative degree*, and had reached a pitch of wickedness that could not be exceeded, and so were used by God as a standard of reference in regard to the moral condition of His own people and His consequent pleasure in, or displeasure with, them. For instance, He asks (Amos ix 7), "Are ye not become as the children of the Cushites to me, O children of Israel?" And why, because they had been guilty of the same sins, therefore the judgments to fall upon them. Then the Benjamite spoken of in Ps. vii (title), who is thought to be Saul, is called Cush because of the black and horrid nature of his conduct.—(Henry)

Yet while Cush or the Cushites are thus marked out as the objects of God's special displeasure, and also as to be the subjects of judgments of various kinds, it may be observed that these are always represented as to fall at some point far in the future. As, for example, when God announces a day of coming wrath and of fierce anger, when He "would be terrible to all who had magnified themselves against His people; would furnish all the gods of the earth, and cause every man to worship Him even in the isles or countries of the Gentiles," He adds (Zeph. ii. 12), "Ye also, O Cushites, shall be stricken through with my sword" (Gesenius). Again it is said (Ezek. xxx. 4, 5), "Great pain shall be in Cush (Ethiopia), when the slain shall fall in Mizraim (Egypt), and they shall take away her multitude, and her foundation shall be broken down. *Cush*, *Phut*, and *Lud*, and all the *mingled* people, and Chub, and the men in covenant with them, shall fall by the sword." The time when this is to be is again distinctly announced, "The day of the Lord," "The time of the heathen," when idols are to be destroyed, and images made to cease (vers. 3, 13).

This announcement of judgments to fall upon the Cushites at that remote point necessarily implies their existence up to it, and also indicates some connection between the Cushites and idol worship, seeing that both are represented as to fall together.

That there is such connection we learn from the prophet

Habakkuk, who (11 5-20) pronounces woes upon different persons that had sinned after a distinctly specified fashion. These are evidently representative men—the leaders in the three great lines in which men had departed from God, viz., in their political, moral, and religious capacities. If we look closely at what follows each of these woes, we shall find that the sins pointed out are those of NIMROD, HAM, and CUSH, that of the latter being, “saying to the wood, Aw ke, and to the dumb stone, Arise, it shall teach.” That the introduction of idolatry was the sin of Cush, has had many remarkable corroborations from the fragments of ancient history yet extant, as we have shown in Chapter VII (but for more light on this, and all the other points of this nature, which we only touch upon and cannot discuss, we refer readers to our work, “The Midnight Cry,” and to “The Two Babylons.”) When the posterity of the three lines so mingle as to form a unity, then they are partakers of each other’s sin, become of course sharers in the inevitable results of these sins, and in the specific woe or judgment with which each will be visited. Thus the threefold curse of Nimrod, Ham, and Cush may be found attaching with all its force to the one mingled people of Ethiopia.

By consulting this passage in Habakkuk, it will be seen that the three evils against which woe is pronounced on the one with whom they originated, include in principle all sin as committed either against man or God —(1.) There is the woe on the political offender, Nimrod, who is called Merodach (the great rebel), he being the first to set up a kingdom in opposition to God, who was the rightful King of all the earth. The principle of despotism as then initiated by him has had a wide development, and it may be observed that the woe pronounced not only on him but on all who offend in such a manner ends with the declaration that this form of wickedness shall cease to exist, and the earth be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord its true King, and no longer with that of its usurpers. (2.) The woe on the moral offender, the tempter to debauchery of which Ham (and perhaps Canaan) was the historical type, who is to have the cup of the Lord’s right hand turned unto him. (3.) The woe on Cush, who was the introducer of idolatry and the maker of dumb idols, who is to be made to feel that their true nature is vanity, and that the Lord is in His holy temple, *ze*, is the true God, and as such will make the whole earth silent before Him.

From these Scriptures, therefore, and many others which could be mentioned, it may be seen that though the Cushites had by special transgression made themselves exceedingly offensive to God, yet their sin was not to be punished by summary and immediate judgment. Their doom was to be that of temporary abandonment to the control of the evil powers to which they had chosen to be subject, and then to be dealt with by the Lord Himself. They were to be under a dispensation of forbearance, during which the real nature of the powers by which they were controlled should be made manifest in their practical results. This we particularly learn from the prophet Habakkuk, who tells us the condition under which the "tents of Cushan," *i.e.*, the posterity of Cush the Ethiopian, are to remain during this long period. In chap. i. 13-17 we find him complaining that God had let the Chaldeans who destroyed His people go unpunished. Then he says, "I will stand upon my watch and set me upon the tower; I will watch to see what He will say in me," *i.e.*, in answer to my complaint. And the very first thing intimated to the prophet was that there was to be a time of delay before these things would be cleared up, the vision would tarry, but there would be a consummation of God's purposes, which must be waited for during a long course of preparation. The vision itself was then made to pass before his quickened eye in grand panoramic order, beginning at the point where God stood and measured the earth. When this scene had passed, a time of waiting is then represented by the words "He beheld." During this pause in the divine operations something was occurring among the nations which displeased him much, for the next scenic representation which appeared to the prophet was the Most High driving asunder the nations amidst awful natural phenomena which he briefly describes—this forming a terrible epoch in their history. And that such things as the prophet describes did take place at the scattering of the nations, the fragments of ancient history which yet remain to us corroborate in a most remarkable manner. The next thing presented to the prophet was the condition of the tents, *i.e.*, the dwellings of Cushan, or as the margin reads, Ethiopia. He saw them as abiding *under vanity* for a long period, on until some new scenes appear, which seem to correspond in nature with those previously beheld at the scattering of the people, but

are far more awful and on a more extended scale, so awful indeed that they made the prophet tremble and pray that he might rest in that "day of trouble"

We shall now look at what the prophet means by saying that he saw the dwellings of Ethiopia under VANITY. From Gesenius we learn that in Hebrew the word has the signification of *nothing*, and is applied to falsehood, wickedness, and calamity. It is specially used of the vanity of idols and of all things pertaining to idolatry, and even of the idols themselves (Deut. xxxii 21, 1 Kings xvi 13, 26, Jer x 8-15, xiv 22, xviii 15). We have only to consult these passages and then many parallels to see what vanity really means. So by the prophet saying that he saw the tents of Cush, the dwellings of Ethiopia UNDER VANITY, is simply meant that they were under the control of idols, of those who were no gods. Thus the prophet had revealed to him the social and religious condition of Ethiopia from the point specified (*i.e.*, when the earth was divided, soon after which the worship of vanity or idols was set up), on to the point when the whole system of idolatry will be destroyed.

That this is the true interpretation of the passage may be seen by the exactness with which it fits into other prophetic passages which describe the same "day of trouble" which the prophet saw at the close of his vision. To give just one example—"WAIT ye upon Me, saith the Lord, until the day that I rise up to the prey, for My determination is to gather the nations, that I may pour upon them My indignation, all My fierce anger, for all the earth shall be devoured with the fire of My jealousy. For then will I turn to the people a pure language, that they may all call upon the Lord with one consent. From beyond the rivers of Ethiopia My suppliants, the congregation of My dispersed or scattered, shall bring My offering." Up to that point, then, when God will turn a pure language (one not broken up as it has been since the dispersion), and so completely reverse what was done at Babel by causing men not only to speak with one language, but also as universally turn *to* the Lord as they turned *from* Him at that early period—up to that point Ethiopia will remain under the power of idolatry. On that land, therefore, as its theatre, and through its people as its exponents, will the inevitable results of worshipping false gods be set forth.

But there is still another passage to which it will be well to



look, as it distinctly points out some of the principal events which will befall Cush or Ethiopia during that long period of separation from God and subjection to *vanity*. "Thus saith the Lord, The labour of Egypt, and merchandise of Cush, and of the Sabeans, men of stature, shall come over unto thee, and they shall be thine, they shall come after thee, in chains shall they come over, and they shall fall down unto thee, they shall make supplication unto thee, saying, Surely God is in thee, and there is none else; there is no god (or gods)" (Isa xlv 14). The Sabeans, Herodotus identifies as a nation of Africa, descended from Shem, the eldest son of Cush. Does not this coming over *in chains* distinctly point to some terrible condition of slavery, the very picture which fills up the prophetic mould, and how fearfully the curse has been fulfilled in the experience of these mingled people in the most literal manner as well as in the spiritual, has already been shown. If we inquire how they came into such an unhappy condition—if it was by some arbitrary fiat of the Divine will,—we get a clear and explicit answer to such questionings in Rom i 21-28. Cush and his apostate company would have liked their own way without reaping the consequences. But that could not be. While they were under or subject to God, they had all the blessings consequent on such a blessed position (Gen ix 1-3, 7-17). But when they turned from God to serve false gods, placed themselves under VANITY, those who were no gods, under their direct control, then they had of necessity to receive in themselves the inevitable results of such a course.

We are thus led back to the point where this great departure from God took place, when, the Most High having divided to man His goods, *i e*, all the earth, except the little spot which He reserved to Himself for His purposes of mercy, the mass of mankind absolutely refused to bow to His will, and instead of going out to take possession of the earth thus given to them, they endeavoured to form themselves into a great unity, thus going "before the Lord" (literally in the face of the Lord, or against the Lord, according to the Septuagint). Besides this political movement, under the leadership of Nimrod, "the beginning of whose kingdom was Babel," there was also a religious one. And we learn from the records of antiquity that Cush was the ringleader in the great apostasy which then took place, as not only had he a pre-eminent share in leading men away from

their allegiance to the true God, but he also introduced idolatry. It is believed that the tower they built was intended to be the centre of this worship, and there is certainly much to confirm this opinion. It is said that the worship that was then begun, was that of the sun, not of the material body merely, but of the *hidden god* (Saturn, which means *the hidden one*), who had his seat there, and is an incarnation of whom the sun was also worshipped. But besides, they always had a representative man whom they worshipped as the one possessed by the hidden god. The one openly worshipped in Egypt was Ham; in Ethiopia it was the same, under the name of Jupiter Ammon or Hammon. In Babylon again Cush was this god, under the name of Nebo or the prophetic god, who as high priest presided over the mysterious system which he had introduced. He was the representative of the hidden god in giving out and explaining the laws and doctrines which were to obtain in this new system, into the mysteries of which he also initiated men, on which account he was styled the prophetic god, or Nebo, Hermes, or Mercury, according to the language in which the idea was expressed.

The system now introduced by Cush can best be explained by the term DEMON-WORSHIP (we can only refer readers to the books before mentioned for proof), which has only too real a counterpart in the Spiritualism of the present day, as the Spiritualists themselves claim, only that the diabolical secrets connected therewith were then confined to the initiated few, and were used by them to subject mankind to their sway, body and soul.

It was upon Cush, then, as the introducer of idolatry that the woe already noticed was pronounced. His posterity was to remain under this terrible system which he had introduced, until they had shown forth in themselves its dread results—and also what man as a political, social, moral, and religious being under such control can become.

In this we find the cause of the extreme abhorrence in which Cush was held. It was none other than the worship of the Prince of the power of the air which he had been used to set up. The Scriptures give no uncertain sound as to the real nature of idolatry. "I say that the things which the Gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils" (demons, not merely to idols), "and I would not that ye should have fellowship with devils"

(1 Cor. x. 20). (See also Rev. ix. 20, &c., as to idolatry being demon-worship) And just as in the case of individuals, who abandon themselves to the service of him who works in the children of disobedience, the real nature of sin is seen in the state to which it reduces them, so now have we set before us on a large scale the same thing in the condition of the Continent in which the tents of Cushan are found—a condition which shows the ultimate results of apostasy from God and idolatry, as far and as fully as they can be shown in this world, in the curse and woes which have come upon the mingled people.

Thus does Africa show on a grand scale what the consequences are of departing from God. Like a great prodigal it departed from Him in the persons of Ham, Cush, and Nimrod. They would not submit to God's dominion or yoke in either a material or a spiritual sense, but set up for themselves in perfect independence of Him, and in conjunction with Satan became "as gods," and did actually form the idolatrous trinity found in the system of Babylon, of which all the other systems are modifications.

Hislop, in his "Two Babylons," further shows that the name of Nimrod signifies *subduer of the leopard*, also that a leopard's skin was the insignia of the priesthood at the head of the double despotism then set up. And it is more than curious to find Stanley telling how he found some of the mighty potentates of Central Africa *stand in state upon a leopard's skin—their peculiar prerogative*—as showing right to reign, as they certainly do, over both soul and body of their people. Mr. Newby also found the same thing among them. When at any great palaver, the head chief or king always sat upon a leopard's skin as the symbol of his authority.

Full of the blessings with which the Lord had blessed Noah and his sons, these early apostates were, when they went out from His presence, to set up a temporal and spiritual sovereignty in opposition to Him. We see the ultimate result of the one movement in those would-be mighty ones of Africa sitting in state in their palaces of mud, ruling with an iron hand their (in many instances) all but nude followers, who are as ignorant and as brutish as the beasts that perish, and showing every distinct trait of the spirit of those early apostates in their own peculiar circumstances.

So again, as in the case of the individual prodigal, we have

a very instructive spectacle set before us—one specially suited for these latter days. In them we see just what man will come to when left to follow the bent of his own will without restraint. Here is humanity perfectly unbiassed by spiritual teaching as derived from revelation. Here are the legitimate results. This may read us a lesson of tremendous importance if we consider that our own land was once in the same condition and under that very same system. But the gospel came to it, and lo! the result in the civilisation and all the benefits which inevitably follow its introduction, and in which all come to share whether they accept or otherwise the specific blessing which it brings—eternal life in Christ. All the secondary blessings which follow in the train of the gospel are represented as held by wisdom in her left hand (Prov. iii 16). These all are desirous to participate in and eagerly follow after. But many, like the early progenitors of these poor Africans, now reject those held in her right hand, ‘salvation through the blood of the Lamb.’ Indeed the number of such is increasing to such a degree that the people of God are beginning to wonder how this terrible and ever-growing tendency to apostasy is to end.

And just here, at such a juncture, God, who will not allow men to fall into this snare of the latter days without warning, has so arranged, in His infinite goodness and inscrutable wisdom, that Africa shall open up her heart and show us her terrible condition as she stretches out her hands to us imploring compassion and relief.

Here to some minds it may occur to ask, If the curse still hangs over this land, will not any attempt made to ameliorate the condition of its people be vain? Yes, if the curse were always to rest on Ethiopia. But happily we know this it is not to do. Just as in the case of the prodigal son of this prodigal continent, it was when he was brought down as low as it was possible for man to be that God met him in mercy, so we know it will be with this great prodigal; for the same hand which sketched in advance her past dark history “under vanity” and “in chains,” has finished it up in brighter hues. We are shown the mingled people of Egypt, Ethiopia, and Sabea as a company of suppliants coming over to a people who know the Lord, and expressing their belief that God is in them, and that He is the true God, besides whom there is no god. Observe the changes which in the prophetic kaleidoscope are represented

as taking place in the condition of Ethiopia—(1) “under vanity,” completely under the power of false gods. (2) “In chains they shall come over unto Thee”—as slaves shall they be brought over. (3) Thus perfectly helpless, they are next seen prostrate before this people. (4) Next as suppliants unto this people who know the Lord, and saying to them, Surely God is in thee, and there is none else : there is no god (or gods).

But (5) another scene appears. In Ps. lxxviii. 31 we are presented with the picture of Ethiopia, with the peoples, kindreds, and tongues embraced under that name, but now she is no longer in *chains*, falling down, prostrate, perfectly helpless, but standing up and stretching out her hands ; these are no longer bound down with fetters but are free ; she is at perfect liberty to stretch them out, she has freedom of choice ; and it is to *God* she stretches them out, no longer to man merely. She has learned from the people to whom she came over in chains to know God Himself, and at last runs to Him ; “makes her hands hasten to Him,” as the Hebrew reads. Thus at the close of her long dark experience of entire separation from God, Ethiopia is shown as a unity returning to Him and being restored to His favour. Of this there can be no doubt, for in the next and last of the prophetic pictures she is acknowledged by God as His suppliant, “the daughter of His scattered, who would bring His offering from beyond the rivers of Ethiopia.” And in this passage it is shown that all the past sad consequences which had attended the dispersion were to be forgotten, and “a pure language turned upon the people, that all might call upon the name of the Lord and serve Him with one consent.”

Perhaps in none of the other divisions of the earth is the rupture of language felt so much as in Africa. In Stanford's recent compendium of African geography, edited by the late Keith Johnston, there is a table given of all the known African tribes and peoples, *each speaking a distinct language*. In this list are found the names of no fewer than six hundred and eighty-three different spoken languages. Thus having suffered more than others in respect of broken language, it will, when that time arrives, benefit more than others in this blessed change.

Lastly, it is worthy of being noted that the point at which Ethiopia is presented in this attitude is just at the time when the Lord has come, and the terrific scenes which precede the

restoration of Ethiopia, but accompany the destruction of idolatry in all its phases, have passed away.

Africa has not yet reached this last and most desirable point in her predicted history, nor even that which precedes it—that of a vast unity stretching out her hands to God. But that she has reached the preliminary stage, viz., of stretching out her hands to the people with whom the knowledge of God is, the following sayings from her own lips will sufficiently testify:—

“You say true,” said a chief to Major Denham, “we are all sons of one father! . . . You know everything; God has given you great talents; but what are *we* to do? Why do you not send us your merchants? You know us now; and let them bring their women with them, and live amongst us, and teach us what you talk to me about so often.”

Lack of space forbids giving anything but a few representative appeals; and as the last was one for a share in the blessings of civilisation, so the following touchingly asks for a share in the greater blessings of salvation.

A few days ago, says a missionary, two young persons came to us with a pathetic cry for help. Their words amounted to something like the following —“We have long lived in darkness, and are now most desirous of being brought into the light, that we may know about God and His Son Jesus Christ. Oh pity us! Give us a copy of the New Testament. We are greatly in need of it; be merciful to us, and grant, if you possibly can, our request.” Then again, in the very centre of newly-discovered Africa, a convert, who was acting as interpreter to some missionaries who were about to settle on the Congo, introduced them as follows to the different people that he took them to —“The English have come to mend the country and put everything straight. God has sent them; they have got His Book, and will teach you all His words, they will teach all your boys to read and write, and to speak English, and will train them into all good habits; they have thousands of medicines too, with which they know how to heal all sick people.”

“If you must go, leave *me*,” said a king in the Congo district to some missionaries when about to leave for another station. “Let him teach us. We will come to his meetings and send our children to his school. You have let the light in upon us.

Now if you take it away, and we are lost again, whose will be the fault?" *Ay, whose will be the fault?*

"A new tribe," writes another missionary, "which had long resisted our approach, have been visited. They had never seen a white man before. They now invite teachers to settle among them. They offer us suitable sites." "*God*," said King Eyo (a neighbouring king who had been converted) when he heard of this, "*God has unlatched the door, and wishes us to push it open.*" Thus clearly could even an African at once recognise the Divine hand and the call to the Church.

Let us hear just one other of these children of "The great thirst land" speak. "Well, when am I going to have some one to teach me and my people?" said a chief. "Why is it that at other places they are taught, and we cannot learn? I will build a house; I have chosen a place, and will do anything I can to help a missionary. Do you not see I am a chief? I have many people under my authority, and I want the whole tribe to learn. Don't you think the people in your land could send me somebody? I think I would soon become a Christian. I like the light, and the learning, and I want to be taught." "Oh, I must have somebody," said he, when asked if he would take a black teacher. "And if I cannot get one from over the ocean, I will take a black one. I do not wish time thrown away. I want the children to learn while they are young; and if I cannot possibly have a white teacher, I will be glad of a black one."

What could more fitly be added to these appeals than the words of St. Paul, when having restated the great truth, "Who-soever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved," he adds, "How then shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? And how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent?" (Rom. x. 13-15.) It is long since the command went forth, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature;" and in these standing orders to the Church Africa was made no exception. Yet here before us of the nineteenth century lies the extraordinary fact that PRACTICALLY THE WHOLE CONTINENT OF AFRICA IS AN UNEVANGELISED ONE. "Here and there labourers may be found, but the merest fringe

of the country has alone been touched, while Central Africa is as yet purely heathen."

Sad and sorrowful as this fact is, yet there it stands before us in all its tremendous reality, that its teeming millions have been allowed to sit in the darkness and shadow of death, left alone, as it were, to follow the devices of their own hearts and the behests of their hard task-master, and so to show, on a vast scale, the ultimate results on human nature of the dominion of Satan over it instead of God. If through the Church in the ages to come God is to show the exceeding riches of His grace and His kindness toward us in Christ Jesus, and "to make all men see what is the fellowship of the *mystery* which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God, who created all things in Christ Jesus. to the intent that now unto the principalities and powers might be made known by the Church the manifold wisdom of God," so does it seem as if the *Mystery of Iniquity* of the false *hidden god*, whose worship was instituted by Cush, should be permitted to unfold itself and work out its true nature in the posterity of those early apostates who entirely gave themselves up to his sway. And who knows what mighty purpose in the wisdom of God this exposition by experiment of the real nature and final results of rebellion against His authority may even now be serving, and may in all future ages serve, as a deterrent from a like course, perhaps in other worlds as well as ours?

But the wise and loving God, who has represented Himself as a father longing for and rejoicing over the return of His prodigal child from the far country of rebellion, will not permit the Wicked One to prevail one hour longer than His purposes of mercy require, and so He has made known that a time to favour Ethiopia will come. For there is an appointed time to "the appointed ancient people," within which are to be completed "the things that are coming and shall come," when the maker of the graven image and all connected with the evil system are to be made their own witnesses as to the real nature thereof (Is. xlv 7-20). At the end of that appointed time, the deluded and helpless posterity of these early and incorrigible idolaters are to be delivered from their sad delusion, and return to Him from whom their fathers deliberately departed. And now, when events are showing that, to use the words of others, "the day of Ethiopia has come," may we not hear as



in the days of old the voice of Jehovah calling, Whom shall I send and who will go for us? (Is vi 8, 9), not as then to pronounce judgment, but to "undo the heavy burdens and to let the oppressed go free."

That the way is open so to do hear the following testimony —  
 (1.) From one whose personal history gives him the right to speak. "The door is opened wide into Central Africa. For years past Christians at home have been praying for this. I sometimes wonder if they expected the prayer would be answered so soon. Now God has sent the answer in a truly wonderful fashion, and *the solemn responsibility of entering in and possessing this vast continent for Christ rests upon the whole Church Catholic, and so of course upon every individual Christian*"—*Dr. Livingstone.*

(2) From those now in the field comes the following —  
 "Ethiopia is stretching out her hands unto God. The Calabar mission, which seemed so long fruitless, is now one of the most fruitful in the whole earth. The increasing number and activity of the communicants, the increasing number of students in training as teachers and evangelists, and the manifestations of a Christian liberality not yet reached in our own land, tell of the changes which the gospel has wrought"—*Africa.*

(3) "Wherever a white man passes," says a missionary from Central Africa, "though he be only a traveller, if he is fair and honest in his dealings, peace is sure to follow his track. They see the kindness of the white man, and wish to learn something of his God. The way to bring happiness to Africa is to send more missionaries, who will teach the people of the love of God."

(4) "To-day Central Africa lies wide open before us, 1400 miles of navigable water way, right into the very heart of the continent. We are only just now starting upon the unknown reaches of the mighty Congo. Trade and commerce are already passed on before us, and trading depots are already established towards the interior. *Shall traders, palm oil and rubber hunters, dare and do more than the men who long to win jewels for the Saviour's crown? Will the Churches at home allow this grand opportunity to slip by? The whole land open to the heralds of the Cross, and but a handful of missionaries!*"

Surely in the presence of such facts as these the Christian Church stands in a new position of opportunity and responsi-

lity. The great prodigal is coming to herself, and in the person of many of these peoples is not only saying, "I perish with hunger," but is even directly appealing to the Church of God for a share of the children's bread—the bread of life.

We who now possess the bread of life will not be held responsible for the negligence of other ages, nor blamed for not sending it sooner to those other nations whose very existence was to us unknown. But now the case is different; a new world is opened up to us peopled with hundreds of millions whose condition is such politically, socially, morally, and religiously as makes fearfully manifest their deep need of the softening, enlightening, and purifying influences of the gospel. Now, therefore, we are responsible if we do not send the bread of life to those who are perishing for the lack of it. By the marvellous manner in which the way is opened up into the very heart of long-neglected, priest-ridden Africa, a loud call is given to the Christian Church for increased consecration of efforts and means. With this new world lying in darkness before her, and the Saviour's last command ringing in her ears, "Preach the gospel to every creature," she stands face to face with the grandest opportunity ever yet afforded her of rescuing the perishing, and at the same time of showing her devotion to the One that loved her and gave Himself for her, and who by current events in Ethiopia is showing unmistakably that His will is that she should go and share her blessings with the perishing millions in that world of misery.

But while it is the great duty of *the Church* to disciple all nations (and especially Africa, the greatest and the most needy of all claimants for her aid), we must remember that she is composed of living stones. It is not, therefore, upon the great body corporate merely, but upon each individual member of it as connected with the living Head that this responsibility lies. This brings the personal fidelity of each to the test. How shall we stand it? What are we doing for the sake of Him who would have His gospel preached to every creature, and for the sake of the perishing millions of heathendom to whom that gospel alone can give light and life? Are we now doing our utmost? Does our present giving verge on personal self-sacrifice? Do we even forego a customary but unnecessary luxury or indulgence to further the wishes of our dying Lord? He knows; and

so do we, and if our hearts do not condemn us in this respect it will be well.

Many a noble effort has been made for purposes high in themselves, but which dwindle into perfect insignificance in comparison with that of delivering heathendom from the yoke of Satan. Let us instance one such. "In the resurrection of Germany" (A.D. 1813), says Alison, "the women universally sent their precious ornaments to the public treasury, and received in return similar *bijoux* beautifully worked in bronze, which soon decorated their bosoms, bearing the simple inscription, 'I gave gold for uon, 1813.'"

"*Hast thou done as much for ME?*" is the question we may well hear put to us by Him, "who, being in *the form of God*," and equal with God, yet "made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him *the form of a servant*, who humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross," to save us from the just reward of our own iniquities. And now when in the persons of these Africans He is saying, "I am hungry, I am thirsty, I am naked, I am sick and in prison!" what response are we to give? Surely not that of going on contentedly with the meagre efforts of the past, and so virtually like the priest and Levite pass along on the other side. And further, what response shall we give to the passionate pleadings of the brave and faithful men already in the field, who, having gone to the help of the Lord against the mighty, are now, single-handed, as it were, enabled by Him to turn the battle to the gate, but unable to follow up their victories, are pleading for help to avail themselves of the splendid opportunities which are passing by, because they are unable to seize them for want of labourers, and so to reap the golden harvest waving at their very doors.

If we can listen to such appeals without our deepest sympathies being stirred, have we not reason to fear that *we are none of Christ's true ones?*—at least it will make evident that the one who can do so has a very small proportion indeed of the Spirit of Him who agonised on the cross for the world's salvation. Shall we for the future, in sympathy with Him "who suffered, bled, and died" to work out for us and them "the common salvation," take up this work as He has commanded, and rejoice in the duty and privilege so graciously bestowed upon us of being co-workers with Him, in bringing back to the

paternal fold the multitudinous peoples, nations, and tongues throughout the length and breadth of the Prodigious Continent?

Just one thought more and we have done, and it is one of the utmost importance. In all the passages already adduced in connection with Ethiopia, the inbringing thereof is in every instance connected, and very closely connected, with the coming of the Lord, or with what is called "the day of the Lord," or "the day of trouble" which immediately precedes or ushers in this blessed time. What does this signify to us "who keep looking for His appearing?" Very much, as it affords certain evidence that He is near at hand. The remarkable prediction delivered in an age coeval with the Deluge, when the members of a single family included the whole of the human race, stands conspicuously fulfilled to-day in the experience of each line, after the lapse of over 4000 years.

It is only with the predicted doom of one of these lines and the events which have shown its literal accomplishment that we have had to do in these pages. But if, in addition to the fulfilling of that great outline prediction, we have also the filling up in detail of the subsequent prophecies by successive events on to a point when the curse would pass away with the great event of the coming of earth's rightful King; and if we have seen one after another of these predicted changes take place in the history of Ethiopia until we have come almost to the last, and further find that current events are preparing the way even for it,—the only inference which can be drawn is, that great changes are indeed at hand, and that the Lord, whose right it is to reign, is very near.

In this belief many concur. Let us close in the words of two such—

"Weighing these things calmly in the light of eternity, and of the Master's near return, shall we make this great effort or not? . . . *Half as much again*; for the Lord hath need of it."—*Rev. E. H. Bickersteth.*

"We are living in the last days of the dispensation, and we are near the great 'wind-up.' . . . The time is short in which we can work. Let us be up and doing, so much the more as the time of the end is at hand. Let us gather in the sheaves while the fading light still lingers."—*Guinness.*

" Proclaim the gospel in every land,  
 O Church of Christ, 'tis thy Lord's command :  
 Arise and shine , for His grace so free  
 Hath shone with a wondrous light on thee ;  
 Reflect its beams to the sunless shores,  
 Full many a child of the night implores  
 The beckoning peoples plead from far ,  
 And loud is the Macedonian call  
 From continents dark, where the Morning Star  
 Is struggling forth through the midnight pall.

" Alas ! how few are the hearts and hands  
 That haste to the help of the groaning lands,  
 Shall the millions sink to a hopeless grave,  
 Whom our hearts should pity, our hands should save ?  
 Shall the harvest waste, while we still withhold  
 The hire of the reapers—that cankering gold ?  
 Nay, lest the Lord of the harvest frown,  
 Let our willing tithes to His storehouse flow ;  
 And so shall the showers of heaven come down  
 On our gladdening souls as we *give* and *go*.

" The work is great and the need is sore ;  
 Shall we idly stand by the open door ?  
 The time is ripe, and the hour is come,  
 Help ! help for the perishing heathendom !  
 Be a loving heart, and a generous hand,  
 Our prompt response to the Lord's command.  
 'Thy kingdom come,' our prayer then be,  
 Till the world be conquered, O Christ, to Thee."

THE END.

WORKS BY MRS M'HARDIE.

## THE MIDNIGHT CRY: BEHOLD, THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH!

OR,

AN INQUIRY INTO THE EVIDENCE (Chronological,  
Historical, Phenomenal, &c) of the  
NEAR APPROACH OF THE SECOND ADVENT.

WITH PREFACE BY THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, K.G.

Royal 8vo. Cloth, pp. 617. Illustrated with very large  
Diagram and Sixteen Woodcuts.

"The non-publication of such a work would be a loss to the world. Many will seek to destroy or at least weaken the effects of your eminent ability and laborious research. I repeat that the non-publication of this book would be a positive loss to the world. I venture to think that the deep and wide knowledge of the subject you display is of a character to command attention and respect. I am struck by the earnestness of conviction and belief that runs through the whole, and which must carry the reader along with them. The disquisition is first rate, and exhibits such a warmth of piety, and such a holy appreciation of Scripture, as to create a full confidence in the principles and powers of the writer. All your proofs of the great and not far distant events are strong, and stir the heart to very serious thought."—*Earl of Shaftesbury*

"I am immensely interested in your book. I feel sure it contains facts and truths which the Churches of our land ought to be most thankful to have brought before them. I wish every minister and Christian worker in this world would read it, and take seriously to heart these solemn matters. The facts and truths which it contains are of inestimable value at this crisis of the world's history."—*Miss Mason, House of Rest, London*

"In full sympathy, and rejoice to see the subject so vigorously handled."—*Rev Dr H Bonar, Edinburgh*

"This work is a remarkable one. The large acquaintance with and profound appreciation of Scripture the vast knowledge and research, will strike and convince every reader."—*Bookseller*

"This is really a notable volume."—*The Outlook*

"The views stated original and certainly startling."—*Literary World*

"To find a clue to lead through the labyrinths of the prophetic maze up to the point of unity, is the professed aim of this volume. In addition to an immense Chronological Chart, the last of the three departments has induced Mrs M'Hardy to illustrate her subject with sixteen diagrams, chiefly relating to solar and lunar phenomena. In view of the array of facts adduced, and of the way in which they are marshalled, we feel that those who thoughtfully ponder the present movements in the world are indebted to her for a vast amount of laborious research, and for a method of arrangement which, so far as we know, is her own."—*Scottish Sunday School Teachers' Magazine*

London: S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO.

Edinburgh:

RELIGIOUS TRACT AND BOOK SOCIETY OF SCOTLAND.

WORKS BY MRS. M'HARDIE.

## THE BRAEMAR HIGHLANDS:

THEIR TALES, TRADITIONS, AND HISTORY.

BY ELIZABETH TAYLOR (MRS M'HARDIE).

"This is a capital volume of popular antiquities. It is the result of many years' inquiry into local anecdotes and legends, and needs no other recommendation than its intrinsic worth. For a pretty gift book, entertaining and instructive, we can heartily commend this volume about the Braemar Highlands. —*Examiner*.

"As the writer comes down to later times, her pictures of a state of society, in which the tribal and feudal systems began to be mingled in contrast with modern civilization, are very curious and attractive. The book deserves great praise for its exactness, fulness, and unpretending instructiveness. —*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"A very entertaining volume. Readers of Her Majesty's 'Life in the Highlands' should certainly read 'The Braemar Highlands,' which furnishes just the information which the scheme of the Queen's book left untouched, though it called attention to the tract of country named, and raised a natural desire for some such complementary work. —*Leader*.

"The best possible thing next to a personal visit to the locality is this volume. —*Athenæum*.

Edinburgh J MENZIES & CO  
London. HAMILTON, ADAMS, & CO.

## SHEAVES FROM THE HARVEST-FIELD OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

A SERIES OF SUNDAY SCHOOL REWARDS.

*True Narratives. Cloth, Gilt Lettered. 6d. each.*

BUDS OF GRACE—GOING HOME—LABOURS OF LOVE—MODEL  
SON—THE SAVED CLASS—MY DEAR, DEAR SAVIOUR.

(Now Published by SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION, London)

*Also, same Series,*

## THE BROKEN FLOWER; OR, MARGIE'S TRIALS

"Very cheap, pretty, and gracious children's books. They are all good." —  
*C. H. Spurgeon, in Sword and Shield*

"The little books are of no ordinary character. They bear the stamp of reality about them. They are in fact histories of real effort. Hence the deep impressiveness of their stories, thrilling into one's heart, and making one feel the things of the Kingdom solemnly near. To Sabbath School teachers we would say, read these books to get your own hearts refreshed, and give them to young people as a hopeful means of winning them to Christ. —*Scottish Sabbath School Teachers' Magazine*.

"Cheap and dainty volumes, each containing a story of its own. They are all good and well suited as little gifts to the children. —*Glasgow Daily Herald*.

"A most interesting series of volumes, both for teachers and scholars, from the well known pen of the author of 'Recollections of Home Mission Work.' They are most tastefully got up. —*Sunday School Treasury*.

London: MORGAN & SCOTT.

Edinburgh: RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, & J. MENZIES & CO.

*All Mrs M'Hardie's books can be ordered of any Bookseller, or from herself, 18 Warrender Park Terrace, Edinburgh.*

